THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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THE PHILIPPINE TRADE.

THE Examiner is solicitous that San Francisco shall control the trade with the Philippines, and that the trade should be enlarged by diverting to the United States a large part of that which now goes to China, Japan and Europe. So say we all. By way of illustration the paper quoted cites the control of 95 per cent of the trade of Hawaii by this city, under American occupation and government, and wants to know why, under the same conditions, a like percentage of the Philippine trade cannot be controlled?

The answer is that under like conditions it can be. The fault is not any lack of enterprise on the part of our merchants and promoters. They controlled the trade of Hawaii long before American occupation. They came into that estate under the kingdom. Their enterprise was free to invest there, to produce and to factor their products. They were unrestricted in the employment of labor suited to the tropical conditions of the islands. The reciprocity treaty gave them free entry to our market for the great staple of the country, and the right of acquisition and use of property was not subject to limitations. The annexation of the islands found this condition and it has been fairly maintained since. The only notable change is the lapse of the white American population and an increase in the number and position of the native Hawaiians. This change, however, has not affected our control of the trade, which still remains in our hands and is of satisfactory volume.

The merest glance at the foregoing develops the reason why we have no appreciable trade with the Philippines and why the total trade of the United States with those islands is so small that it could be lost entirely and not leave an impression on our total annual exchanges in commerce. The conditions that would permit there what was done in Hawaii do not exist, and there is no indication that they ever will. American occupation of the Philippines is busy in educating the natives and in protecting them from exploitation by the American spirit of commercialism. It is determined that the country shall not be exploited for profit by the people of this country. Americans who have gone there expecting a profitable business career retreat as soon as they can, pocketing their experience and carrying their disappointment as well as they may. The important trade of the Philippines remains placed where it was under Spanish rule.

The difficulties of production have been increased by rigid restriction as to the kind of labor that may be employed and the native labor presents the same problem it always did—a problem common to the people of all tropical countries. The best part of the trade was in the hands of the English merchants of the Straits Settlements, and it is there yet. They take all of the gutta percha and rubber and the commercial gums. England has a monopoly of gutta percha. No ocean telegraph cable can be laid without it, and when our Government lays military cables in Alaskan waters it has to buy of Great Britain the gutta percha raised in our own territory, in the Sulu group of the Philippines. This happens through the fear that American merchants will exploit the islands for American profit.

This statement of the conditions which exclude us from the Philippines, and of the opposite conditions under which we exploited Hawaii in the days of the kingdom and continue to control its trade, is made not to impeach the wisdom that protects the Philippines from American commercialism. It is the simple statement of a fact. The woods and minerals and the products of the soil and of the waters of the Philippines can enter into American commerce in significant volume only when it is made profitable for Americans to handle them, and that, under present conditions, is impossible.

This much needs to be said in defense of American commercial enterprise in general, and that of San Francisco in particular. No fault is found with anybody. Our Government has mapped out its policy in the islands and may not be expected to change it until the time arrives when choice must be made between admitting them as States in the Union, or giving them independence, autonomy and self-government under our auspices. When that time comes their admission as States will be found insufferable and the people of this country will prefer anything to that. If they be given autonomy we may get as much chance in their trade as our commercial rivals who are now getting all the chance there is.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL statement of funds used in national campaigns is published. It goes as far back as the campaign of 1892, putting the fund used by the Democratic national committee that year at $4,100,000. The amount seems to have reached high water mark that year. In 1896 the Republican fund is put at $3,800,000, in 1900 at $2,800,000 and in 1904 at $1,900,000.

The Democratic fund after 1892 is not stated. In 1896, however, the fund at the disposal of Mr. Bryan's committee was large. He had many millionaire silver miners with him, and men like W. A. Clark and the other silver kings are not "pinchers" in politics. The steady decline in the amount of the Republican fund is accounted for by the disappearance of the necessity for large expenditures. The election of President Roosevelt was assured from the moment of his nomination, and money was spent principally for the benefit of the local and Congressional tickets in States that were thought to be close. The result proved, however, that the President would have pulled the local tickets through without the spending of any money.

