

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager. PUBLICATION OFFICE, THIRD AND MARKET STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1906

SO SOON FORGOTTEN!

THOSE who had the good fortune to see Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle will always remember the pathos and desolation in his exclamation: "Are we so soon forgotten when we are dead?"

The only strong and thoroughly equipped man sent to the United States Senate by the Democracy of California since Gwin and Broderick was Stephen M. White of Los Angeles. He was not only a sound lawyer, but a man of affairs and of statesmanlike poise. He took leadership of his party when it was torn by the antagonisms and feuds generated in the Stockton convention, and was in a despairing minority. It lacked consecutive purpose and cohesion, and was incoherent and wayward. Its management had fallen into the hands of self-seekers and pretenders. Nowhere in it could be found the light of a high purpose. It was a company of political Ishmaelites, every man's hand being against every other. It had ceased to represent any great principle, and was merely a protest against the "ins" because they were in and it was out. Its managers fought the railroad in the open, for effect, and went into its offices by the back door for subventions in the form of campaign contributions, convertible to personal use. Naturally the remedies it proposed for the corrigible errors of the railroad were vain and idle, and its hold on public opinion had slipped down until it gripped only the personal spite and prejudices of the envious and unreasonable.

At the head of such a demoralized and discredited party appeared Stephen M. White, with the genius of leadership and an unequalled power and charm of statement. His presence acted like the sun upon the muck and ruck of an unwholesome swamp. The low motives and selfish aims of the party evaporated. Self-seekers went to the rear. The highest of human motives were put foremost. Men of trained minds gathered around him. He engaged the opposition in high debate upon elevated public questions, and soon had the face of his party lighted by intelligence and set toward a lofty mark.

His leadership was ideal. It inspired the intellect of his followers and heightened their quality of citizenship. But all of this was not done without the opposition of those whom he supplanted. The contrast between him and them was too great. They resorted to every art of detraction and every extreme of vilification to break his hold upon a party that they had regarded as a personal asset, to be bought and sold, borrowed and loaned, for gain. When it became apparent that he was the choice of the intellectual men in his party for Senator, the opposition from within became formidable, and his pathway to that high preferment was beset by every difficulty that a malign ingenuity could invent. But his splendid personality, the graces and lucidity of his speech, the tolerant quality of his exposition of party principles, won their way, and at the age of forty he became Senator.

He entered upon his new duties equipped in law to support or withstand Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, chairman of the judiciary. In economics he was the peer of Sherman, who had been Secretary of the Treasury and became Secretary of State. Not by any force except sheer ability did he make his way to a Senatorial leadership, as definite as his popular leadership at home. His speeches on international law, in the great controversy over the demarcation of powers between the Senate and the President, are textbooks that will survive in our parliamentary history. He commanded the respect and confidence of lawyers like Choate, Carlisle and Olney. He ranked at the head of the Senate. In the adjustment of practical issues his energy and genius equaled his knowledge and conception of the theoretical and the ethical. The debt of the Pacific railroads to the Government had been long in contention. Thurman had badly bungled it. Others had nursed it as a popular grievance, that answered the purpose of politicians who wanted office. He settled it. He secured for the Government every mill of principal and interest and restored to the railroads their independence.

He was loved by men of all parties in California and was idolized in his home, Los Angeles. He was identified with the rise of that city from an adobe village to a metropolis. His colossal figure bore that city on its shoulders and lifted it into national fame. His great work was accomplished in a few years, and he died before his prime. When he passed a shadow fell upon his State. A light was dimmed. A loss and loneliness fell upon the places that had known him. There was a vast vacancy left in our public life. A worthy was mourned throughout California.

Are we so soon forgotten when we are dead! Through all his great leadership and his shining career he was pursued, spitted, traduced, vilified and belittled by Mr. Hearst and his newspapers. Republicans respected Stephen M. White and were proud of him as a Californian. Hearst hated and hunted him, fought his indorsement for Senator at San Jose, fought him into the caucus of the party in the Legislature, and followed him with abuse into the joint convention that elected him. Hearst camped on his path in the Senate, and by the use of every resource of wealth and publicity misrepresented and vilified him.

