

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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TO DINE OR NOT TO DINE.

PERHAPS too much weight is given to public dinners and the company one meets there. When Beaconsfield worsted Gladstone in one of their many battles and became Prime Minister, he proposed to appoint a certain man to a post in the new Government. A member of his party protested and told him that only the day before the proposed appointee had dined at a Liberal club.

Just now there is what is called a strained situation here over the annual dinner of the Merchants' Association. At these dinners it is the habit to discuss public questions with great freedom. Last year the subject was the style and quality of our city government. The Mayor heard of this and asked for an invitation to the feast of reason, that he might contribute to the flow of soul in defense of his administration. The invitation was not issued, and the Mayor was so thoroughly basted that the roast fowl on the plates seemed dry as a chip by comparison.

The people of the city sympathize with the loss of a good dinner and sided with the Mayor. The election was well over. The truncheons were hung up till next time. The bucket of nails used on campaign lies was put away. The defeated candidates again went about the streets mourning not as those without hope, when the time for another annual dinner by the Merchants' Association began to get ripe, and an invitation, of the variety called "cordial," was forwarded to the Mayor. Just to show that expense does not figure in a matter of sociability, the association also invited every candidate elected on the Mayor's ticket. They were all bidden to the banquet and there were no limitations about clothes. Wishbone suits, Prince Alberts or the workaday garments of the rialto were all permitted.

There is no doubt that the association studied to please. The Mayor had solicited an invitation once. He had been coldly passed by once and had publicly complained of it. To please him, he and all of his office holders were invited to eat the squab and fillet and smoke the pipe of peace with the merchants. To the surprise of everybody he and his declined, refused point blank, to break bread and eat salt in the merchants' tent. His declination was just out of cold storage, too. It has not been equalled in American epistolary literature since Secretary of State Blaine resigned in a cube of ice and President Harrison accepted in another cube of the same size.

The Mayor's refusal did not run to the victuals, nor the drinks, wherewith merchants regale them, nor to the cooking. He even admitted the symptoms of a soft spot in his official heart for the Merchants' Association, but he objected pointedly to the president, vice president and officers of that body, and intimated that if those officers are retired an invitation to dinner would be thankfully accepted, and he would bring his appetite and thirst and gifts of oratory along, to do full honor to the occasion. There the incident halts and marks time. The association has two horses on the Mayor and he has one on the association. It is not yet a tie. He lacks one horse of being even. As far as the rhetoric of the affair goes the association has the chance of another shot at him, and he cannot even up except by sending the police to turn out the banquet lights and disperse the company.

A puzzled outsider is compelled to observe that the Mayor objects to the members and officers of the Merchants' Association taking part against him in politics. If they had been for him, or had kept still, he would feed with them and moisten his official clay with their red wine. But they smote his official hip and thigh, and pursued him through the heat of the day and until the going down of the sun, and he will have none of them. He would rather eat a dinner of herbs in the corner of a housetop with his supporters than partake of stalled ox with the merchants.

Now, dropping the incident out of metaphor like a balloonist into a parachute, and getting it down to the ground again, it must be admitted that the Mayor tried as strenuously as anybody to butter parsnips with hard words during his campaign. As a vituperator he was no blacksmith. He sowed invective and epithet broadcast, and fell upon his enemies as did Shimei upon David. He was about as valiant a denouncer as has appeared in politics since the war. If he left any base motive not ascribed to his opponents it must have been too small for the fine tooth comb of his invective. Now under such circumstances why not call quits? When a man is elected he comes under the rule noblesse oblige. Prizefighters shake hands before a fight, gentlemen after.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has been in operation many years. The Pacific Coast appreciated the importance of the law which put interstate commerce in the control of that body, and has from the beginning desired a representative in the commission. This aspiration has not been realized until now. The coast is the beneficiary of President Roosevelt's traverse of the whole Union, to acquaint himself with the wants of every part of the country. He decided some time ago that the transportation interests, both railroads and shippers, required the services and knowledge of the local and general situation of a Commissioner located here. This opinion has been carried out by the appointment of Mr. Franklin K. Lane to the commission.