The wide publicity that is being given to the amount of campaign funds and their source is a good thing. It means that both parties will still further curtail expenses, will need less money and will be more scrupulous as to its sources. The civil service law protects the employes of the Government against political assessments. With corporations excluded as contributors, the campaign fund of the future will be furnished by partisan enthusiasts, and will be so small as to contradict the statement that the voters are bought.

Secretary Wilson told the Agricultural Chemists' convention that he could stop the import of adulterated foods, but could not cope with the American producers. Secretary Wilson, we believe, does not expect to run for President.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There must be moments in Theodore Jr.'s life when, as he toys with the arnica bottle, he concludes that the possession of a papa with a reputation for strenuousness has its disadvantages after all.—New York Press.

Enough coal has been found in the Philippines to supply the nation for three centuries. That looks like a scheme of nature to show Mr. Baer that he is not the whole works.—Washington Post.

The frank admission comes from Springfield, O., that a child has written a comic opera. We have suspected for some time that something of this sort was going on.—Chicago Post.

It is all right to have a code of honor at the Naval Academy, but it need not embrace prizefighting under Marquis of Queensberry rules.—Baltimore Sun.

We will begin to believe that the Czar really means it when universal suffrage takes the place of universal suffering in his empire.—Cleveland Leader.

For a man who a little while ago was declared to be an obsolete quantity in affairs, Mr. T. C. Platt is having a great deal to say.—Washington Star.

Norway's choosing a King by a big majority, instead of a President, looks like turning the clock of progress backward.—Baltimore Sun.

TEACHER OF THE ROCKEFELLERS TELLS TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

ONCE a boyhood teacher of John D. Rockefeller and William Rockefeller now lives in New York, in a little Harlem flat in One Hundred and Thirtieth street.

That teacher is John Jay Woodward, a hale and hearty man, 78 years old, who recalls with pleasure the days when he taught the Rockefellers.

It was in 1851, in a little one-room schoolhouse, located near the line between the townships of Moravia and Niles, in Cayuga County, on Lake Owasco.

"Yes," says Woodward, "fifty-four years ago—nearly fifty-five—I taught those two boys who have since become the two wealthiest men in the world.

"It was my first school, 'the Henpeck School' it was called. Why that name I can't say, unless it was run by the women; but I don't recall that such was the case. It was a school noted for its disorder, I know that. Teacher after teacher tried and failed to control the lively pupils. Finally, when I was about 19 years old, the trustees of Henpeck School decided to try 'Big' John Woodward; so I was chosen teacher. Of course, we had it out, the boys and I; but I could outwrestle any of them—could down them all in a rough and tumble tussle. So it soon became an admitted fact that the new teacher could maintain discipline. I made the boys my friends. I'd play with them at recess and made them have a good time, if only they'd behave during school hours. It was a bargain. 'Hop Scotch' was one of our favorite games; we'd play it right in the schoolroom, at recess, in the aisles between the rows of desks.

"A rough old frame barn of a house it was, with a great big wood burning cylinder stove.

"I had about twenty-five lively pupils, girls and boys, and among them were John D. and William Rockefeller. They were little fellows, about 9 and 11 years old, respectively—just plain, ordinary normal boys with nothing noticeable to differentiate them from their fellows. I couldn't guess that they would become the heads of the greatest financial combination the world has ever known, that they would revolutionize the methods of ages, and become the founders of a new commercial dynasty.

JOHN JAY WOODWARD.

"About John D. I recall that he was fond of apples, and that in those early years he did not manifest the broad disposition to charity which has marked his later career. Yes, John D. loved his apples, and however much he may have loved his neighbors they needn't expect to go partnership on fruit. 'Gimme a bite' was a bootless—you might say fruitless—request from John D.'s appleless neighbor. Well, most boys, for that matter, prefer to have a monopoly of their own apples.

"Of old Mr. Rockefeller, the father of the two boys, I have some pleasant memories. He was a jolly, hearty, well-to-do farmer, who had a great passion for hunting. He was a rattling good marksman and delighted in shooting at a target. So much did he enjoy this pastime that he used to hire some unemployed neighbor, for a day at a time—a dollar a day he paid (large wages in those days) to the man who watched the target, while he himself blazed away at the bullseye.

