

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor
ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager
PUBLICATION OFFICE, THIRD AND MARKET STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO
MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1905

A QUIETER HOLIDAY WEEK.

THE business of the country last week was materially reduced by the Thanksgiving holiday, which was reflected in the apparent loss of 18.8 per cent in the country's bank clearings. There were certain other causes to contribute to the falling off in this exhibit, such as a decreased movement in distributive trade owing to unseasonable weather during the early part of the week, the holding back of cotton by the Southern planters and by the quieting down of several staples heretofore very active. But the mills and factories continued to send in good reports of machinery almost fully employed, with plenty of new business offering, and there were no serious labor troubles to obstruct the regular channels of trade. The railroads continued to report larger earnings than during the corresponding period in 1904, and the failures for the week were only 203, as compared with 245 for the same week last year.

It must also be borne in mind that trade almost always quiets down about the first of December to what is known as the winter lull, and that it remains more or less quiet until after the turn of the year. So there are plenty of reasons why business activity should exhibit some relaxation without causing unfavorable comment.

The money market showed no marked change during the week. Conditions continued unsettled, interest rates fluctuating sharply from day to day, with the tendency upward. Funds are now in an uncertain condition in all of the bourses of the world. The floating of the Japanese loan, preparations to meet the approaching January dividend and interest payments, the uncertainties involved in the Russian political upheaval, the drafts upon the coin reserves wherewith to move the vast American crops, the excited condition of the cotton market, the rise in silver which has disturbed exchange, and a number of minor factors, all conspire to deprive the money market of that wonderful steadiness and stability which have characterized it for a year. Conservatism is being preached more than ever. This is exemplified in Wall street, where the public are disposed to plunge into speculation, but are restrained as far as possible by the banks and other large financial interests which emphatically say that the present is no time for a bull movement in stocks. In fact, on any rise in stocks blocks of shares immediately come out, suggesting that the large interests are selling at every opportunity.

But notwithstanding this readiness on the part of the large interests to sell we seem to have entered upon another era of speculation. This is shown by the current activity in cotton and the copper stocks, which have been quite prominent of late. The various estimates of the size of the cotton crop have rendered the market for that staple very unsettled and it has been pulled and hauled about in a most unceremonious manner.

Conditions on this coast continue bright. Additional rains have set the plows running in many districts previously dry and started the grass where pasturage had given out. The long dry period has apparently been broken and the outlook for another good farming year is now encouraging. Business in all branches, domestic and foreign, wholesale and retail, is reported excellent, building operations are still very active, the mines and irrigation districts have now snow enough in the mountains to relieve them of their previous apprehensions, and, in brief, there is nothing visible at present to create any expectation of anything else than another good agricultural, industrial and mercantile year.

It is remarked, however, that the demand for farm staples is hardly as sharp as at this time during the past few years. This may be due to the prevailing high prices or to the gradual overtaking of consumption, or to the cessation of the Oriental demand caused by the recent Russo-Japanese war. While that war lasted the Pacific Coast sold a vast amount of forage and breadstuffs to both belligerents, and the elimination of this profitable business naturally renders this year quieter than its two immediate predecessors.

ORGANIZATION A CURE FOR POVERTY.

BRITAIN is so close to us because of kinship of race and similarity of institutions that its acute sociological troubles constitute for us a subject of keen interest. The poverty threatening in the mother country because of the inability of tens of thousands of its people to find employment comes very near to us as a matter of sympathy, and if we do not pay attention to the threat of this discontent and continue to be more resourceful than the British in the control of industrial conditions this evil of non-employed poverty may come to touch us closer home. The chief remedy proposed for the British trouble is "back to the land," that is, to the development of small agricultural holdings into self-sustaining homes.

If the design of dividing up big holdings of agricultural lands into small homes be carried out there may be relief from much of the poverty and consequent political discontent which is now embarrassing the British Government. Such movements when wisely planned and approved by the test of time become of course parts essential in completing the functional power of the social organism as a whole. Ever as we perfect that great organism there can be little doubt the ills of poverty and lack of employment, as well as of most of our social troubles, will become less.

In regard to the present troubles in Britain and to the great immigration problem which constitutes a present threat to our country, there might be pertinently connected a recent statement as to our industrial needs for which the Boston Evening Transcript is authority. That paper calls attention to the wide sweep of opportunity that still awaits both men and women in agricultural sections, not only in the West, but the paper says "right here in New England." It even puts it that one of "the great troubles that the farmers have to face" is the lack of help both indoors and outdoors. This condition of lack of help lasts for at least nine months of the year. It states further that if the new comers could be properly distributed to where they are most needed the immigration problem would be relieved of half its complexity.

