

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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HAIL 1906!

THE past year has been a history maker. The Japanese-Russian war has changed the political geography of Eastern Asia. The shadow of Russian primacy in Manchuria and Korea has passed away.

These changes in Eastern Asia are of the keenest interest to the whole world. Since the subjugation of India and Burmah by a Western nation and the extension of Russian power into Asia it has been confidently expected that all Asia would come under European control.

It is in line with natural conditions that Japan, the most progressive, shall take over Korea, the most backward of Asiatic nations. But it would have been out of line with natural conditions for this to have been done by Russia, the most backward of European nations.

The year 1905 records these portentous changes for the benefit of the world's peace and prosperity and the neighborly fellowship of the nations. It witnessed also the close of the greatest war in history.

Japan has ahead of her a period of depression and of distress, resulting from the strain and waste of war. But a people that can defend themselves so consummately in war may be relied upon to work out a prosperous destiny in peace.

The past year in its closing weeks saw the beginning of a death grapple between Russian autocracy and the people, and the end is not yet. It has seemed an outbreak of madness, of bloody reaction from the repression of ages, a blind and beastly struggle, appalling to the world.

Our own land enters the new year with impetus unabated, going forward with resistless energy. Our known resources have only been scratched and are continually re-enforced by the transfer of capacities from the latent to the potential.

Croakers see signs that indicate to them the decay of our institutions and the decline of patriotism. But this is a vision of the jaundiced eye. We go on making money, eating and drinking, sowing, reaping and gathering into barns, apparently insensible to emotions other than those that attend upon material accumulation.

Such a husband, I am told, no matter what the anxiety of those at home to hear the events of the outer world discussed, stubbornly refuses to gratify that desire, nor does he give any reason for such refusal. He simply won't talk, and that is the end of the matter.

The new year approaches radiant with promise. May it be happy to all our countrymen and to all the world.

FILIPINO NEEDS.

INDUSTRIAL and economic ills are the chief causes of distress in the Philippine Islands, according to the report of Atherton Brownell, who accompanied Secretary Taft through the archipelago last summer and made a careful survey of the situation.

New legislation will be introduced at the present Congress in regard to the islands. The questions involved are said to be among the most difficult ever presented to our Government. It is not merely that opinions differ widely as to the best policy, but there is such a conflict as to the statement of facts upon which to base a judgment.

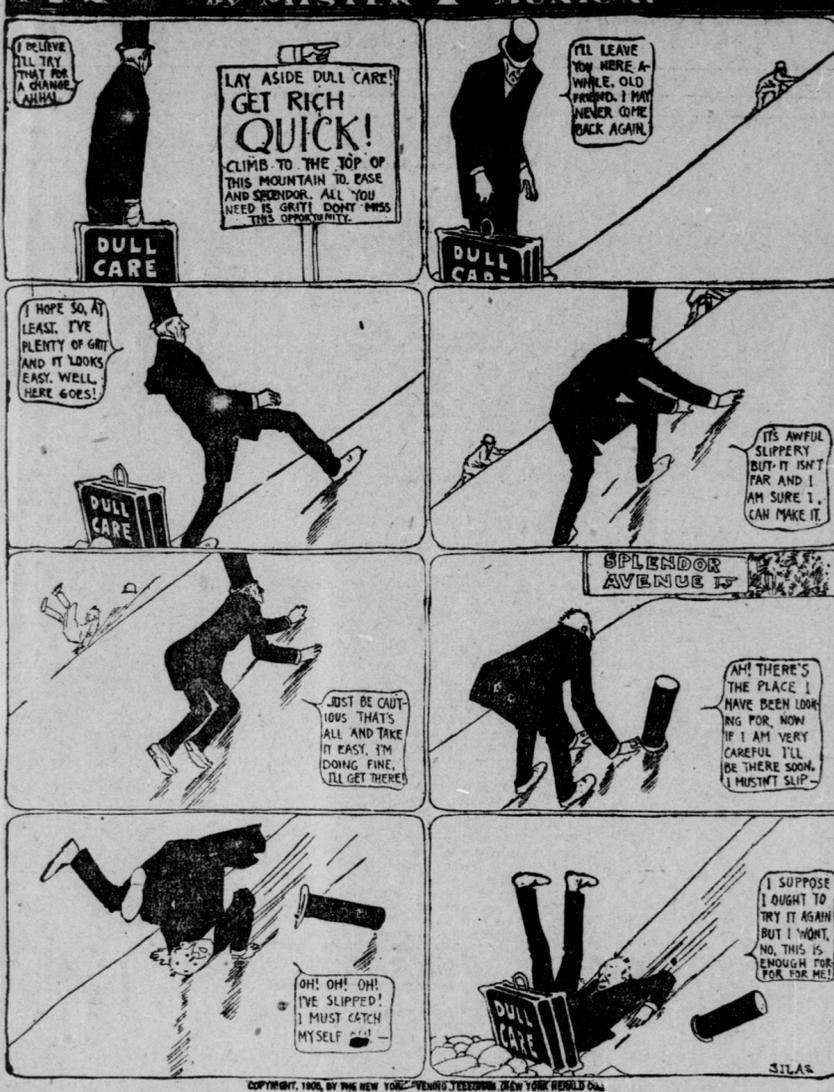
The conflicting opinions about the Filipinos may be divided into three principal classes. The first is that of officialdom, which regards the islands as pacified and everything going fairly well under a paternal government that is leading the people toward self-government.

