

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager PUBLICATION OFFICE, THIRD AND MARKET STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905

THE MINERS' CONVENTION.

CALIFORNIA has a larger variety of great and profitable industries than any other part of the world. Most of them are organized, but none is better organized than mining.

Upon this scene of chaotic decay appeared the Miners' Association, headed by strong and skilled miners who were confident that the State's mineral resources were only slightly developed.

This has come about in the face of strong negative and affirmative opposition to many things necessary to successful mining. Other policies, good and necessary in themselves, have been for a long time so administered as to hamper the miners.

Against this sea of troubles the Miners' Association took up arms and has so far overcome it that mining in California is on a better basis than ever, though much remains to be done for it.

Now they have to appeal to the Interior Department or to some other, that is void of sympathy for them and lacking in knowledge of their needs. As a rule when they so appeal they strike the official opinion that a miner is a bad man, that he is destructive of everything he touches.

As an example of the effect of mining upon the rise and progress of a country, witness the views of the more intelligent and progressive Chinese in China. There the Government has not only frowned upon mining but has prohibited it.

The Miners' Association, feeling thoroughly the energy of organization, has met at one of the State's oldest mining centers, in Nevada County, where were dug out of the ground fortunes that have gone into the trade and upbuilding of San Francisco.

ROCKEFELLER TO TESTIFY.

IT must be the cause of much mortification to Mr. Rockefeller that one of his former managers swears that false gauging was one of the means used to break down competitors of the Standard Oil Trust, when underselling did not accomplish their extermination.

According to the orthodox standard Mr. Rockefeller will get into a hamman bath of brimstone that will open his pores unless he can prove that his employees and underlings have been led on and instigated by the devil and not by himself.

Lawson and Miss Tarbell have worked him out as a magazine sensation, and he has been the subject of much picturesque abuse, some of it, let us hope, undeserved. But none of his critics got on to this false gauge business.

Secretary of the Interior, Hitchcock may not be the most popular man in the Cabinet, but he has stood in the way of more grafters and schemers than all of his portfolio associates.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Those who try to forecast the political future of Mr. Jerome may as well stop right now. There is no forecasting Jerome. Ordinary laws of politics do not apply to him.—Springfield Republican.

If the Czar had not treated his subjects as if they were a lot of policy holders all this trouble might not have come about.—Dallas News.

The Voice of the People came very near damaging its vocal chords in Pennsylvania and Maryland.—Kansas City Times.

Occidental Accidentals

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE.

THE SWEETEST SONG.

WHO is the prima donna, friend? The one who strikes the higher C With note so rare in melody It seems with nature's hymn to blend.

No doubt the prima donna's song Doth reach a clearer, higher key— That finer art of minstrelsy Which lingers in the memory long— Yet, children of the weary throng, We'd give our world again to hear

I think the song we once did know Sometimes did quaver, friend of mine, And yet—ad yet—'twas all divine, For love, sweet love, did make it so; And we who older, grayer grow Would give—how much?—again to hear.

Ab, friends, who phantoms still pursue, That would you give again to hear? To know the love that once you knew? To feel soft arms enfolding you?— Compared with this, the diva's note Is but a sound within the throat— Without it, all the rest is rote.

ALPHEA PHILOSOPHY.

If you want to get an opinion on any subject under the sun, just ask some fellow 'at 'scaped being a dum fool who's narrer a majority 'at all his neighbors persist they order be a recount.

I don't say nothin' 'gainst the religion of a woman who 'tends church wile her hat's new an' stays home after that, but I judge she'll be mighty disappointed if she don't git a harp set with diamonds w'en she gits up above.

I've seen fellers 'at busted Inter Society of the kind that's spelled with a capital letter, like God' 'at allers seemed ter me better fitted by nacher to bust into a bank.

'Wen it comes to children, don't take no chances on posin' as a prophet. The toughest boy in our school to-day is w'at I believe ter be a consecrated preacher of the gospel of righteousness, an' the mother of the smartest boy is supportin' him.

'Swit's boys are rather fast, are they not? 'Yes, but he says he has to make allowance—they are so much like their mother.—'What does Mrs. Swift say? 'She says she might have expected it—they are so much like their father.'

'It is a sad case about young Larky. He had gotten so far along in love that he felt impelled to write poetry to the girl, and he did so.' 'What he is not the first young man who has been thus stricken.' 'No, but he made a fool of himself and now all is at an end between the two.'