One part of the world's population appears in almost desperate discontent because of non-employment, and another part suffering for labor to make use of nature's bounty. Surely a more perfect system of mutual helpfulness, co-operation more thoroughly planned, the mechanism of the social organism more wisely devised or more extended both as a matter of philanthropy and of statecraft, would quickly cancel these two needs by simply bringing them in contact.

The leather men ought to get active sympathy from President Roosevelt in their attempt to remove the tariff from hides. The President loves to tan hides, and the more abundant they are the better he likes it.—Chicago Journal.

If President Roosevelt is going to be on that committee to help organize life insurance it may as well throw up its hands and tell the reorganizers to do their worst.—Chicago News.

The late Senator Hanna, who gave "stand pat" its political significance, little realized that in a few years Ohio would vote to stand Patison.—Kansas City Star.

Admiral Rojestvensky is said to have been appointed commander in chief of the Russian navy, and he is now trying to think where he put it.—Brooklyn Union.

"Melancholy pessimism" is one of Mr. Cleveland's latest. Mr. Cleveland's command of language is absolute, and sometimes despot.—Chicago Tribune.

HUGE PYTHON IS THE PET OF MRS. CADOGAN



HON. MRS. CADOGAN AND HER SNAKE.

There is no accounting for women's fancies, especially when it is a question of pets. They make friends of the most formidable of creatures and fondle poisonous snakes and vicious tigers and bears without the slightest suggestion of fear. Just who is responsible for the fashion of unique and dangerous pets is difficult to say, but to the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan, sister-in-law of a former Viceroy of Ireland, probably belongs the honor of having introduced the snake into the fashionable boudoir.

Dogs, cats and birds, the usual household pets, seem to find no favor in the eyes of this remarkable woman. Instead she prefers her magnificent Indian python. This docile reptile is something more than nine feet long, has considerable thickness of body and is no small weight to carry and fondle. In the hands of this intrepid woman the python is as good as a kitten. He loves to twine himself around the body of his devoted mistress with his tail resting on her shoulder and his head placed comfortably between her warm palms.

So far there has been no disagreeable encounter between the two companions. On the contrary, the python exhibits a very remarkable consideration for the nerves of his mistress, who has, in turn, grown to have complete confidence in her huge, uncanny pet.

Besides being known for her penchant for snakes, Mrs. Cadogan is looked upon as one of the best horsewomen in England and an expert with the folk. One

who did not know her would think her somewhat peculiar because of her snake pets, but beyond this oddity she is said to be an extremely interesting and entertaining woman.

If it be true that a woman is able to exert a fascinating influence over animals why shouldn't this titled snake charmer or any other snake charmer succeed in fascinating individuals? There are persons who contend that such a thing is possible.

In point of numbers the English snake fancier is outdone by a woman in New York, who frequently keeps a quantity of reptiles in the garret of her suburban house. These pets are not permitted to roam at will, but are confined in cages. Nearly all are deadly poisonous and untamed. Once the entire company of snakes got loose and descended into the living rooms of the house, and even forced their way through windows and doors and emerged into the street, where they frightened passers-by. As soon as their escape was discovered the young charmer and her assistant set to work to show what they could do in the way of bringing back their wild and excited pets into the fold. Whether it was the power of fascination or some other occult influence, the feat was duly accomplished, to the relief of the neighbors. Since then the woman has not found it advisable to indulge her fondness for reptile pets.

Besides making pets of snakes some women exhibit a fondness for having white mice near them, this, too, despite the traditional horror a mouse produces in the fair sex.

THE BOHEMIAN.

Once upon a time there lived an artist. He had lofty ideals in his brain and yellow stains on his finger-nails. Besides, he lived on his relations. He went through three universities, and his clothes were stylish—in 1862. He either he traveled to absorb some atmosphere. He returned a finished artist. He must have been good, for when he entered a museum, he could sell a statue for more than he had paid for it. He had a really was, where Murillo was weak, and why Rubens turned out so much poor stuff. It was he who discovered the Brazilian School—he called it himself—is not what it is said to be, and that Sir Joshua Reynolds—he called him as Joshua—was poor on brushwork. Meanwhile he lived in a hall room and wore flowing neckties. His shoes were of varying purples and his clothes were of various shades of blue. One day he walked around all night. When one inquired where he, he answered proudly, "I am a bohemian."

