

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, THIRD AND MARKET STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1905

JOHN S. PARTRIDGE.

WHEN Mr. Partridge was nominated for Mayor he was known only to such of our citizens as had contact with him socially and officially. To newspaper readers he was known through his highly expert conduct of the case of the Spring Valley Water Company before the Federal Court Commissioner, where he appeared for the city. In that case it was shown that he is a lawyer of fine training, possessed of a legal mind and knowledge of a high order.

Men have studied him in his public appearances and utterances and find him courageous, sincere, frank and clean. The personal attacks made upon him have only reacted to the injury of their authors. People believe he can be depended upon for a square deal in municipal politics, and he has shown the force and independence needed to put our local government on a high plane and keep it there until the people, accustomed to the best, will not permit a lapse to the worst.

Two years ago Mr. Ruef played a slick game slickly. He crowded Mr. Lane's meetings with his followers instructed to feign an enthusiasm for the Democratic candidate which would make Republicans believe him stronger than Mr. Crockier, and therefore the more likely to beat Schmitz. This game aided in diverting votes and dividing the opposition more evenly, so that Schmitz slipped in as a minority candidate, but by a plurality of votes.

The fusion committee has been on guard against a repetition of these characteristic Ruef tactics, which might now be used to give the fusion forces and managers a false confidence, resulting in relaxation of their efforts. The closest investigation indicates that the support of Mr. Partridge in the labor districts is real and not feigned, and that there, as elsewhere in the city, he is accepted as a courageous leader, of great ability and capable of most creditably representing San Francisco as its executive. He will have the appointment of the great governing boards of the city provided for by the charter.

The people wish those boards so constituted that a citizen having business there may approach them directly, state his case and get his rights under the law. They do not wish to have to seek audience with some intermediary, either in a swipe shop or a political lawyer's office, who for a fee will get from the board concerned the rights that belong to a citizen without feeling anybody. One crying evil of the present administration is that a citizen cannot do business directly with any of its public instruments. He must "see" somebody, pay a fee or promise a political service before he can get his legal right.

When the administration is beaten and Mr. Partridge is Mayor the enforced confidences of men will no longer bind them, and we will get the truth about present conditions. Now it is known that one man paid a fee of \$500, another of \$1000 and others sums greater or less to an "attorney" for decisions or action of the various boards. The attorney makes no public appearance before the board concerned. He presents no brief. He introduces no evidence. He simply issues an order for the thing to be done, and it is done. These things will cease when Mr. Partridge is Mayor. Every citizen will approach the governing boards and get his rights on his own motion and without the payment of a fee.

The city knows John S. Partridge now and likes him. His speeches have supplied the war cries of the campaign. The tooth of slander has been broken off trying to gnaw away his reputation. He has fearlessly met every issue. There is not a suspicion of demagoguery about him. He means what he says, and says it so well that his campaign has taken on an intellectual tone and a hold upon human interest that cannot be broken. Like a true leader, he is largely his own platform. He stands for what the people demand first, a decent anti-graft administration, a square deal, law and order, peace and prosperity.

He resents the statement of Mayor Schmitz that his re-election is necessary in order to restrain laboring men from war and disorder in the streets. Laboring men have as much respect for law and order as anybody else. They are as law-abiding as any and do not require a grafting city administration to hold them in restraint. Mayor Schmitz has belched this charge against workingmen all over the city, claiming that he is their master and no other, and that they require a keeper as if they were wild animals and he the only one that can enter their cage and put them through their tricks.

Mr. Partridge believes them perfectly capable of maintaining order and as respectful of the law as anybody else, for they help make it, and by their votes aid in constituting the public authority to enforce it. Mr. Partridge does not believe that any body of our citizens requires to be held in leash by a Mayor. Their respect for the law keeps them watchful of their own rights and regardful of the rights of others.

AS TO COLLINS.

JUGGLING with technicalities is one of the forms of criminal trickery most dangerous to society and it should be made one of the most dangerous to the juggler. The evidence seems to be cumulating that the extradited Collins is so expert in that line he is entitled to be considered an arch pervert of legal talent, and if he is fully shown to be guilty the opportunity of punishing him severely for his offense will be also a specially good one to condemn the form of criminality of which he seems so superlatively a practitioner.