"Mrs. Rockefeller I remember, too, as a pleasant, motherly woman.

"My salary at the Henpeck School was 75 cents a day, with my board. I boarded round, district school fashion, you know, among the homes of my pupils. I've always been sorry that the school term broke up before it came my turn with the Rockefeller family. But I've watched with interest the career of those boys."

Woodward was a teacher for forty-eight years. He has a face and figure that would be notable in any crowd. Particularly modest he is, and claims no place in the great active world, except in so far that in the years gone by he helped to mold some of the men who today are among the powers in the world of commerce and politics. Thanks to the cherishing affection of one of his distinguished pupils—not one of the Rockefellers, however—he holds a safe position for life, not a sinecure, indeed, but a position with good pay and little work.

THE IMMORTALITY OF ANIMAL LIFE

To the Editor of The Call:

Why the declaration of Professor Howison to the effect that all animal life is immortal should startle people so seems strange, at least to those who have read or thought much upon the subject. Stop, for one moment, and imagine what sort of world it would be without animals, birds, flowers, etc. Education along these lines will remove the fear of death; the agony of parting. It will banish the black crape, the doleful black carriages, the custom of wearing mourning for those who have passed to the higher life, not died, for there is no such thing as death. It is said that all animals fear death; even insects will try to avoid danger. Such is the truth, because self preservation is the first law of nature.

Animals reason. Of course they do. It is demonstrated every day. Elephants, where used as beasts of burden, show reason and almost human intelligence in stacking heavy timbers along the wharves, or other places, taking pains that the work shall be done neatly and systematically, understanding what is required of them. Horses and dogs have been known to die of grief after their masters have passed away. Could even a mother show more affection for her child? Why should such love be unworthy of immortality?

The trouble with the people of this planet is the wrong ideas that have been implanted in the human breast through the ages that have gone. The book of nature is wide open if people would only use their God-given right to reason. How few there are who believe that the grand masters, scholars, musicians, philosophers, inventors, humanitarians, receive their inspiration from spirits, or angels, as we term them. And, by the way, who are the spirits or angels? They are pictured for children as persons with wings. To me this appears all wrong, for it is the little child that takes on impressions that are hard to eradicate in later life. Why not teach children that the inhabitants of the spiritual spheres or heaven are the immortal or spiritual part of human beings who have lived upon this or other planets? Teach them that love is the tie that binds the two worlds. Did not Christ say: "In my father's house are many mansions"? He did not mean material houses.

It stands to reason that people having simply dropped the mortal body must have a spiritual body to correspond with their surroundings as do mortals. The spirit being the man himself, naturally desires to surround himself with his friends, his domestic animal friends, as well as human.

Let us be both reasonable and candid. If we teach our children plain truths as we understand them surely that is better for them than shrouding everything in mystery.

MRS. C. W. LAWSON.

Novato, Cal., Dec. 3.

Friendship of a Honey Bee for a Lightning Bug.

"It beats all," remarked Israel Hardaker, down at Cory's blacksmith shop, "what odd friendships will spring up 'tween animals. Now, I've got a cow an' a hen that are great friends, an' the hen follers the cow 'round when she's a-feedin' an' ketches the bugs an' grasshoppers that the cow scares up. An' when the cow lays down to chew her cud the hen hops up onto her back or scratches 'round close by.

"An' then once I had a dog that 'dopted a litter of kittens an' would crawl into their box an' lay with 'em for hours, while their mother was away huntin' food.

"But the queerest friendship of this sort that ever came to my knowledge was 'tween a lightnin' bug an' a honey bee. The fust I noticed of it was one June arternoon 'long to'rds dusk when I see a black bug, 'bout half 'n inch long, on one of my beehives, which, on lookin' closer I found to be a lightnin' bug or firefly, as some folks calls 'em.

"Pretty soon a bee lit close by an' crawled to'rds the bug, as I thought to drive it off, for, you know, bees will pitch into an' kill any intruder that gits into their hives, even a strange bee. Wall, sir, the bee, instid of tryin' to drive it off, actcherly rubbed up aginst the bug, kinder caressin' like, and fin'lly dropped a small drop of honey, which the bug went to eatin', and when he's 'et all he wanted they both flew away together.