He ate sausages cooked over a candle in a plug hat, and slept under the carpet. He announced that all marriage contracts should contain a two weeks' clause, and that all property should be divided among everybody. He borrowed three dollars from anybody who would lend it to him, falling three, he borrowed two, or even—from a stingy friend—ten cents. He paid no one and never incurred a laundry bill. When one would inquire wherefore, he answered, proudly, "I am a bohemian."

At editor saw promise in his work and give him a three years' contract at sixty dollars per week. The next month he married and settled down before his contract expired he had two children, a savings-bank account and three life insurance policies. He goes to bed each night at nine and his clothes are of the latest fashion. His meals are served to the minute and under the auspices of the influence of the Home. Moral: Bohemianism is only an excuse. —S. F. Stern in December Smart Set.

ODD ADVERTISEMENT.

A hopelessly incompetent fool, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity. Address: I. F., 3 Maciste road, West Kensington.

The sublime candor of the above advertisement, which appeared in Thursday's issue of the Times, has caused some amusement and attracted a great deal of attention among business men.

Many declared that "I. F." was a practical joker; others that he had a definite object in view when he made himself out to be a fool.

That this latter solution was the correct one an Express representative learned yesterday from "I. F." himself. His object, he said, was to attract the attention of employers by going out of the beaten track.

"I. F.," who is about 27 years old, is rather more alert and intelligent than the average man with an ordinary public school education, and his face is a particularly honest one.

"I thought if I said exactly the opposite to what most people in search of a billet insert in the newspapers," he said, "I might stand a good chance of hearing from employers lined of superlative virtues, and I have not been disappointed."

"I have this morning received two genuine offers and appointments for interviews from the heads of good firms, and a large number of letters and postcards from practical jokers. It was inevitable, of course, that three or four of the writers

ANSWERS.

GRAPES—Subscriber, City. According to the Sonoma Board of Trade the aggregate acreage in grapes in Sonoma County is 25,000.

PLATINUM—F. G. City. Platinum is found only in its native state; that is, it is never found combined with other elements, but always recognizable as platinum.

TATTOO MARKS—A. H. Sacramento, Cal. Inquiry is frequently made for methods for the successful removal of tattoo marks in the skin. While these are generally asserted to be indelible, it is produced by the insertion of some carbonaceous matter, a correspondent of the Chemical News says that such marks disappear by first being well rubbed with a salve of pure acetic acid and lard, then with a solution of potash, and finally with hydrochloric acid.

FORESTS—A. N. G. City. The clearing off of forests has an effect on temperature. It increases both extremes, that is it renders the winters colder and the summers warmer. Forests moderate the climate, retaining humidity which lessens the excessive heat of summer and in winter prevents the lowering of the earth's surface beneath them by radiation. They afford a protection from the fierce cold winds of winter and the scorching rays of the sun in summer. By actual experiment it has been shown that the thermometer averages a lower temperature in the immediate shelter of a forest during the warm months and a higher temperature during the cold months, than on an unprotected plain in the same latitude.

should have advised me to apply at once to the War Office, where I would be sure of a billet.

"I have been schoolmastering seven years, and although I have a small billet now, I wish to better myself."—London Express.

Occidental Accidentals

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE

THE GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID.

NOW the God of man and the God of brute and the God of all creatures made, Who dwelleth afar in a burning star and vieweth his drama played, While the aeons roll He loveth the soul of the Gentleman Unafraid.

"I have wearied," he murmured, "of creatures that cringe, of creatures that crawl in their place! On sea or on land shall no being stand and venture to look on my face! Behold, I will build me, for lonely am I, the first of a God-reaching race."

Then the God of man and the God of brute and the God of all creatures made, To the dust spoke low, "Thou shalt live and know," and the dust of creation obeyed.

"I will wait," quoth He, "and I yet shall see my Gentleman Unafraid."

The long, slow aeons yet drifted out on the tide of the shoreless sea, And man yet sprawled in the dust and crawled, for sorely afraid was he. "An aeon's day" quoth his God alway, "and the thing that I will shall be."

Then stepped forth Michael, the princely one, and whispered, "This dwarf di- With the fiends doth vie to traffic and lie, to shuffle and crawl and whine— Let him slake his lust in the senseless dust, but never be child of thine."

Then the great white God who made us all, peasant or baron or king, Made answer low, "Let the epochs go; let the aeons onward swing. For I know right well from his self-made hell the one whom I wait they bring."