Are we so soon forgotten when we are dead! Now, in White's city of Los Angeles, the party men who were the beneficiaries of White's leadership and the recipients of his confidence, and the citizens of the city upon which he bestowed honor, have made their town the scene of an occasion in Hearst's honor, of unmeasured flattery and laudation of the traducer of Stephen M. White! This might have been done without exciting comment, in Stockton, or Fresno, Sacramento or San Francisco; but that it was done in Los Angeles cannot pass without calling attention to the fickleness and forgetfulness that came jocund to the task of indorsing Hearst's vilification of Stephen M. White. In all that company, where men racked their brains and robbed the language of all its terms of adulation to fatten the vainglory of Hearst, no lip whispered an ascription to the dead Senator. The Vizier Jaffar, dead by a doom unjust, had one friend in Bagdad, the brave Mondeer. In Los Angeles, White, dead untimely, with all his deserved honors upon him, had no Mondeer.

THE ADVERTISERS.

INSPECTION of the newspapers published in the cities of this country in the eighteenth century discloses the haphazard nature of the advertising of that time. This chance and accident method continued well into the nineteenth century, and until advertising as a means of giving attractive publicity to commercial enterprise became a specialty. It is now fairly a branch of literature. The composition of advertising is an art, a great specialty, and a necessity in business.

Longfellow did not intend to write an advertisement when he acknowledged a gift of Catawba wine from Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati in his poem:

"Catawba wine has a taste more divine, More dulcet, delicious and dreamy,"

but his poem was the first great advertisement of American wines, and he set the pace in the composition of advertisements. An advertisement now must be of such form as to attract, as a piece of interesting reading. Its composition is in the hands of specialists. The matter when written must be put in attractive typography, that will charm the eye.

In this city "The Advertising Club" is composed of the composers and artists, to whom newspapers and their readers are indebted for the style of advertising, that makes the pages it occupies as interesting as any other part of the paper. This club has just held its monthly banquet, noticed unobtrusively in the news columns. But, though it attends to business quietly, it is one of our commercial forces, with a usefulness greater than many that make more stir.

AND IT CAME TO PASS—



ST. PETER—What's your name and occupation? SPIRIT OF ROGERS—I refuse to answer on advice of counsel.

Same Result

A WELL-KNOWN Bishop of Tennessee was taking his customary stroll through the park the other morning. He happened to sit down on one of the benches there. Now the Bishop is a very great man, not only in the Methodist church, but in embryo as well. His weight proved too much for the bench, which collapsed, spilling him on the ground. About this time a little girl, rolling a hoop along, saw the reverend gentleman prostrate and offered her assistance. "But, my little girl," said the Bishop, "do you think you could help such a great heavy man to his feet?" "Oh, yes," replied the little girl. "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he's been even drunker than you are."—Lippincott's.

Answers to Queries.

HOME WEDDING—M. R. L., City. This department does not know of any rule or law that will prevent a woman who is "married in pearl gray to wear a white hat at a home wedding." As a rule a bride at a home wedding does not wear a hat during the ceremony.

WIRELESS—W. E. D., City. There is no doubt about the practicability of wireless telegraphy. The papers of the day have in the past two years been replete with accounts of the success of such means of communication. It is no longer an experiment. It is in daily use on the military line in Alaska, and recently Captain Wildman, U. S. A., chief signal officer on this coast, who superintended its construction, said it had never since its installation made a mistake in transmission. So many stations have been installed that they no longer create surprise.

FREE TRADE—H. J., Stockton, Cal. Free trade is the doctrine of political economy maintained by those who hold that trade should be unrestricted by Governmental regulations or interference. The term is generally used with reference to Governmental exactions on imports. Theoretically free traders hold that our commerce with other nations should be as unrestricted as commerce between the various States of the Union, but practically they admit that duties on imports are a convenient way of raising a revenue, so that as the term is generally used in the United States, a free trader is one who believes in so regulating the tariff as to raise the necessary revenue with the least restrictions on foreign commerce, and with absolutely no attempt to protect home industries. If a vessel with a cargo from a foreign port could come to the United States and discharge a cargo without paying duty, that would be free trade, in the fullest sense.