"Wall, of course, I was surprised, an' I was curious to see what would happen next, so I stood there an' waited, an' in a little while back they both come, the bee goin' into the hive an' the bug lightin' on the outside. Bimeby the bee come out, and off they went agin, an' when they come back this time it was dark, and I'm dumbed if the lightnin'bug warn't on ahead an' lightin' the bee to the hive!

"Wail, they kept this up for several nights, but I noticed that the bee was losin' flesh, an' in about a week he was nothin' but skin and bone. So much overtime was tellin' on him. It was more'n he could stand, an' one evenin' he fell to the ground exhausted, an' in a few minits expired.

"The lightnin' bug took on awfully, an' crawled 'round an' round his dead comrade an' acted almost frantic. But after a while the edge of his grief wore off, an' he flew onto the hive an' just sot there an' moped, refusin' to eat a mouthful, an' in a few days he follered his friend.

"I thought some of the time of tryin' to cross the two insects an' raise a bee that could work night 'an day, but I didn't. An' I s'pose if anybody tried it now the unions would raise a rumpus, so I guess I won't bother."

Tale of a Dentist and Big Man With a Toothache.

A man six feet high, with one side of his head wrapped in a shawl, went into a dentist's the other day and sank wearily into a chair. In response to the proprietor's "What can I do for you?" the large man said:

"I have a toothache that is breaking my heart, and I think I ought to have a fang drawn, but, you see, I haven't been to a dentist since I was a boy, and I want to ask you a few questions before you go to work."

"Go ahead."

"I want to know whether you prop a man's jaws apart with an iron wedge and then tell him to 'look pleasant, please.'"

"Certainly we don't."

"I want to know whether you fasten one hand in the victim's hair and brace a knee against his throat, and then draw his tooth as though you were pulling the cork from a beer bottle with a corkscrew."

"Why, that would be murder; you feel no pain at all."

"That's what the dentist told me when I was a boy. I want to know whether you use a jimmy to draw a tooth when the pincers fail, and also whether you will replace, free of charge, any sections of the jaw that may be removed during the operation."

"We won't hurt you at all."

"Then you may go ahead, but I have a friend at the foot of the stairs. He is a larger man than I am, and he can punch a hole through an iron door; and if I yell once he is coming up here eight steps at a time to knock down the ceiling with you. Do you want to go ahead?"

"I am afraid not; I think you had better go up the street to the veterinary surgeon."—Chicago Journal.

A WOMAN'S LOSS.

A Leavenworth man before starting off on a business trip gave his wife a check book and told her to draw freely on his account whenever she needed money. When he got home he found her pale and worried. "I hate to tell you," she said in answer to his inquiry, "but I lost that check book. I advertised, but it can't be found." Her husband burst out laughing, but her worry immediately turned to amazement and indignation. "I don't see how you can laugh over the loss of all that money," she exclaimed. "But you always were extravagant."—Kansas City Journal.

THE WORD "GRAFT."

The word "graft" is 250 years old, according to the Kansas City Journal, but, it adds, "it never really got down to business until within the last twelve months or so."

Her Unfortunate Bargain With the Drummer.

A few days ago Mme. Lariviere, who lives on a farm not far from here, was surprised by a well-dressed man, who came to the door with an eager request for a rifle, says the Blue Sea Lake (Quebec) correspondent of the New York Sun. As it happens, the only firearm her husband possesses is an ancient, wire-bound, muzzle-loading shotgun.

This and the accompanying powder horn and cap box the excited visitor quickly seized. A large charge of powder was rammed home, a rifle cartridge lying as a curiosity upon the little mantelpiece supplied the bullet, and the gun was carefully sighted and fired, to the great alarm of the lonely housekeeper. What in the world the man with the store clothes and the impressive golden chains was doing she could not fathom.

The shot was evidently satisfactory, for the man replaced the gun, threw a whole silver quarter upon the table, and, with a smiling face, darted from the cabin. From the window she saw him run to the little barnyard, there pick up what she took to be the body of a dead dog and drag it down the road to where, below the hill, a horse and buggy were standing.

Leon Lariviere came home late that night in a state of exhilaration. He had had a coup or two of whisky blanc at the village, and a traveling drummer had paid him a dollar for skinning a superb black fox.