'What did he do?' 'Het let the girl read what he had written.' A CHAT WITH HORATIO. If you do not wish to be counted among the foolish, Horatio, it will be well for you to observe their little peculiarities and avoid them. I cannot help you much in doing this—unless it is by "horrible example"—but I am about to do so.

There are two kinds of fools in this world, my boy—not to mention any others—who are worthy of observation. The one kind consists of those who are greater fools than they look, and the other of those who look greater fools than they are—the weight of their folly consists in not looking what they are entitled to look.

The first kind you may see about you on any day and you need not bother much about them, for they are soon detected. But the second kind are more trying; they hurt a man's feelings so. I know of few things more discouraging than to play a man for a fool and then, of a sudden, have him flash out about 70 degrees brighter than you ever have hoped to be. It is very disheartening. I know, for I have tried it.

You want to look out for this variety of man, Horatio, for he leaves you with the feeling that you are all the varieties of chump in the catalogue, with a few added just for luck. How are you to know him when you meet him, do you ask? I'm blessed if I know! He is such a modest, unassuming cuss that he would deceive the very wisest elect. But I fancy it might be well to treat all men as if they were wise until you have had the contrary demonstrated to you. Suppose you try it, my boy. I guess it will pay.

ARE CITIZENS—W. S. Empire, Or.

If a foreigner comes to the United States, does not become a citizen, marries an American woman and there are children, born in the United States, out of such union, such children are natives of the United States, and if there are sons, such are entitled on attaining majority to exercise the right of suffrage, unless they, on attaining majority, by some overt act, announce intention of adopting the citizenship of the father. If the children on attaining majority desire to remain citizens of the country

PRIDE BEFORE A FALL.

Porker—What are you strutting around so big about? Turk—I've heard Farmer Brown say that he was going to give a big Thanksgiving dinner, and I was to be on the entertainment committee.

OR GET LICKED.

Mother—You mustn't notice that Jones boy. They are awful poor. Bobby—Yes, but he's awful big and an awfully snapper. I've just got to notice him.

BE POSITIVE, NOT NEGATIVE Dwelling on Your Deficiencies Serves Only to Enlarge Them.

BY ANGELA MORGAN.

DON'T be a negative person. Don't permit yourself to fall into negative ways of thinking and talking about yourself and your abilities. So surely as you do you will find the conditions of your life corresponding with startling accuracy to the unfortunate statements you have made in thought and speech.

So many gifted, capable people in this world are living indifferent, unsuccessful lives simply because they do not realize the necessity of being positive, and have no conception of the actual wrong they do themselves in failing to take the aggressive mental attitude. Success in this life consists in sharply, clearly, decisively determining what one intends to do and definitely starting out to do it, meanwhile thinking, talking and acting consistently. It is not consistent to expect success when one thinks and talks in a way to destroy one's claim to success.

If there is any one habit that will effectively weaken the position of an aspiring or ambitious person it is the habit of thinking and talking negatively. It is a habit one very easily falls into if one is not on guard. You who read this may realize the truth of this statement. Have you not frequently found yourself telling some one very earnestly about the things you could not do, the desirable traits you lacked, the unfortunate tendencies you possessed?

Have you not put more emphasis on "I can't," "I have never been able," "I'm afraid I would fail," "I am not on 'em," "I am unable," "I am confident" and "I am happy to try?" Yet this very habit of negation and condemnation is one that blights your every prospect of success. Dwelling on your deficiencies enlarges them, establishes them more firmly in your mind, and robs you of the force you need to draw desirable conditions and to cultivate admirable qualities.

When you are tempted to dilate on your shortcomings, your difficulties, your deficiencies, stop short and reverse the current of your thought. Substitute for "can't," "I fear" and "I lack," the positive statements, "I can," "I am confident," "I am able." Be positive. Just try it, and see how much more you can accomplish.

No matter how ambitious you are, no how hard you work, if you hold a negative mental attitude you defeat your own purposes. Your thoughts must not be uncertain, or wavering. You must not waste yourself in longings, wishes, dreams that have no clear-cut line. The great mirror you call your life reflects with wonderful accuracy the picture of yourself as it exists in your mind and shows with unerring distinctness the real beliefs you hold about your abilities and powers.