CHEATING—Subscriber, City. Cheating in law is an offense which in American law is defined as "deceitful practices in defrauding or endeavoring to defraud another of his known right by some willful device contrary to the plain rules of common honesty." Bouvier says: "In order to constitute a cheat or indictable fraud there must be a prejudice received or such injury must affect the public welfare or have a tendency to do so." In common law the fraud must be of a kind which could not be guarded against by ordinary prudence. The instrument of the cheat must not be mere words, but a sign or token of some kind, as a false brand on articles sold, false weights and measures, or loaded dice or marked cards in games of chance. In statute law cheating is known as false pretenses, i. e., false representations with intent to defraud, by words or deeds concerning facts or events, passed or present.

A Little Lesson in Adversity.

WHEN Joseph Haydn was but 5 years old the beauty of his voice and his wonderful sense of rhythm attracted the attention of a cousin of his father who happened to be visiting in the little Austrian village. He insisted that he be allowed to take the boy with him, as he was the chapelmaster in a neighboring town, and would be able to give the boy a musical education.

It was at his home that Haydn met the chapelmaster of St. Stephen's Church of Vienna, who was so impressed by the bird-like quality of the boy's voice and by his sympathetic understanding of music that he took him at once to the capital with him.

When the boy was about 10 years old his voice changed. Because it became harsh and deep the chapelmaster no longer could find use for him, and let him go immediately. One cold winter night the boy left St. Stephen's Church and wandered through the streets of Vienna without a friend and without a home. He had no food and no money with which to procure it. A barber who knew him slightly discovered his plight and took him to his own home. The room in the attic which was given to him was small and poorly furnished. The wind and the rain came through the cracks and the snow sifted down upon the bed.

The boy became a street musician, joining a band of street players. One night they went to serenade the leader of the opera. At a pause in the music the window was opened and a head appeared. "Who is playing that music?" a voice demanded. "Joseph Haydn."

"Who wrote it?" "I did, sir."

The leader of the opera opened his house to the players, and at once explained to Haydn that he wanted him to compose the music for an opera which he had written. The dawn of prosperity had begun for the musician.



JOSEPH HAYDN.

Poverty as a Blessing.

BY WALLACE RICE.

A CORRESPONDENT calling himself "Impecunious" writes to ask me, "Is poverty a curse or a blessing?" Andrew Carnegie, in his address to the Mechanics and Tradesmen's Society of New York, declared with emphasis that poverty is a blessing.

But it is a mitigated blessing, and sometimes one thoroughly disguised. The term of poverty, like everything else, is a relative one, and the blessings it confers are also relative rather than positive.

Sheer bitter poverty, the inability to get, keep or earn money, the being reduced to a state where the best possible will not provide food or shelter or clothing adequate for mere comfort, is no blessing in any sense of the word, but a dreadful curse.

That sadly convincing book on poverty by Robert Hunter shows that there are no fewer than ten millions of men, women and children in America in the best times who are either supported by public charities as defectives and delinquents or are never able to give themselves food enough, clothing enough or housing enough. And the number of women and children at work is steadily increasing, showing that it is harder to make a living—the corollary of that statement being that livings are not as good, when they are made.

This sort of poverty is a curse to those who suffer under it. It is a tremendous curse and threat combined to the decent poor, the thrifty wage earners who are making just enough for health and comfort. For the person stricken by dire poverty, the shiftless and uncertain worker, the man of bad habits not yet wholly debased, all combine to keep wages and earnings down for the whole working class. Such poverty is a fearful menace to the entire community, and a huge expense to it.

If we knew enough, indeed, the money such folk cost the whole mass of the people year by year could be saved in part by the application of preventives. They continually tend to debase the American standard and ideal. For them and for mankind poverty is not a blessing, but a curse.

It is not that kind of poverty that Mr. Carnegie and other enormously rich men mean when they refer to the beauties and advantages of poverty. Their praises are for those who are poor to them in comparison, but really rich to those who are very poor.

Those who know this latter very poor class well are inclined to doubt if those in an economical state above it could be called truly poor at all. They are rather in that favored condition which knows neither poverty nor riches, both conditions loaded with temptations.

Getting at the Facts.

The census-taker rapped at the door of the little farmhouse and opened his long book. A plump girl of about 18 came to the door and blinked at him stupidly.

"How many people live here?" he began.

"Nobody lives here. We are only staying through the hot season."

"Well, how many people are here?"