This appointment is satisfactory, not only because it puts a Californian in the commission, but because Mr. Lane is an excellent selection for the place. He is a sound lawyer, an observer, a man of affairs. He has had neither railroad nor anti-railroad affiliations, and is equipped with an open and sober mind for the high duties of the position to which the President has called him. President Roosevelt and Mr. Lane are not strangers. They are long acquainted, and no mistake has been made in the appointment.

THE PRESS OF THE NATION.

Young Mr. Hyde's concession that no other company would have paid him \$75,000 a year is more noticeable for the frankness than for its contribution of fresh information.—Kansas City Star.

Now that M. Witte is to change the Russian calendar he certainly will win more popularity if he throws in a few extra pay days.—New York Herald.

Mr. John W. Gates is now in Texas. Those Texans who would like to make some million-dollar bets should make their wants known.—Houston Post.

However, if the railways were under Government ownership nobody would feel under the slightest obligation to fee the porter.—Chicago Tribune.

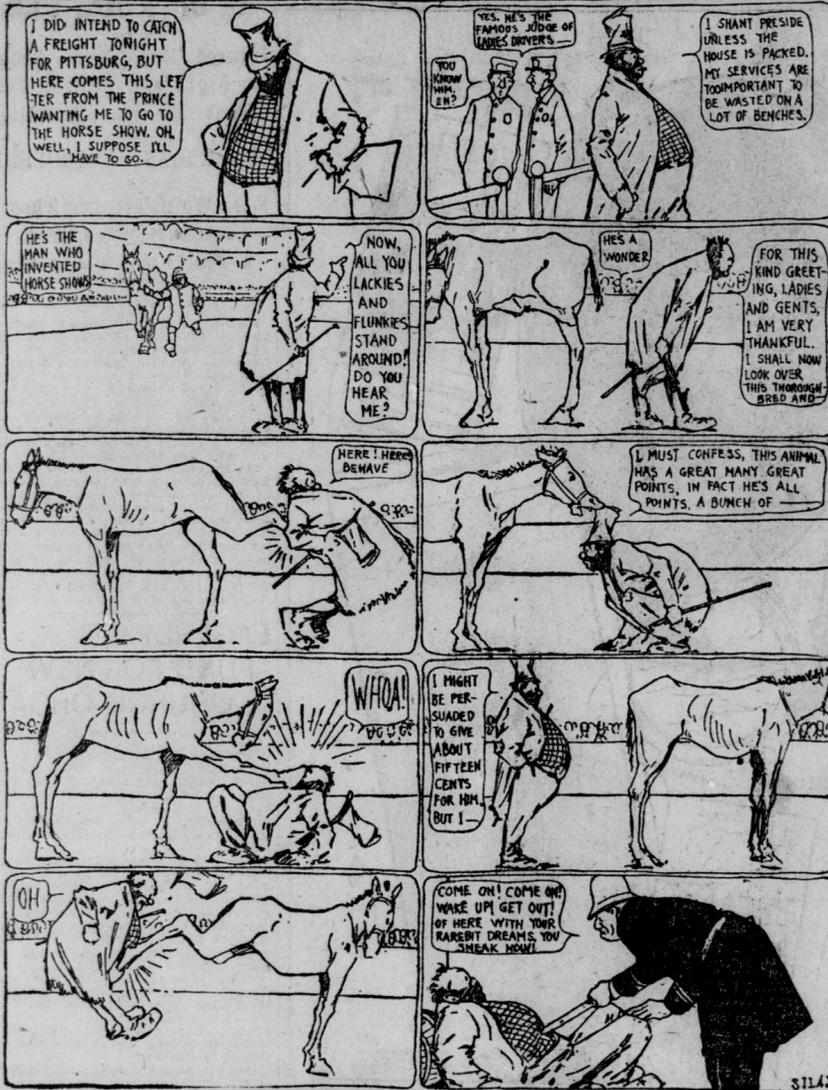
Unlike Colonel Bryan, Boss Cox does not predict that the country will never have another Fourth of July celebration.—Kansas City Journal.