When a man by an almost interminable series of objections, tricky flights and many ways of playing with and defying justice causes the people so much expense in trying him that some were in favor of letting the trickster escape rather than spend more in his punishment he becomes doubly the menace to society his crimes would make him unaided by perfection in the art of scheming with technicalities.

There is a clear example of duplicity in the excuse given by Collins that when he fled to Canada he was not a fugitive from justice, but just bent on taking his wife for a trip to benefit her health by change of climate. That has the sound of a joke irrelevant to justice just on the face of it; but when we compare it with the statement of Detective Gibson that when Collins stole away into Canada he announced to the Britishers he had come under the protection of their flag to get justice the duplicity of the man is seen to be glaring. Besides that, consider the insult to the flag of his own country there was in that nauseating, tricky appeal to the protection of an alien Government.

He won the applause of the Canadian crowd when he made that renegade announcement and, now that he is ignominiously brought back, no less dramatic and hearty should be the hiss which greets his statement made on arriving in San Francisco that he still has some "patriotism" left. Seldom does there happen a more detestable example of the double offense of adding insult to injury.

It is proposed to send Mr. Cleveland at the head of the American delegation to The Hague. He is believed to know even more big words than are contained in the Dutch language.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

After reading the evidence brought out by the New York investigators, the burglars and confidence men in jail must sadly acknowledge that they didn't know their business.—Baltimore Sun.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL A MUSICAL WONDER

Began Practicing by Ear Before She Was Three and Now Plays by Note.

THIS city is the home of a musical wonder in the person of Leah Ellen Ward, a pretty little girl of four years, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Ward, says the Kokomo, Ind., correspondent of the New York World. Mrs. Ward is an accomplished musician, and from hearing her mother sing and play Leah Ellen began to practice on the piano before she was three years old. She can play almost any piece after her mother, standing on a bench and walking back and forth along the keyboard. She first learned to play by ear, but now she reads music, mastering the scales before being taught her A B C's. The little prodigy also sings beautifully.



LEAH ELLEN WARD

TO PROTECT OTHERS.

"General Nelson A. Miles," said an inventor, "used to be continually besieged by cranks with automatic rapid firing guns, subterranean rifles, dirigible war balloons, and such like martial inventions. The general would send these cranks out with admirable speed. I sat in his office with him one day when a servant brought in a card. 'Oh, send him in,' said General Miles. 'His business won't take more than a minute or two.' 'In came a wild-eyed, long-haired man, twisting his soft hat nervously in both hands. 'General,' he said, 'I have here—and he took out a small parcel—a bullet-proof army coat. If the Government would adopt this—' 'Put it on. Put it on,' interrupted General Miles, and he rang the bell. The orderly appeared as the inventor was getting into the coat. 'Tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load his rifle with ball cartridge and—' 'Excuse me, general, I forgot something," interrupted the inventor, and with a hunted look he disappeared.—Independent.

SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

"FORCE OF HABIT"—Waiting on the street corner, giving precedence to a heavy red motor car that was lunging, puffing and trailing its odor past them stood small Freddy, with his hand thrust confidentially into his father's. The license number on the rear caught the little fellow's attention and he said: "Father, why do they always leave the price mark on automobiles?"—Lippincott's.

REVERIE OF A MOSQUITO.

"It's a hard row to hoe, and for growling this human race is the wonder of the universe. I've got to live as well as the rest of 'em, but if I approach a victim and sing ere I sting he growls and swears he wouldn't mind it so much if I didn't sting; then if I steal upon him silently he complains that he was hit without warning. And then when the doctors can't discover a fever germ they swear I'm at the bottom of the whole business and have my picture taken and write books about me and make national reputations at my expense. But it's all right, I guess, and I reckon I'll pull through; I'm really an aristocrat in disguise and good blood flows in my veins—in fact the best in the country."—Atlanta Constitution.

A BATH IN BUBBLES.

"To take a bath at Tiflis, in Russian Caucasia, is to court a never to be forgotten experience," says one who knows. "The masseur who presides over the toilet of his patrons is a weird looking figure; his head is shaved, a row is twisted around his waist and his feet are dyed a beautiful red. You are seized by this individual, rubbed, pushed face downward on a marble slab, and his feet in your spine and his hands upon your shoulders. Then he grinds his feet up and down your back; they are round your neck, on your head—everywhere! Then he vaults lightly off, and in a moment, from a linen bag filled with soap, he has squeezed clouds of perfumed bubbles and you are hidden in them from head to foot as completely as if you had fallen into a snowdrift. You are not absolutely bruised, but you are clean."—Chicago Tribune.