"I'm here. Father's in the woodshed, and Bill is—"

"See here, my girl, I want to know how many inmates are in this house. How many people slept here last night?"

"Nobody slept here, sir. I had the toothache dreadful and my little brother had the stomach ache and the new hand that's helping us got sunburned so on his back that he has blisters the size of eggs, and we all took on so that nobody slept a wink all night long."—Youths' Companion.

The Election Eye.

The following story is told of one of the former Governors of Georgia: He was out walking one morning, a few days prior to his election, when he met an old negro. The following conversation took place:

"Morning, Marse John."

"Good morning, uncle."

"You all is looking mighty fine."

"Yes, I feel pretty good."

"Do you know what you look like, Marse John?"

"No. What do I look like?"

"You looks as if you had a dollar in your pocket and was runnin' foah Governor."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Townsend's California glace fruits and choicest candies in artistic stretched boxes. New store, 767 Market.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 39 California street, Telephone Main 1042.

The Smart Set

BY SALLY SHARP.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the California Pioneers will hold an elaborate tea to-day in their clubrooms, receiving a large number of visitors who are anxiously awaiting the event, historically commemorative.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Mrs. John J. Brice will preside, aided by a committee of whom are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Fernando Pungst, Mrs. Christian Reis, Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, Mrs. Edward Lacy Bravton, Mrs. George W. McNear, Mrs. Francis Sullivan, Mrs. Louis Aldrich, Mrs. Luther Wagoner, Mrs. Peer Tiffany, Mrs. James Martel, Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Mrs. Milan Soule, Mrs. John Galloway, Mrs. Joseph M. Maston, Mrs. Margaret Deane, Mrs. John M. Burnett, Mrs. Charles H. Harrison, Miss Margaret O'Callaghan, Mrs. C. J. Deering, Mrs. Henry Clay Miller and Mrs. Jerome Madden.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann will entertain this evening at an elaborate dinner, having issued invitations for over a score of guests. Mrs. Mann is an adept at planning delightful surprises, and tonight's affair will prove no exception.

Additionally there will be a fine musical programme, several artists to take part, including Mr. Mann, who is a cultured musician, and will contribute greatly to the pleasure by playing his fine Annet.

Mrs. Emory Winship entertained yesterday at bridge, receiving fifty guests at her home on California and Gough streets. Next Friday Mrs. Winship will entertain again, receiving older members of the society, yesterday's game being for the indulgence of debutantes and young matrons.

A dozen bridge players enjoyed a delightful afternoon at the game yesterday, hosted by Mrs. Pelham Ames.

Mrs. William Fawcett Perkins entertained a score of bridge guests at her Laguna street home yesterday in honor of Mrs. Jane Ewell.

Mrs. George Palmer entertained ten guests at an attractive luncheon on

Thursday, the decorative scheme being carried out with quantities of red roses. Those attending were: Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Frank Vail, Mrs. James Suydam, Mrs. Luther Wagoner, Mrs. Frank Norwood, Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, Mrs. George M. Gibbs and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin.

Mrs. Frank Kerrigan received a large number of callers at her new home on Clay street yesterday, greeting many friends for the first time since her marriage. Mrs. Kerrigan has named next Friday for her second "at home."

One of Thursday's very delightful affairs was the luncheon given by Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh at the Hotel Colonial. Twenty guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Darragh, who had these to attend: Mrs. Charles Krauthoff, Mrs. Henry Lund Jr., Mrs. Frederick McLeod Fenwick, Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing, Mrs. Jane Ewell, Mrs. Frank P. Deering, Mrs. Gustavus Brown, Mrs. J. Parker Currier, Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer, Mrs. Gayson Dutton, Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mrs. Josiah Rowland Howell, Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Mrs. Fernando Pungst and Mrs. Harry Willard.

Miss Lalla Wenzelburger will entertain several guests at an informal tea to-morrow afternoon.

Among to-day's tea hostesses will be Mrs. H. R. Muzzy at her home on Pacific avenue, and Miss Rene Kelley, who has hidden several guests to her home on Desvaderos street.

Mrs. and Mrs. Clarence Melgo Oddie (Alice Treanor) sail to-day from New York for Europe.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw, with Miss Alla and Miss Florence Henshaw, are preparing to leave for an Eastern trip about the middle of this month.