Charles E. Hughes is a lucky man. Up to this time his fool friends have not started a Presidential boom for him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

We don't know what salary Witte will receive as boss of all the Russians, but he is pretty certain to earn it.—Hartford Times.

King Christian of Denmark has five thrones in his family. That seems to be introducing the McCurdy idea into Europe.

DREAM OF THE RABBIT HEND



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A TALKING CROW.

George Noyes, a quarryman who resides at Winding Mills in Waldoboro, has a young crow that not only can talk, but gives indications of a desire to be fluent in conversation, says the Bangor, Me., correspondent of the New York World. Mr. Noyes captured him about a year ago and clipped his wing and gave him to his little girl to play with. The child was fond of the bird and spent much time talking to him. Before long it was noticed that the crow, in making the unmusical creak natural to him, plainly articulated words he had heard often, and since that some pains have been taken with his education. He now has quite an extensive vocabulary, mainly words he has learned from his little mistress. He calls often to "papa" and "mamma," and in addressing "Goldie," the little girl, plainly shows that he knows that the name belongs to her. He is beginning to put words together as if he comprehends their meaning. For instance, every morning he wakes the echoes with cries of "George, get up!" This crow talks better and more clearly than most parrots and is greatly prized by his little teacher.

MIRROR OF DAME FASHION



SMART WATERPROOF FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL. THOSE novel waterproof materials that the trade designate as grifonettes come in weights well suited to cold weather wear. A smart design is that pictured, in which the needs of the school girl are taken into consideration. The coat is loose-fitting back and front, two stitched box pleats in the back making for the necessary fullness, which, incidentally, is much emphasized in garments of the latest cut. The fronts, however, are left plain, the shaped belt serving to hold them in position, and the double-breasted fastening making for warmth where it is most needed. Patch pockets are both modish and convenient. The shiny shoes, too, are of water-proof, and matters of the same material as the coat are included in this rainy-day outfit.

Occidental Accidentals

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE
Merry war was waged yesterday. Cupid and Hymen vying for supremacy of achievement, with the little god winning by one.

KING DEATH AND THE GAME. (Nineteen young men were killed and 137 were seriously injured in football games during the year 1905.) KING DEATH sat straight in his great, gray chair. And wearily muttered he: "Though business with me is passably fair. It is not what it ought to be. For sometimes the peoples their warring cease. For all of a year or two, And plagues don't wither, nor men decrease. As fast as I wish they'd do. Ah me!" quoth he. "It is plain to me, Though my business fairly thrives, That what I need Is this, indeed: A regular income of lives. I would give," Death muttered, "this phantom ring To the one who should compass this needed thing."

Now a little white messenger heard this thing. And earnestly pondered he Just how he could gain the coveted ring. Till the method he happened to see. "Not courage, my lord!" he cheerily cried; "Your victims I'll surely enforce, For football shall be every college's pride. The chance most prized in the course; And biff and go-bang! The loser be hang! We will mix with the Latin and Greek. Till the players appear. Though scarcely in English they speak; And your victims will come in a regular string." Quoth "You're a corker, and here is the ring."

Now King Death lolled in his great, gray chair. And merrily laughed he: "Well, speaking of business, I'm doing my share. And he chuckles, 'To he! to he!' In each university he is the star Who mauls the football sore; And I've had to order another white car. The victims to bring to this shore, And the brawn, 'tis plain, If not the brain, Of the college I gather in. As they haul and maul And paw the ball, The prize of the course to win. Oh, you want to bet," quoth Death, "to he! That this football game is the thing for me!"