There isn't a thought you think that does not register itself upon your body and in the conditions of your life. Whatever you are thinking now, at this very moment—has an influence in shaping your future. If your thoughts are negative, you cannot have a positive success. If you are continually talking of the things you cannot do well the things you can do. It is a law that the more we dwell on the positive side of things, the more power and ability we attract to us. Positive statements build up us the desirable traits we would cultivate. Negative statements are blighting in their effect.

If people would use the same amount of force, time and breath in talking positively that they employ in talking negatively there would be fewer failures, fewer invalids, fewer unhappy characters in the world. Begin now to think positive thoughts of good about yourself. Begin now to talk positively of your aims and your intentions.

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ORIGINALITY IN DRESS Have Your Clothes Cut to Fit Your Personality and You Will Look Better.

BY DOROTHY FENIMORE.

MANY women of strong personality have claimed the right to dress as suited them, what, even the prevailing mode. In their canons of good taste they have placed individuality a notch higher than Dame Fashion's artificial mandate. But for a Parisian dressmaker to adopt this heterodox opinion, as a prominent one has just put himself on record as doing, is certainly something of a departure from the expected and the traditional.

Taught by experience, we have come to expect the styles to revolve and revolve again, double-decade after double-decade, as mechanically as a Chinese prayer-wheel. I wonder if we could bear the shock were things to change in this regard. And would we women find enough to occupy our minds if we did not have to study out how to turn last year's sleeves upside down, so cleverly that nobody could possibly guess what we had done, or how to get a twelve-gore skirt out of the nine-gore pattern of goods which we bought because it was a bargain?

I know this much, anyway, that by the end of the twelvemonth we could save money enough to invest in real estate, and still, as we walked the streets, give ample evidence by our apparel of our own or our husband's ability to pay. Every woman, advises our French would-be emancipator from the decorated yoke-of slavery—which La Mode has imposed so long upon our shoulders, should be dressed according to her silhouette. She should study herself by shadow pictures, instead of from the gleaming images reflected in Fashion's mirror.

"What a handsome figure," should be the beholder's first impression at sight of her new gown, and after that should come the gasp of admiration: "La toilette, mais c'est charmante!" ("What a pretty dress it is.")

Indeed the advantages of this new idea are legion. All hail to the inventor of the Rue de la Paix!

What is called "clothes consciousness" in erudite circles is recognized by scientific students of humanity as an important element of feminine psychology. Some authorities even go so far as to claim that man, the noble lord of creation—who alone, of all created things, is eligible to a seat in the angel's row—is also, like womankind, at the mercy of sartorial influences, that while fine clothes will make him brave to the point of recklessness, a coat that is badly cut may blight in its bloom a flourishing career. Both esthetic and industrial history would swerve out of the beaten track into new lines were every one to have his clothes cut according to his personality. There would be no servile copying; each one would think his own style the best, just as every one admires most of all the family photographs the one which represents the contention of his own ego.

We would hardly be likely ever again to hear of a famine in red neckties like that which agitated Austria a couple of years ago when King Edward of England wore every day on the promenade at Marienbad a gorgeous crimson scarf. Nor would it happen that suddenly all the glove factories of Paris would be obliged to run night and day stitching black stripes on the backs of yellow gloves because of a demand created by his Majesty wearing such coverings for his hands at the Longchamps races.

A new artistic opportunity would be opened to careful dressers, even aside from that offered in study of special appropriateness of particular clothes to the wearer's form and bearing. One could learn his, or her, soul color, and either match it up in raiment, or choose materials of a harmonizing shade.

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ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

ALUMNI—M. U., City. Alumni is the plural of alumnus, which is a pupil, one educated at a school, seminary, college or university; specifically a graduate of any such institution.

COFFEY—C. D., City. There was but one man by the name of Patrick Coffey who was shot in San Francisco while running away from a policeman who had him under arrest. That occurred September 16, 1876, as published in this department about a year ago.

ARE CITIZENS—W. S., Empire, Or. If a foreigner comes to the United States, does not become a citizen, marries an American woman and there are children, born in the United States, out of such union, such children are natives of the United States, and if there are sons, such are entitled on attaining majority to exercise the right of suffrage, unless they, on attaining majority, by some overt act, announce intention of adopting the citizenship of the father. If the children on attaining majority desire to remain citizens of the country

of birth they do not have to be naturalized. GAMES—Scratcher, Brooks, Cal. The different games that are named in letter columns have all been patented, not copyrighted. Copyright is issued only for any book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print or photograph or negative thereof, or of a painting, drawing, chromo, statutory and of medals or designs intended to be perfected as works of the fine arts. This department has no information as to any sales of patents on such games.