ONE GIRL'S WORK.

Grace Wales, a thirteen-year-old farmer girl living near Sedgwick, is worth a trainload of butterflies that grade the street, flirt and chew gum. This season she has cut ninety acres of grain, cultivated twenty acres of corn, plowed forty acres of wheat, harvested forty acres of ground and mowed fifty acres of hay.—Kansas City Journal.

ALAS, POOR FIDO.



Polite Host to friend who is spending a few days with him: Morning, old chap; got everything you want? Yes, thanks. By the way, I forgot to bring some charcoal for my teeth so I used out of this thing here; hope you don't mind? Mind—no, but great Scott, man! that's Susie's Fido that we cremated last time you were here.—London Tatler.

ACCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE

WORLD IS NOT SO FUNNY. THE world is not so funny as it used to seem to me. When I thought the note of laughter gave its orchestra the key; When its men were merely mummies and its women sicklied o' woe. And I said the deuce might follow and might catch the chap that whines. 'Twas a fig for care and woe! And a ha ha ha ho ho! Was an easy commentary on the humor of the show. And the gay grotesquery Of this life appealed to me, 'Till it seemed the bread of pleasure dipped in nectar made of gloe. Ah me to live in these old days was just to live a song. But now the world is smiling less the while it rolls along.

The little things, the little things, they were so very quaint; They'd call for cachinnation from a sorrow-plighted saint; And though the world has rolled since then to sadder realms, I wote That I can't raise a sickly smile at memory of them now. It was ho ho ho! Well done! Let the merry burlesque run. For we've all been shoveled earthward just to have a little fun. Wait a woman hold her dress To reveal her—well, you guess— The while she talks of modest ways she feels impelled to press; And, oh, the men who strut and swell, with ten-ounce brains or so— Have you never felt it called for ha ha ha! and ho ho ho!

But one day through all the laughter came the echo of a sign. And I checked a shriek of pleasure just to idly wonder why; And then I knew that 'neath the foam that on the surface whirled There flowed the grief and heartache of a weary, weary world. And the ho ho ho! Well done! Drowned the bitter sigh of woe. And other mummies than the clowns were in the earthly show. There was merriment, indeed, But beneath it pined the need Of the weary, weary player for the things that higher lead; And though since then I see right well the show's grotesquery, The world is not so funny as it used to seem to me.

A BRIDE'S CONVERSATION. (That may not have been overheard.) "Did you buy the X. Y. Z. stocks at 87?" inquired Mr. Lawson. "I did," his confidential secretary replied. "And sell them again at 92?" "I did." "And did you sell the U. V. W. at 78, and buy it again at 74 from the buyers?" "I did." "Then we will continue the writing of that article for the magazine." After they had written for a long time they ceased, and the secretary inquired: "Into what classes do you divide finance, Mr. Lawson?" "That's easy. There are three classes—plain, ordinary finance, frenzied finance and Lawsonized finance."

"But what distinction do you make—let us say, for instance—between frenzied finance and Lawsonized finance?" "That is what I explain in the article we have just written, as well as in a large number that has preceded it." "But I regret to say that I do not quite catch the distinction." "Neither do I," said the great writer, with a sigh, "but as long as the public thinks that it does I suppose that that need make no difference." "Of course it need not," said the secretary.

The Shade of Finance met the Shade of Religion in the Vale of Shadows. "How are you getting along?" the former inquired of the latter. "Not so well as I would wish," was the sad reply. "How is it with you?" "Oh, bully! All right! Couldn't ask for anything better." "How did you do it?" "I didn't. Still, I can give you a pointer if you want to prosper and have people take a deep interest in you." "What is it?" "Have a coat of 'frenzy' applied by an artist to whom I can refer you. That is what happened to me." The Shade of Religion is thinking about it.

A DITTO SONG.