"He shall come through the halls of an unseen time, though long be his coming delayed; E'en now I can see where he looks to me from out of the murk and shade. Be thou of cheer; he shall yet draw near— my Gentleman Unafraid."

Friend, who stumble and often fall, still be thy soul clad, For the will of God shall never be trod near the heel of remorseless fate. Cries a voice divine to thy soul and mine, "I still for thy coming wait."

A MUTUAL FEAR.

The Czar and De Witte were having a little confidential discussion, and it naturally follows that nobody need inquire how it was that I happened to overhear it.

"Do my subjects appear to be satisfied now?" the Czar inquired.

"Well—yes," was the hesitating answer; "that is, they appear to be satisfied, but not so doggedly satisfied. I should describe it as a plain, ordinary, fifth-class, three-for-a-nickel satisfaction that makes them happy."

"Don't they like the Soup of Liberty that I have given them?"

"Yes, sire, they like it well enough, but some of the graceless varlets indicate that they would have preferred a large, juicy, tender Rump Steak of Liberty."

"But I have given them the right to vote."

"Yes, sire; but they claim you only gave it to them because you were afraid to do anything that your head would look well when they do so."

"Between ourselves, the hinds are good guessers, are they not?"

"Even so, sire; and they assert that, anyway, you only gave back what you anticipated they would give you."

"Do they so, the churls? But I also gave them my lands—that is, I gave them a chance to buy some of them."

"Yes, sire; but they ungraciously insinuate that they could buy land anyway—if they had the money to do so."

"What more do they want?"

"These are, sire, those who desire your crown, for they claim that accidents of birth should not count, and who treasonably suggest that your head would look well when that of John the Baptist was placed. Yet now I do think that they have concluded to do without these perquisites."

"Alas! And I had promised them even greater liberty—of a vague and shadowy nature, to be sure, but liberty nevertheless."

"They fear that you may change your mind."

"Strange, is it not?" the Czar musingly remarked. "What is strange, sire?"

"Why, that is exactly what I fear on their part, now that affairs look more peaceful."

Then the Czar retired to his bomb-proof closet, and De Witte went out to look after the cases of a few assassins.

Who was it that remarked, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"? You bet, he was onto his job!

"I suppose that Ethel will be wedded before long."

"Why, what makes you think so? She is not even engaged, is she?"

"No; but I heard her say the other day that she never, never would marry as long as she lived."

AS WE JOG ALONG.

I know married people who would not consider heaven a particularly gratifying change, and I know others who, if they were suddenly shifted to hades, probably would consider that place just comfortably cool and pleasant. Did you ever pause to reflect that whether you are the one or the other of these people may depend very largely upon yourself?

I have seen many persons who were very unhappy, and my observation leads me to suppose that at least two out three of them make themselves so.

There is hope for the man or woman who is foolish and knows it, but my human blindness cannot see much prospect for the one who is foolish and never suspects it.

"Did you ever happen to think that if all the people would follow the Nazarene's

MIRROR OF DAME FASHION.



THE DRESSIER TYPE OF SHIRT WAIST.

WHILE plain and severe enough for wear with a tailor-made gown of the usual kind, this smart design is at the same time dressy enough to wear with a velvet skirt—a combination that is highly modish nowadays. On a fitted lining the back is disposed with stitched tucks in the shoulder seam, those stitched but for a short distance, and then drawn down in a pretty line to the waistband. The front has the fashionable chemisette applied flat on the lining, and fastening over invisibly on the left side. The material is a chalk white henrietta—has the tucks at the shoulder seam to provide fullness, a pretty cut out below the throat to display the chemisette, and a fancy pique for a border. The sleeve is an exceptionally pretty pattern, full and puffy, sprung out with little featherbone loops at the shoulder, and having a frilled cuff below the elbow. The deep-fitted cuff of lace is mounted upon a featherbone ring, so that it may be applied with fancy pins—which are intended to show on the outside—when a long-sleeved waist is desired. The close fit of this design renders the dress shield indispensable, even to those who ordinarily do not require it.

"MAKE UP YOUR MIND"

BY ANGELA MORGAN.

WHATEVER you do, cultivate decisiveness. Don't worry away your strength, your health and your happiness in a protracted struggle to "make up" your mind. Make it up; and, once having done so, let it stay up. Learn to decide.

Whenever I go into a store and see the rows of worried, pondering, hesitating women lined up before the counters, racking their brains over ribbons and gloves and laces, I am moved to utter this appeal.