THE APPIAN WAY—M. F. J., Arroyo Grande, Cal. The Appian Way was named by an ancient writer "regina viarum," the queen of roads. It was formed in part, at least, by Appius Claudius Caecus, while he was censor, B. C. 312. It was the oldest and most celebrated of all the Roman roads. It led from the Forum Capena at Rome in a southerly direction to Capua, passing through three taverns, Appli

People in Public Eye

CURTIS GUILD JR., who has been elected Governor of Massachusetts, is a man of many accomplishments, and should he have turned his attention to music he could have become noted in the musical world.

A distinguished traveler vouches for the statement that President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico is the Western double of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. And he also says that aside from their marked resemblance in figure and feature the autocratic uncle of the Czar and the great President of America's central republic are very much alike in character and disposition.

Led by Mrs. Roosevelt, the wives of Cabinet officers have decided to raise the standard of the culinary art in Washington. With this end in view cooking schools will be conducted in private homes for busy women in official life, so that, as in days of yore, hostesses may have the pleasure of preparing with their own hands dishes for their guests. Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Root are well versed in domestic lore and will do their best to save some of the nation's notables from dyspepsia.

Secretary Root is displaying the same apparently exhaustless energy in the State Department as characterized him while Secretary of War. On one occasion while in the latter place he gave complete evidence that he was not to be diverted while hard at work. A telephone message was received saying the President wished to see him at 4 o'clock. The Secretary sent word begging to be excused as he was exceedingly busy. There came a message suggesting 4:30, but the same answer was returned. A third message mentioning 5 o'clock being answered as before, the President telephoned that he would call on Secretary Root at 5:30 o'clock, which he did.

Dr. John Dwyneley Prince, professor of Semitic languages and literature in Columbia University, has been elected to the New Jersey State Assembly from Passaic County. This is a decidedly cosmopolitan district, and Dr. Prince was peculiarly fitted to make a successful campaign there, being a linguist of celebrity. His speeches were delivered in a great variety of languages, including Italian, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish. In addition to these he reads and speaks Turkish, Arabic, Dutch, Welsh, Gaelic, Spanish and Romy (the gypsy tongue). Besides all this he is well acquainted with numerous dialects of all the languages.

Sir Charles Kirkpatrick, now touring the East with an English football team, tells of a match that was arranged in England between some army officers and the lawyers of a garrison town. The officers prepared a superb luncheon for their opponents, who did yeoman work as feeders and drinkers. At the conclusion of the feast, a short time before game was to be called, the officers, who had partaken very sparingly, were well pleased to see their guests so happy. All adjourned to the grounds, when out of a marquee tumbled eleven giants, who began practice play of the most vigorous kind. "Who are they?" asked an officer. "Oh," answered one of the lawyer guests, "they are our best playing team. We are the—hic—luncheon team."

Dozen guests enjoyed the hospitality of Rafael Well at a dinner in the Bohemian Club Wednesday evening. The dining room, in exquisite decoration, held a large round table, at which were seated the following guests: Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Dietrich, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. James Kenney, Dr. and Mrs. Calvin Whitney, George Bromley, Jerome Landfield and Ryland Wallace.

Professor Bacon will give the first of his series of lectures before the Sorosis Club next Monday, those following to be held the fourth Monday in January and February. There will be a decided clearance of society's ranks to-day with the sailing of the China for the Orient. Among the outgoing travelers are Dr. and Mrs. Walter Clifford Chidister, Mrs. Charles Bertody Stone, Miss Ursula Stone, Mrs. Leavitt C. Logan, Miss Ellice and Miss Georgina Logan, Captain and Mrs. Martin Crimmins, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Ensign Guy Whitlock, U. S. N., and Ensign Neal, U. S. N.

The latter pair were classmates of Ensign Wallace Bartholf, U. S. N., the fiancé of Miss Mary Mariner, and are to be stationed in the Philippine waters. Mrs. Everett Grimes and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Macfarlane, who have spent the past several weeks in Santa Barbara, are in town for a short period. Later they will sail for Honolulu, and from that port for the Orient, which they will tour.