The question of methods of benefit that Brownell raises are as to whether the Government had not better change its policy of restriction to American enterprise in making large developments and giving employment to the islanders.

Perhaps the Secretary of State is going to Brazil to see how the celebrated Brazilian nuts take Root.—Philadelphia North American.

President McCall will not resign under fire. So cease firing, everybody. Milwaukee Sentinel.

A PILGRIMS PROGRESS



UNSOCIABLE HUSBANDS

BY ANGELA MORGAN

I AM asked what I think of the unsociable husband who won't talk to his wife and family when he comes home at night and who spoils the pleasure of the evening gathering by settling into a non-communicative calm too heavy to be broken by the kindest persuasion or the most eager questioning.

Such a husband, I am told, no matter what the anxiety of those at home to hear the events of the outer world discussed, stubbornly refuses to gratify that desire, nor does he give any reason for such refusal.

He simply won't talk, and that is the end of the matter. This is not the first time I have been approached on the subject of the unsociable husband. Women have frequently confided to me their unhappiness over the fact that their life partners had developed this most deadening and discouraging habit and have told me what gloom had settled upon the home life because of it.

Certainly it would seem that the man who has no interest in the intellectual enlightenment of his wife or his family and no appreciation of the natural interest they feel in the important events of the world—events which he, because of his broader experience, could discuss so easily if he would only take the trouble—is a man deserving of censure.

But there are two sides to this question, as there are to every question. What a pity it is that it should be so difficult for the wife to get a clear vision of the husband's side, and for him to perceive the justice in hers!

If woman's love had more of the masculine in it, and man's love partook of the feminine element, the impartial view would be possible for both husband and wife.

If the wife could take the husband's view; if she were qualified through the masculine element to appreciate his side, this is what she would discover about her husband's unsociable tendencies: She would see that when he returns from a day's battle with the problems of the larger world he is thoroughly tired out, eager for relaxation, and not at all disposed to exert himself in conversation.

She would understand that he has been talking business, finance, news—all the "big" subjects—until he is utterly weary of them and ready for a change; that the very topics she yearns to hear discussed are topics that belong to that jostling, turbulent world he is so anxious to forget.

She would see that one of the dearest delights home offers him is the chance to drop all the affairs of the outer life and give himself to non-exertion and tranquility; that he revels in not being called upon to think or to talk.

On the other hand, if the man could take the woman's view, he would realize just this: That his wife has probably had no chance to come in touch with matters outside of the domestic or social sphere; that she craves a breath of the larger realm, and that her intellect feels keenly the need of expansion through contact with his.

He would understand that the placid atmosphere of domesticity in which she has lived and breathed all day needs to be

freshened and invigorated by a current of new, stimulating, helpful thought; that her mental life will stagnate unless such reviving forces do enter it. He would realize that a successful marriage is impossible without interchange of thought, contact of ideas, the giving and taking of mental and spiritual nourishment. He would rouse himself to satisfy the higher longings of the woman to whom he has joined his interests for life.

After all, what a pity so many husbands forget and neglect all this! How unfortunate that thousands of women must resign themselves to the dead-level existence which is sure to follow a husband's failure to minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of his wife.