To me the sight of a woman permitting herself to be distressed over a card of buttons or a yard of lining is not so ridiculous as it is pathetic. It hardly seems possible that a human being endowed with will power and the capacity to judge should fall so completely to employ that will power in developing that judgment.

But this is the falling of the average woman, and for this reason her life is more troublesome than man's.

The only way to acquire good judgment is to practice judgment. Struggle to do it, women dislike to do this.

There seems to be in the feminine make-up a sort of inherent dread of relying definitely upon that faculty we term judgment. The average woman hesitates as long as she possibly can before taking a

golden rule there would be no use for Legislatures. No cheat ever defrauds another being so surely as he cheats himself of happiness.

The breath of the morning is cool, so cool That it sets the blood in my veins athrill. As it used to do when I went to school In a little, low building beneath a hill; And my pulse beats high, as it used to do, And I fancy a mite of a boy am I, And that life is as fair as it is now Under the sheen of a far-off sky.

For the breath of the morning—Ah, me! ah, me! It takes me back where the yesters be, And the glory of life again I see, As the breath of the morning fans me.

The breath of the morning is sweet, so sweet, 'As the wings of the night fold back. That I half believe my wandering feet Turn to turn to the rearward track That led me over the hills away From the Land of the Long Ago, That again as a boy I may lightly stray In the world that I used to know.

For the breath of the morning—Heigho! heigho! It lures me still to the long ago; And the thrill of life's dawning again I know, When the breath of the morning fans me.

"Did yer git a bite at de house on de hill, Willie?"

"Nop. 'Twas de oder way."

"May yer mean?"

"De dog got it. Look at me pants!"

definite step, making a real decision. As a rule she will wait until force of circumstances compels her to do it or a culmination of events decides for her. This is the reason the average feminine judgment is so poorly developed. It is not used. How can it grow when it is not exercised?

A man naturally decides promptly and easily the self-same questions a woman worries over with endless questioning and misgivings. Therefore it is difficult for mankind to understand the trouble woman-kind experiences in "making up" the mind.

But there is a reason for this difficulty. So many considerations enter into the matter from woman's standpoint, there is really very little wonder she has such a struggle.

As a rule, it is not her judgment she consults. It is her fears, her "impressions," her superstitions, her intuitions, her scruples, her friends and her friends' friends—in short, anything or any one except herself.

Women feel that they must look to a power outside of themselves for guidance in making their decisions.

In the large decisions of life, how often do we find women who fearlessly and resolutely rely upon themselves? Do we not find them rather going about to consult astrologers, palmists, psychic readers and seers and so forth, than to consult themselves, when agonizing through long nights of distressed meditation?

Man is not hampered by any such incubance. His judgment, stripped of handicaps, runs a free race straight to the goal.

There is no habit more fatal to character than the habit of indecision. It undermines the very foundations of character. Judgment is a mental muscle. It can only be kept in good condition through vigorous exercise. Our will was given to us to use. When we fail to use it in cultivating judgment we enervate the will and render our judgment flabby and useless.

Woman, whatever you do, cultivate decisiveness. Learn to think quickly and decide promptly in little things.

Better make innumerable mistakes in trifling matters, at first, than permit yourself to become a slave to vacillation.

Decide! What if you do select a hat that is not "just what you want"? Wear it and be happy. This year's hat will not matter next year, but this year's character will matter for all time. Character goes on forever.

Discipline yourself to "make up your mind" quickly. Put aside superstition and fear and unreasonable worry. Be sensible. Decide promptly, and then stick to your decision.

This week—Gump's organizes, 20c to 50c. Note—No. 81 Fourth st. (front of barber's).

Townsend's California glace fruits and choicest candies in artistic fretched boxes. New store, 157 Market.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 33 California street, Telephone Main 1942.

START THE DAY WITH A BIT OF CHEER.



PUZZLED.

Teacher—Does that question bother you?

Scholar—No'm; it's the answer that bothers me.



SCANDAL AND DRESSES AT THE OTHER MEETINGS.

"How is your Browning Club getting along?"

"Fine. Why, at every third meeting we discuss Browning for nearly an hour."



ANY POSITION.

Applicant—I'm able to assume any position.

Manager—Then you're just the man I'm looking for. I want a contortionist.



A NEW WRINKLE.

Maisy—Gracious! Why do you sprinkle that gasoline on your hair?

Daisy—So that people will think I own an automobile.