"My faith, but it was a beauty," he exclaimed. "Nice little white hair peeping through the black fur. Why, blood of my soul, that drummer will sell it for maybe $300! Funny how all the luck goes to some people!"

"What was he like, this drummer?" asked the housewife, a suspicion of the truth coming into her brain.

"Oh, fine, big man, with brown store clothes and two big chains to his vest," her man answered.

In a few moments Leon was tearfully swearing at his wife for selling his fox, killed on his land, killed with his gun, for 25 cents, while madam with her apron thrown up over her face was sobbing as she thought of all the fine things $300 would buy.

TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

"No," said Ragson Tatters, "I don't like dis here slang. I had a fierce 'sperience on account of it, onct."

"W'en wuz dat?" asked Weary Willie.

"O' quite some years ago. One day a man asked me if I didn't want some soap. O' course, I sez 'No!' an' de werry nex' day I learns dat 'soap' wuz a new slang word fur 'money.'"—Philadelphia Press.

A FEW SMILES WITH THE BREAKFAST FOOD.

UNCLE'S IDEA.

Cyrus Mosstop—Mandy, I reckon that's where all these city people goes ter git smart!

THE SPEEDER.

"Has he taken up automobiling as a fad?"

"No; as a frenzy."

TWO LETTERS.

Yaleton Jr.—Say, dad, did you receive my letter telling you I was quarterback on the 'varsity football team?

Yaleton Sr.—Yes, and I received one from the faculty telling me you were three-quarters back in your studies!

OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS

By A. J. Waterhouse.

THE BRUTE ARGUMENT.

"THIS fightin' speerit," Silas said, "is baound ter ruie the earth,
Fer man's a contumashus cuss thet finds in blows delight.
An' he's allers been a-warrin' sence thet cussed Cain hed birth,
An' I s'pose he'd fit before that 'cept he wusn't there ter fight.
He's fit fer land, he's fit fer gold, he's warred fer wrong an' right,
'An' once he battled fer some kegs es sure as you are born,
An' I hain't no sign of patience with the most onreasonin' wight
Thet claims he won't be fightin' w'en ole Gabr'el toots his horn."

But Uncle Hi,
He heaved a sigh,
An' says, "Waal, I don't know,
But seems ter me
It's plain ter see
Thet even fools 'll grow."

"W'y, dern it all, man!" Silas said, "I'd think thet yew c'd see
Thet ever'thing fer fightin' an' fer killin' hes a craze.
The birds that poets praises with the worms is dretful free,
An' cats is eatin' up the birds an' hushin' of their lays;
An' w'en the cat hes nipped the bird the dog 'll nip the cat,
An' end poor pussy's evenin' song, the carol of his love;
An' then the b'ar digests the dog an' adds him tew his fat,
An' so the bigger critters all the littler critters shove."

"All right," says Hi,
I won't deny
Thet all yer argyment I see,
But I'm no cat,
Ner dog, ner rat;
So haow does it apply ter me?"

"You make me weary!" Silas said. "Ef all men shouldn't fight,
Why is the lesson taught to us by conduc' of the brute?
W'en the Lord made all creation, he says, 'Let there be light,
Because,' he said, 'the man I make 'll have ter see to shoot.'
Thet ain't writ in the Bible, but I claim it's writ in things
Thet meets our observation w'ile we're shootin' of life's chutes,
An' ef yew seem ter doubt it, all I've got ter say, b' jings!'
Is I wish yew'd cast your optics on the conduc' of the brutes."

"Waal, I'll agree,"
Says Hi, says he,
"The brute the brutish suits,
But God made me
A man, you see,
Some higher than the brutes!"

A TALK WITH MABYL.

You have now, my dear Mabyl, attained that period in your youthful career—a period strangely coinciding with the time when you shed the "e" in your name and substituted a "y" for it—when you sadly realize how very commonplace and plebeian your doting mamma is and how much more you know than she does. The time has now arrived when you comprehend that that mamma's appropriate place is in the kitchen, and if you are compelled to introduce her to your perfectly lovely young man you afterward say to him, "Mamma is queer, but so good!" whereupon he sympathizingly says, "I know; yes, I know, dear," and kisses away your pain and humiliation.