I cannot help believing that the reason marriage often degenerates into humdrum and monotony is that there is no all-round companionship, and this happens frequently because the husband does not exert himself to respond to his wife's intellectual demands.

If a man considered his wife's interests instead of his own, I wonder if he could not give her more of the sustenance her mental activities require? I believe if man's love had in it more of the maternal this would certainly be possible. Does a mother stop to think how tired she is when her child begs for a story at night?

Husbands, try to overcome your inertia and encourage your wives in their longing for a larger intellectual outlook. If you are too tired to do this, don't be surprised or hurt when you find the women flocking to their clubs for comfort.

AS A TEST.

The professor was examining a dark brown substance spread on paper when he was interrupted by a visit from a friend. "I say, would you kindly let me place a little bit of this on your tongue?" said the man of learning to the newcomer.

"Certainly," responded the friend, thrusting out his tongue. "The professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on the other's tongue. The latter worked it round for fully a minute, tasting it much as he would a sweet.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor. "No, none." "It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?" "Not that I can detect." "I thought not. How does it taste?" "Very bitter."

"Um-m, all right." "What is it?" inquired the friend. "I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning horses with it."—Tit-Bits.

"Learning Languages by Telephone." Is the title of an article in the Daily Mail. Telephone girls, we understand, have learned quite a lot of language that way.—London Punch.

THE BOSS AND THE SPINSTER

LITTLE Miss Primrose lives in a quiet street, and has the third floor apartment in a neatly kept flat building, desirable at the time she rented it, several years ago, because it had light and air all about it, though situated in the middle of the block.

Then the lots next to the one she was on came to be improved. A double flat building, very like the one she was living in, was to occupy the space where she had had her little bed of wignonette in the summer, her two pet trees were to be destroyed, and all the pretty patch of green turf given over to tolling horses and large, hard-working men.

It is the way of the city, and Miss Primrose did not repine. She found a great deal of interest in the way that the men worked. They were so sure, so skillful, so deft and so quick in their movements, the bricklayers and stonemasons, the carpenters and the fitters, that she felt a little thrill of pride in the thought that these were American workmen.

There was no swearing and no coarseness of speech. Instead there was a great deal of quiet fun, and the colored men who mixed the mortar and carried the hod were singing or dancing whenever they could find a moment for relaxation.

When the new building reached the level of her own floor, a change came over the proceedings. A large, stout, red-faced man whom the colored folk called "boss" appeared. It was his function to make the men under him work harder, and the only way he knew how to accomplish this was by the use of much language, loud, vulgar, and profane.

The singing and the fun stopped, every glance away from the task in hand called for a curse, and Miss Primrose was greatly distressed. The second day she determined to stop it. She reached her back porch, opposite the point where the boss had been doing his loudest swearing, in time to hear a taller and more dignified man, perhaps the owner or the architect, say to him: "I wouldn't drive these men so hard. Some day they'll get mad and call you down."

"Not on your life," said the boss. "They ain't nothin' livin' can call me down when I get to goin'." Why, then, His flow of profanity was interrupted from the neighboring porch. "Mr. Man," said little Miss Primrose, "I don't know you, and I don't want to. But I am moved to say to you that if you take the name of God in vain again in my hearing I shall have you arrested and fined as a public nuisance, and I have proof of your having sworn more than a hundred times yesterday at these poor, hard-working men."

There has been no profanity on that job since. "You should be very proud of having won the love of such a man." "Then you advise me to marry him?" "By all means. He is one of nature's noblemen." "No doubt. But consider. This nature fad will inevitably pass."

NATURE.

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OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE

1905-1906

THE KING IS DEAD; LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE king is dead, our comrade king, who walked with us a little way, Who saw pale winter blush to spring and summer fade in autumn gray.

A royal monarch he in truth, descendant of the countless years That smiled upon him in his youth, or taunted him from shameful biers.

And yet this king of all the kings did walk with us, and hand in hand We journeyed where Dame Nature flings her em'raid mantle o'er the land;

And long we laughed and loud we laughed, and sometimes paused, with scalding tears, To bathe the wound where pierced the shaft—he heeded not, this king of years;

He heeded not, this transient king, descendant of eternal days, For well he knew how brief the sting, how small and petty are our ways.

But now he lieth in the tomb

That Sexton Time e'er hollows;

So rest to him, whate'er his doom,

And cheers for him that follows!