A little home of little care, with little things that bless; A ditto hand that presses mine, a ditto fond caress; A ditto sunlight in that home my ditto way to cheer; A ditto love to comfort me when life is ditto drear; A ditto easy chair that stands its ditto corner in; And ditto feet that patter round with more than ditto din; The ditto laughter that rings out to tell its ditto die; And, oh, such ditto, ditto cheer is good enough for me! There be who scoff at little things and hold them little worth. But, oh, give me the ditto joys that bless this ditto earth; A ditto home somewhat removed from ditto cares of men; A ditto bit of sunshine in a ditto, drowsy glen; A ditto resting place at eve, when ditto cares are past; Sweet, ditto, let me press my own dear ditto spell to cast; A ditto fireplace in whose glow my ditto worries flee. And, oh, such ditto, ditto cheer is good enough for me!

"I was grieved, my daughter, to observe that you laughed in Sabbath school to-day." "I know, but the superintendent was leading in singing 'I Want to Be an Angel.'" "Well, what of it? You found nothing ludicrous in that, I trust." "He weighs 250 pounds and I couldn't help imagining him in the role."

"He says that honesty is the best policy." "Would you trust his honesty then?" "No; but I think that I should trust his policy."

"He says that a man who has lost honor has nothing left to lose." "On which party ticket did he run?" "He was in politics for a while." "What is he doing now?" "Trying to pay the debts he accumulated."

It is wise, perhaps, to shun the game. As you do when you don't begin it; But better the chap who lost the game Than the one who stole to win it. Townsend's California game fruits and choicest candies in artistic fringed boxes. New store, 167 Market.

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THE SMART SET

BY SALLY SHARP.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel announce the engagement of their daughter, Sophie Grace, to John Melgren Lewis of this city. This delightful news was made known yesterday at a small informal tea held at the Borel home on Washington street. Miss Sophie bidding her close friends. A pretty story surrounds the whole of this romance, Miss Borel and Mr. Lewis having been friends for several years, and as the Borels are on the eve of departure for Europe the tidings are made public. Mr. Lewis is an attorney and close friend and classmate of Aylett Cotton Jr., whose engagement to Miss Alice Borel was announced last spring. The two sisters are devoted companions and the friendship existing between the two men makes a very unusually happy condition of affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Borel have just returned to their town home from their beautiful summer home at San Mateo and are preparing for a European trip on the 1st of December. In Switzerland a fine old chateau is the property of Mr. Borel and to this he is taking his entire family to remain a year. Mrs. Borel, the married daughter, also accompanying them. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Cotton, both having business interests in the Philippines, where they are practicing attorneys, will be in the Orient during the absence of the Borel family, but upon the return of all next year the weddings of Miss Sophie and Mr. Lewis and of Miss Alice and Mr. Cotton will take place near together. As a family Mr. and Mrs. Borel with their children are unusually happy and congenial in their relationship to such an extent as to be a matter of comment with all who meet them. Mr. and Mrs. Bovey will return from Switzerland to be present at the weddings and will locate in San Francisco, in fact, there will be no separations of any kind, for all will make a common roof-top of the big new home on Washington street.

Plans for the wedding of Miss Juanita Wells and Charles Huse are assuming a definite aspect. The marriage will take place at 9 o'clock on the evening of November 4, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wells, on Geary street. In the presence of thirty guests Rev. Frederick Clappett will officiate. Miss Mariela Myers serving as maid of honor, Michael Lergie of Butte, Mont., to be best man. Mr. Huse will leave with his bride immediately for the East, going first to Chicago to visit his mother and then to New York, sailing from that port November 18 for Europe. The fair fiancée is the possessor of a

very handsome diamond necklace with diamond pendant, the gift of Mr. Huse, which his mother has presented to the bride a large chest filled with old family silver engraved handsomely. Miss Sequoia Club will present a gay and attractive appearance this evening in its plumage of ante-Gringo days, the members being very enthusiastic over the affair. A panorama of bright costumes representing the era of Spanish grandeur and contemporaneous folk will greet the eye on every side and every good Sequoian will be present to partake and look on. The fandango is a keenly anticipated feature, involving a whirl of merriment and brilliance. Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, with her daughter, Miss Redding, are at the St. Francis, where they arrived a day or two ago. Mr. Redding is expected from New York to-day, all having engaged apartments for some weeks. C. E. Church, with his family, arrived from the East last Sunday and are guests of Mr. Church's sister, Mrs. J. H. Fryer, in Sausalito. Mr. Church expects to locate in Sausalito. Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin are at home again after several months spent at their home near Honolulu. Miss Helene Irwin and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith are of the party and all are receiving welcome from friends who are anxious to know of the many pleasant events attendant upon the summer visit. Mrs. Irwin will probably leave soon with her daughter for a few months' travel in Europe. General and Mrs. Francis Moore and Miss Jessie Moore left yesterday for the East to remain a few months. The California Branch of Intercollegiate Alumnae will give a breakfast Saturday at which the Wellesley graduates will act as hostesses. The affair will be held in California Club Hall and toasts of college days will be given by Mrs. Bartholomew Noyes, Mrs. R. O. Moody, Dr. Mary Roberts Smith, Miss Pierce and Miss Chapman. Mrs. Charles J. Stovel will be one of the tea hostesses of next week, cards having been issued for November 3. Miss Grace Buckley will entertain at bridge on the afternoon of November 3. Forty guests have been bidden to the ballroom of Miss Buckley at Hotel Baltimore.