At last the time has come when you pathetically realize that your mamma does not know a syllogism from a pork roast, except as she sometimes suspects that the former is not intended to eat. Ah, what a hard and cruel day it was for you, Mabyl, when first this shameful truth dawned upon your developing mind, and how eagerly you have attempted to conceal the bitter realization within your gentle, stricken breast!

And yet—if you will permit me, Mabyl—some things may be said in favor of the "old lady." She loved you and cared for you when I, as a mere outsider, would hardly have considered you worth the chloroform to end it all. On many a cold, cold night she got up and walked the floor with you when your warwhoop intimated that you had a pain in that little inside, which your perfectly lovely young man never mentions. You mentioned it then without any coy hesitation; but, of course, that was different. She did a thousand and one menial things for you which you never will realize until after you and the perfectly lovely young man have been made one and you are doing something of the kind for a wee stranger within your gates.

Perhaps this love, which was lavished like water, this perpetual sacrifice which heeded not itself, should not be counted now, my dear girl, but I think that they should. Indeed, when I contemplate the love of that poor, commonplace mother, as well as the sacrifices that she measured not, it seems to me that that careworn woman is worth about ten thousand of your foolish and trivial self. You may not believe it, Mabyl, and neither does the perfectly lovely young man; but such is my honest thought, nevertheless.

And if you can drop the butterfly for a little time and seriously think of the matter just as it stands, are you quite sure, Mabyl, that you will not agree with me?

"I will give this dollar to the poor," he said.

Then he dropped the dollar into his own pocket.

For he knew a poor man when he came across him.

"No," said Elizabeth, the virgin Queen, "I do not agree with the monarch who offered his kingdom for a horse, but—"

"But what, my liege lady?" the first lady in waiting inquired.

"But I sometimes think I should be willing to give mine for—"

Again she hesitated, and the first lady in waiting ventured to say, "For what?"

"For just the right sort of a man," was the low-spoken answer.

"I had to send him below," Saint Peter remarked.

"Why?" his first assistant inquired.

"Why, he was a life insurance president while in the flesh."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, he worked out all of his soft snap while on the earth."

"He says he knows he has been reincarnated seventeen times."

"Well, if this is the best he can do in that number of times it seems almost like wasted effort."

THE ORIOLE WHISTLES.

The oriole sits in a tree out there,
And whistles—just whistles,
And he makes me think of a man, I swear,
Who whistles—just whistles.
But the difference between them is long and wide,
For the oriole works through time and tide,
While the man is a failure at all beside,
As he whistles—just whistles.

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THE SMART SET

By Sally Sharp.

The Gaiety Club, of which Miss Helen Percy Chesebrough is president, has announced the dates for its dances through the season. The club consists of thirty-five members, from among whom is chosen a hostess for each dance, the first to be given Thursday, December 14, the others to fall upon Wednesday, January 3; Friday, January 26, and Friday, February 16. The membership includes Miss Newell Drown, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Maud Bourne, Miss Dorothy Eells, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Linda Cadwallader, Miss Lucille Coleman, Miss Elizabeth Allen and Miss Helen Chesebrough.

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To-day's chief event will be the wedding of Miss Beatrice Splivalo and Francis Rawls Shoemaker, to take place at noon in the Empire room of the Palace Hotel.

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Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray, who is giving a series of bridge parties, will entertain at the second affair to-day.

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Miss Marcia Warren will entertain to-day at a bridge party in honor of Miss Mary Marriner.

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Miss Merritt Reid will be a tea hostess of to-day, entertaining in honor of the debutantes of the season.

* * *

The Sequoia Club art exhibit has been attended with complete success, and on Sunday afternoon the enthusiasm gave the affair a gala aspect. There was a large assemblage of well-gowned women, and the masculine contingent was largely represented.