Now, THEN, WILLIE. If you do not believe, Willie, that virtue, integrity, nobility and energy bring certain reward under the good and beneficent laws of this good and beneficent land of ours—and I do trust that you are not so sinful as to maintain such a position—let us consider a few statistics, and I am sure that you will speedily appreciate the error of your ways. The income of all the people of the United States from all the products of all their farms and lands in this year of our Lord 1905 was \$6,415,000,000, and this is something for boasting, for never before in the history of man has the record been equaled. The income of John D. Rockefeller during the same year was \$4,000,000, according to current estimates. That is to say, if all the lands of this great nation were devoted to the laudable purpose of supplying incomes to such men as Mr. Rockefeller, it would supply, in round numbers, just 160 of them with pin money. To be sure, there might be a one hundred and sixty-first, but he would have to live in the bleak, comparative penury of \$15,000,000 annually. Do you catch the point, Willie? It is the combined virtue, integrity, nobility and energy of Mr. Rockefeller—as all our noble philosophers assure you—that has brought this beautiful reward to Mr. Rockefeller. It is the combined virtue, integrity, nobility and energy of the laws of man pay to his extraordinary virtues. If just 160 of us were as pre-eminently good as he the rest of us wouldn't have a durned cent, or, at least, we could divide \$15,000,000 among 32,000,000 of us and have about 18 cents apiece—and Mr. Rockefeller could have my 18 cents, for I am not mean.

Isn't that a grand and beautiful thought, Willie? And how it does impel us to get in and hustle in order that we, too, may be virtuous, honest, noble and energetic that our income may be \$40,000,000 annually! Thus is man repaid for being real good, and yet you may find wicked agnostics who doubt it. I hope, Willie, that you will study well these figures, take their simple lesson to heart, and consequently be so virtuous that you will revel in simoniacs while the rest of us, who are comparatively sinful, are wondering what hit us.

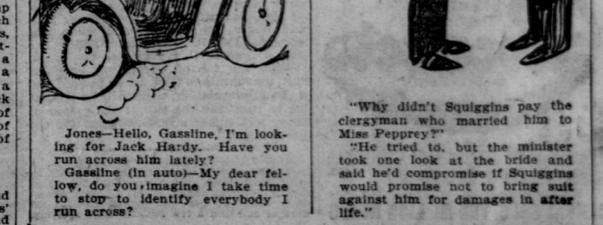
FOOLING THE RATS. A bright farmer, who objects to having his corncrib on stilts, has put up a ratproof crib by the use of wire screen cloth, four meshes to the square inch, under the siding, roofing and flooring. No rat has yet been able to bite through this wire setting, but the farmer has seen several old gray fellows trying to break into the toolhouse to get the file.—Minneapolis Journal.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES. SENATORS AND ASSEMBLYMEN—M. B. McNear, Cal. The United States Senators from California are George C. Perkins of Oakland and Frank P. Flint of Los Angeles. This department has not the space to publish the list of California's Senators and Assemblymen. Such a list was published in The Call in the issue of November 30, 1904, page 5, column 1.

ICEBOATS—A. S. Alameda. As compared with the locomotives in common use, the iceboat is the faster. It travels at the rate of a little more than a mile a minute, and when contrasted with ordinary sailing vessels is handled with ease and safety. It travels faster than the wind, because it acquires momentum, and in the lulls of the wind its inertia carries it along.

SPORTSMEN'S TERMS—M. B., City. Sportsmen have different terms for the purpose of distinguishing groups of animals and birds, as for instance: A covey of partridges, a mob of pheasants, a flight of doves or of swallows, a muster of peacocks, a sedge of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, a plump of wild fowl, a stand of plovers, a watch of nightingales, a clattering of choughs, a flock of geese, a herd or bunch of cattle, a bevy of quail, a coat of hawks, a trip of dotterel, a swarm of bees, a school of whales, a shoal of herrings, a herd of swine, a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen, a sander of hogs, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions, a sleuth of bears and a gang of elk.

What "Hot Mocha" Means. Hot Mocha is a select coffee blend served with whipped cream at Haas Candy Stores, Phelan building and James Flood building.



The Smart Set

BY SALLY SHARP

Merry war was waged yesterday. Cupid and Hymen vying for supremacy of achievement, with the little god winning by one. Three betrothals and two weddings bespeak a good day's record, each affair being of noteworthy import to the public at large and the smart set in particular. With the exception of the Shoemaker-Spivalo nuptials, surprise attended each announcement, the wedding of Mrs. Marie Baird Baldwin and William Sproule of the Southern Pacific probably causing the most pronounced thrill.