The Society for Christian Work of the First Unitarian Church is holding a bazaar in the parlors of the church at Geary and Franklin streets. A large variety of attractive articles are on sale, the affair to continue through this evening. Mrs. Emma E. Porter of Maryland, sister of Congressman Calderhead, tells this story: Evelyn is the little daughter of a Marshall County family. She is very cowardly. Her father finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid'?" "No, certainly not, Evelyn." "When you see a horse ain't you 'fraid'?" "No, of course not."

"When you see a dog ain't you 'fraid'?" "No!" with emphasis. "When you see a bumblebee ain't you 'fraid'?" "No!" with scorn. "Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?" "No!" with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!" "Papa," said Evelyn solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothing in the world but mamma?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Townsend's California glace fruits and choicest candies in artistic fire-etched boxes. New store, 767 Market 4. Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 80 California street. Telephone Main 1043.

The Smart Set

BY SALLY SHARP.

The important event in to-day's calendar is the large tea to be held by Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham in their Broadway home. This will mark the formal presentation of Miss Cunningham to society, which will greet her warmly, for she is very attractive and in demand among the younger set. The young debutante, with her mother, will be at home a Friday in December.

Miss Marguerite Gros is the house guest of Miss Maye Colburn, who will be hostess at a large tea to-morrow afternoon at her home on Hyde street. To this affair belles, beaux and young matrons are bidden.

Miss Ruth Clarke, whose wedding with Frank Southack is to be an event of next Wednesday, will be the honored guest at a luncheon to-day given by Mrs. Percy Walker in Oakland.

Miss Mary Hamlin, who is visiting in town from Washington, D. C., was yesterday greeted by several close friends at Miss Dorothy Dustan at an informal tea.

Mrs. Arthur Tashiera (Helen Garthwaite) was the honored guest yesterday at a large tea given by Mrs. E. N. Engelhardt at her home in Oakland.

A large tea was given yesterday by the Misses Callahan at their home on Pacific avenue. Callers filled the handsome rooms all through the afternoon. In the receiving party were included Mrs. James Irvine, Mrs. S. V. Pettigrew, Mrs. W. W. Deamora, Mrs. F. W. Bradley, Mrs. William Darsee of Pittsburg, Mrs. James McCona, Miss Florence Mullen and the Misses Callaghan of Menlo Park.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio are preparing for a delightful hop on Thanksgiving eve, the affair to be larger than usual and including many townswomen. Miss Marcia Warren will entertain on Tuesday afternoon, December 6, the affair to be in honor of Miss Mary Mariner.

Bridge will be the motive and a large number of guests will be bidden to enjoy the game and offer greetings to society's newest fiancée. Mrs. Howard Morrow was a bridge hostess of yesterday, entertaining about twenty-five guests at her home on Leavenworth street.

A dozen guests enjoyed the hospitality of Rafael Well at a dinner in the Bohemian Club Wednesday evening. The dining room, in exquisite decoration, held a large round table, at which were seated the following guests: Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Dietrich, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. James Kenney, Dr. and Mrs. Calvin Whitney, George Bromley, Jerome Landfield and Ryland Wallace.

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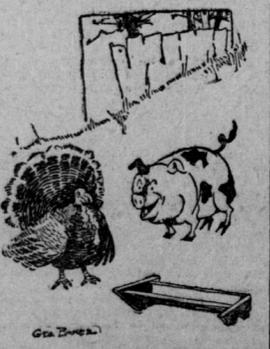
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ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SECONDS WITH THE BUSY FUN-MAKERS.



PRIDE BEFORE A FALL. Porker—What are you strutting around so big about? Turk—I've heard Farmer Brown say that he was going to give a big Thanksgiving dinner, and I was to be on the entertainment committee.

OR GET LICKED. Mother—You mustn't notice that Jones boy. They are awful poor. Bobby—Yes, but he's awful big and an awfully snapper. I've just got to notice him.

TWO OF A KIND. "What are plural kinds, ma?" "What your father sees when he comes home in bad shape."

FOILED. Mrs. Scrapy—I'd like to dance over your grave, that's what I'd like. Scrapy—Well, you never will. I've put a clause in my will requesting my executors to have me buried at sea!

PROOF. Mr. Bingo—The couple in the next flat are still on their honeymoon. Mrs. Bingo—How do you know? Mr. Bingo—It was raining when he came in last night, and she didn't make him stop to wipe his feet on the mat at the front door.