A more delightful reception has not been seen within Sequoia's walls, and this is saying much, for the last three months have been productive of the greatest bonhomie and happiness. A late hour chimed before the dispersing on Sunday. In the gathering were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Graupner, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Baggett, Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. L. Eugene Lee, Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Mrs. Linda Bryan, Mrs. Thomas Morffew, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst, Mrs. William Deering, Mrs. Katherine Brogan, Miss Lalla Wenzelburger, Miss Genevieve Peel, Miss Nell Rose Baggett, Miss Martha Rose, Miss Tobin, Miss Lillie V. O'Ryan, Miss O'Callaghan, R. Masson Smith, Sherril Shell, C. P. Neilsen and William Wright.

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The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Shea and Dr. James Murphy took place very quietly on Saturday.

* * *

Mrs. John L. Bradbury was hostess at a charming dinner Sunday evening at her home on Pacific avenue, entertaining half a dozen guests informally. Within a fortnight Mrs. Bradbury will entertain at a tea, and still later in the winter the pleasure of a dance will be forthcoming from the hospitable home of Mrs. Bradbury.

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Mrs. Edward Xavier Rolker will be hostess at a musicale in her home on Sutter street on Thursday evening.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walton Tully are leaving New York to-day for California, and will arrive in town within a fortnight. Mrs. Tully expects to visit her father in Shasta County for some weeks, though a large part of the three months' stay will be passed by Mr. and Mrs. Tully in this vicinity.

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Mrs. Philip Corbusier left Saturday for Monterey to join her husband, Lieutenant Corbusier, recently returned from the Philippines to be stationed at Ord Barracks.

* * *

Dr. Louis C. Deane left yesterday, en route to Europe, and will stop at New Orleans and New York before sailing. Dr. Deane will be away several months, visiting all the principal hospitals.

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Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, with Miss Sophie and Miss Alice Borel and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bovet left Sunday for their chateau in Switzerland, to be away several months. Upon their return the Borel home will be the scene of two important weddings. Miss Sophie will plight her troth to Aylett Cotton Jr., and a few weeks later Miss Alice will wed with John Lewis.

* * *

Mrs. Richard Bayne left yesterday for New York to enjoy a visit of six weeks.

* * *

The Deutscher Club will entertain at a musicale under the direction of Paul Steindorff Thursday evening in the clubrooms.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE—Reader, City. In answer to the question, "Are the plot and characters of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' real or imaginary?" the answer is that the only incident of fact on which the poem is founded is that of the fondness of King James V of Scotland of going about incognito among his subjects.

THE MACHINE—Subscriber, City. The first use of "the machine" as used in politics, has been traced to Aaron Burr, who is credited with having first used the expression "The machinery of a party." Hence, when the organization of a party falls into the hands of professional politicians, who use it corruptly to serve their own or their political purposes, it is commonly known as the machine.

CALIFORNIA'S CONGRESSMEN—M. B., McNear, Cal. The following named are the representatives in Congress from California in the order of the district they represent: James N. Gillett, Eureka; D. E. McKinlay, Santa Rosa; Joseph R. Knowland, Alameda; Julius Kahn, San Francisco; Everis A. Hayes, San Jose; James C. Needham, San Jose; James McLachlan, Pasadena, and S. C. Smith, Bakersfield.

TELEGRAPH IN CHINA—C. N. S., City. The first telegraph in China was built in 1866, during a war in Formosa. The Viceroy of the province of Fuh-Kien ordered the construction of a line from Pagoda Island to Foo-Chow-Foo. The Government disapproved of his plan and made several attempts to frustrate the undertaking, but as the Ministers from foreign countries in Peking insisted upon the fulfillment of the contract with the telegraph company, the line was finished. There was considerable opposition on the part of the people because of a belief that it was "a devil on sticks," but this was gradually dispelled, and now the telegraph is in common use in the empire.

THANKSGIVING—A. I. S., Oakland, Cal. Thanksgiving day in the United States is regarded in the light of a national institution by reason of the fact that the President of the United States calls upon all the people to give thanks on that day. There is reason to believe that the Puritans, who established this custom, took their idea from the Hebrew feast of ingathering or tabernacles, one of the three great feasts of the year commanded in the law of Moses. On the date of this festival all the males went to Jerusalem and for seven days lived in booths made of branches of trees and made thank offerings to the Lord. No one was to go empty-handed, but was to give as the Lord had blessed him, and these gifts were to go to the help of the stranger, the fatherless and the widow.