I DID NOT UNDERSTAND

BECAUSE I did not understand Her little ways, I let life's best slip from my hand In the old days; I did not understand. Her subtleties of thought and speech, Her finer sense, Her maiden-like reserves, seemed each Cause of offense; I did not understand. Some answer to her wistful gaze When she was sad, A tender word, a little praise, Had made her glad; But I did not understand.

I failed to read the shy regard That lay below Her timid eyes, and so was hard; I did not know; I did not understand. But when I saw the wonder rise Of love that grew And deepened in her dying eyes, Oh, then I knew; Too late to understand. The elusive, eager soul below That look sedate, The passionate tenderness, I know Too late, too late; Oh, now I understand. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

DEEDS AND INTENTIONS.

BY JOHN J. HOLDEN. MAN is judged by his deeds in this world; by his intentions in the next—and the proverb tells us of the use to which good intentions are put in the heated hereafter. It is one of the vices of family life and of sympathetic womanhood generally that both assume intentions to be the standard in this world as well. At the moment when every effort should be made to inculcate in the growing child a sense of responsibility as a basis of character the non-performance of some duty or the commission of some fault is palliated by the statement, "He meant to do right." Generosity and sympathy are fine things; but justice is something finer. The world, without the home, is taken as a whole, a pretty just one. It, too, can make excuses if they are necessary, but it dislikes to. In the long run humanity has discovered for itself that the person who has to have excuses made for him is not the sort of man that succeeds in the struggle for life. In character he is a cripple in the world's estimation, and the world passes him by. It requires performance to convince it. Many years ago I was with a sister and two brothers. The elder boy was capable, even then—he did things. The younger was an ingenious framer of excuses. Both undertook to light a cigar in a gale of wind. The younger failed—and caught his sister laughing at his failure. "I can do that just as well as my brother," he said in protest. "But your brother does it," she replied, and there was no further argument. The excuse maker borrowed a light from the doer of deeds. The years have proved the earlier fact; the elder boy is a success in the game of life, the younger a failure. He is still borrowing a light—he generally has to borrow a cigar first. It may seem easier to make excuses than to do things—it is still easier to have excuses made for you—but it is fatal to character. However well-intentioned the mother, when she lets her sympathy stand in the way of a child's learning that duty is something to be done, not something to be tampered with, she is placing herself in his own category by sapping her own character at the same time she saps his. If a child will not do a thing of his own will he must be taught that there are no excuses available. To shirk that duty is to teach him to shirk in turn. Results count in making a reputation. Form is a fine thing, but it is based on performance. Man is judged by deeds in this world; by intentions hereafter.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

COLLEGE—Subscriber, City. If there is such a college in San Francisco as is asked about, it is a private concern and this department cannot advertise it. EXHIBITIONS—A Stranger, City. For information relative to the sending of pictures for exhibition, call at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, Mason and California streets. SNOW—A Reader, City. Snow falls in the State of California, that is, some parts of it, every year. If you desired to know about any particular section of the State, you should have so stated in your letter of inquiry. HOMESTEAD—A. B. M., Santa Cruz, Cal. If a homestead is selected by the husband and wife, or either of them, during coverture, from the community property, or from the separate property of the person selecting, it vests upon the death of the survivor, or if it was selected from the separate property of either husband or wife, without his or her consent, it vests upon the death of the person from whose property it was selected in his or her heirs, subject to the power of the Superior Court to assign it for a limited period to the family of the decedent.