THE king is dead, and truth to tell, he was a canting fellow, Who promised more than he did well when life and he were mellow.

He vowed to us (we heard the word) that we should gain rich treasure, But in performance ne'er he stirred—such was his royal pleasure— And on our part we promised him some things we would do better— Heigho! but Habit's chains are grim, and we are in their fetter.

Perhaps he failed the truth to tell, but, faith! we also missed it— Temptation yields his scepter well, and few of us resist it— But call him knave, if so you dare, no less my brow is clouded At thought of him who lieth there, with yesteryears enshrouded.

So peace to him within his tomb;

Our fault his error swallows.

God rest him in his narrow room—

And cheers for him that follows!

THE king is dead—long live the king! A royal princeling truly, Who registers in Time's great book and makes his salaams duly.

His vows are many unto us, and on their grace we're dwelling, And if we half suspect them lies, they sound right well in telling. And, oh, we love his grace to tell and say, "He'll bring us blessing!" For so it is, and so has been, since from creation's spaces The year's of time fell into line and found their destined places— "The Old Year was a sorry wight," we say, with faces weary, "But, oh, the New Year's step is light and all his ways are cheery."

So rest to him who sought his rest

In Death's sepulchral hollows;

But cheers for him, our latest, best,

The royal one who follows!

POST HOLIDAY BEATITUDES.

Blessed is the man who expected little, for he probably got it.

Blessed is he whose pocketbook is bottomless, for frequently he needed it. Blessed is the man with a wrought iron stomach, for he had no occasion to rise the next morning and say, "What a chump I was!"

Blessed is he who had something to swear off, for he who has not should look upon himself with suspicion. Blessed is the husband and father who received thirteen neckties, for they work up beautifully in a crazy-quilt.

Blessed is the three-legged freak in the museum, for he can use more slippers than the rest of us. Blessed is she whose husband heedeth a multiplicity of hints, for doubtless she was not disappointed when Christmas came.

Blessed is Edyth if she was as well pleased with what was in her stocking as her Augustus presumably is. Blessed are the fond parents who have six children, for they are less likely to rout the family out at three o'clock on Christmas morning than seven would be.

"I should think that Bleggs would insist upon wearing his father's coat." "Why?" "Well, he wrote for his father's party and belongs to his father's church, regardless of changes in platform or creed, and I should think that the same sort of respect for the old gentleman would cause him to wear his coat regardless of changes in fashion."

"Cut it out." "If you have a vice that's dear, Cut it out." "If you're apt to doubt and fear, Cut it out." "Stand, as other men have stood; Do the thing you know is good—I do not, but, then, you should Cut it out."

"If on naughty ways you dote, Cut it out." "If the nights with red you coat, Cut it out." "If you note that you're inclined, If in primrose paths to find, Do not my example mind— Cut it out."

"If you'd like to have your fling, Cut it out." "Reformation is the thing— Cut it out." "Still be noble, still be strong; Never mind if I do wrong. For I always—in a song— Cut it out."

A LITTLE PARABLE.

In the beginning the Voice spake, and said: "The little men whom I have made shall have the capacity to know great happiness." "But they would not grow strong under happiness alone," suggested one who listened.

"Even so," was the answer, "and so I have provided that certain spirits shall work ever to bring them unhappiness; but two of these spirits are greater and more potent than all others." "And these two?" queried the listening one.

Warm summer sun; Shine kindly here; Warm southern wind; Blow softly here; Green sod above; Life light, life light; Good night, dear heart; Good night, good night.

TWAIN'S SENTIMENT—F. L. S. City. A reader of this department furnishes the lines that were written by Mark Twain to be placed over the grave of his wife. They are as follows:

Warm summer sun; Shine kindly here; Warm southern wind; Blow softly here; Green sod above; Life light, life light; Good night, dear heart; Good night, good night.

CORDWOOD—A. S. Petaluma, Cal. According to the American cordwood measure, a cord of wood must contain 128 cubic feet of wood, no matter whether the wood is piled on the level or on a slope. A cord consists of a pile 8' high, 4' wide and 4' deep. The wood is reckoned to be four feet in length. A stick of cordwood should measure 4 feet 4 inches from end to end to compensate for the slope or bevel of the cut and provide for an equivalent of four feet of wood.

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SAME OLD NEW YEAR, NOTHING NEW.