This unlooked-for event took place at 1 o'clock in the apartments of the bride's mother, Mrs. Veronica Baird, in the Palace Hotel. No hint had been breathed, even of an engagement, and the ceremony was quietly performed in the presence of only a dozen guests by Rev. Frederick Clappett, the groom being supported by Horace G. Platt and the bride being unattended. After a wedding trip of ten days Mr. and Mrs. Sproule will return to San Francisco for a short time. Of those bidden there were Mr. and Mrs. Trenor, Horace G. Platt, John Rush Baird, David Baird and Miles Baird.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Spivalo and Lieutenant Rawls Shoemaker, U. S. R. C. S., took place at 2 o'clock yesterday in the Empire room of the Palace Hotel, which had been decorated in white chrysanthemums, with a large flag at the lower end of the room. The bride wore a very handsome white lace robe over chiffon, with a long veil and carried orchids and lilies of the valley. Attending her was Miss Florence Cornell, maid of honor, who wore a very handsome accordeon-pleated gown of pink liberty satin, with a wide girle and yoke of point lace, carrying a bouquet of St. Joseph lilies. Mrs. Adrian Spivalo (Nana Migheli) and Miss Hazel Marston, as matron of honor and bridesmaid, were gowned in pale pink point d'esprit over pink chiffon, and carried bouquets of deep pink carnations. Leading the bridal party was little Lella Sweet, a cousin of the bride, faintly dressed in pink and carrying a basket of Cecile Bruner roses. The bride was given by her father into the groom's keeping, Lieutenant Harwood serving as best man, with Lieutenant Munter and Chief Engineer McGowan as ushers.

Before a great bank of white chrysanthemums the bridal party stood, Rev. Fairbanks reading the service in the presence of a hundred guests. Following was an informal reception and the serving of the wedding breakfast in a private dining-room. A magnificent custom of the bride's table, which were seated Lieutenant and Mrs. Shoemaker, Lieutenant Harwood, Miss Hazel Marston, Raymond Spivalo, Miss Lavinia Hoffacker, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Spivalo, Chief Engineer McGowan, Miss Jewell, Lieutenant Munter and Miss Florence Cornell.

Of the betrothals most important in that of Miss Elizabeth Vincent Huntington and John Brockway Metcalf, the young fiancée being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington. Mr. Metcalf occupies a prominent position also in San Francisco society and is a graduate of the University of California. This engagement has existed for some time, but has been so carefully guarded that the announcement has brought something of surprise and now 'tis neatly at an end, for the wedding day is in February.

Miss Margaret Spencer Wilson apprised her friends yesterday of happy tidings—her engagement to Lieutenant Franklin Bache Harwood, U. S. R. C. S., and since then many expressions of good will and congratulation have made their way to the Wilson home. Miss Wilson, a member of the exclusive set, has been out two seasons, during which time she has been much favored and sought. A daughter of the late Major Wilson, U. S. A., and Mrs. George Wilson, the fair fiancée is also a cousin of Mrs. Grace Llewellyn Jones. Lieutenant Harwood comes of a fine old Southern family and is a native of Maryland and he, too, will soon claim his bride, the nuptials being set for January.

The trio of yesterday's fiancées is completed by Miss Elizabeth Allen, who told her pretty story, naming J. Otis Burrage as the favored man. Miss Allen is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen of Washington street and with her sister, Ruth, has been in society for two years and is a member of the Gaiety Club. Mr. Burrage is a mining man, the brother of Lieutenant Burrage, who married Miss Graham. With the triple shower of love stories a common sentiment is attached in that the maids are all close friends, their intimacy prompting them to divulge their secrets at the same moment. And now what a rush of teas and fetes they will be for these very prominent brides-elect!

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Finch (formerly Miss Claire Hampton) returned yesterday from Manila on the Manchuria. The young people left for the islands soon after their marriage two years ago, since which time they have wandered about the Orient.

Xmas Candy Orders. Candy orders are like bank checks and cashable in something good as gold—our fine candies, Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan bldg., and James Flood bldg.