Miss Jane Wilshire will leave for Los Angeles to-day, after spending the past fortnight in town.

Occidental Accidentals.

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE.

HE FALTERED NOT. [Captain O. M. Johnson of the ill-fated steamship Valencia refused to leave the doomed vessel or in any way to seek his own safety. "My God, send relief to my passengers!" were among the last words that any survivor of this great tragedy of the sea heard him utter.]

H, cold sea waves, and mad sea waves.

That clutched and rent and tore, Till six score found their watery graves Off that bleak northern shore.

Your rage is spent; the deed is done, And curses swing and sway

Where all the dancing ripples run To greet the smile of day.

Then soothe them, as they rest, To calm delight,

And rock them on your breast, As mothers might;

And deal full tenderly with him Who shared the common lot.

Who looked on Death, and knew him grim, Yet faltered not.

In caverns deep they lie, asleep, Clasped in their mothers' arms, E'en babes have solved Death's problem deep.

And smile at his alarms, Oh, stalwart manhood, weary age, Together, dreaming, lie:

Then, soothe the maddened waters' rage, And chant a lullaby;

A lullaby so sweet That hearts grown chill, Although no more they beat,

Shall feel its thrill; And gently, lowly, walk a dirge Within that hidden grot

Where resteth he who trod Death's verge, And faltered not.

Ab, few the heroes time doth bring To less the race of men,

And few the deeds that we may sing, Or godlike scope and ken;

But he was one of these, burh high, Who heeded not though Death drew nigh.

No stooped to low estate, So gently gave his grave,

Where'er it lie, Who scorned himself to save

While some must die; And let the tale be told,

And be forgotten not, How, where the mad waves rolled, He faltered not.

"Young Poeticus says he is sure he has drunk from the Fount of Genius."

"Do you suppose that he is right?"

"Well, I don't know, but I notice that the Fount of Genius has not run dry."

"She says that she never opens her mouth but she puts her foot in it."

"Well, having seen her mouth, I should not doubt the assertion were it not that I have seen her foot, too."

I wish right here to mention, in a casual sort of way,

That I've done a heap of fishing in my spotted sarthy day;

And fishing's really like my life—and much like your's, I'll bet;

For the biggest fish I ever got was the one I didn't get.

POET'S MAGAZINE VERSE. "I am now engaged," said the Poet, "in writing poetry for the magazines."

"Good!" the Patient Listener observed.

"Yes. I have been quite successful in placing it," the Poet continued.

"Better!" was the response.

"It is easy enough after you get the idea," the Poet confided. "In the first place I studied magazine poetry. Having done so, I calmly and dispassionately asked of myself two questions that it suggested. Here they are:

"First—Have I nothing to say?"

"Second—If so, can I say it in meter?"

"Having answered both of these questions in the affirmative to my own satisfaction, I was ready to write magazine poetry. It's a snap. For instance, here's a little thing of mine that has just been accepted by a leading periodical. See how perfectly it conforms to the magazine idea of poetry:

"A dream that still is not a dream; A strife, yet something more than strife;

A gleam from darkness sans a gleam— And this is life.

"Great, isn't it?" inquired the Poet. "Immense!" the Patient Listener responded, but in a tone which indicated that he had a pain.

"See how perfectly it conforms to the magazine conditions—no thought; meter to give to the poor. Alliteration occasionally works well, too, I find, if one is careful not to mix an idea with it. Here's my latest little gem of that kind:

"Sad, sighing sounds that softly surge Down summer seas that, sobbing, steal

Sweet songs that sirens' souls submerge In sunset streams that sonnets seal.

The soothing sobs of soulful squabs That serenely seek a scathful seam Where flouging st—"

"One moment—just one moment!" the Patient Listener interrupted. "Do you expect to sell that stuff to a magazine?"

"Sure!" said the Poet. "I may have to obliterate the soulful squabs, but otherwise it is all right."

"He used to inveigh bitterly against lying."

"Doesn't he do so any more?"

"Not with much eclat. You see, he had to explain to his correspondents why he did not answer their letters sooner, and so he changed his mind."

"He asserts that heaven is his home."

"Well, why should any one doubt it?"

"Probably no one does, but his acquaintances are almost unanimous in wishing that he would go home."

"The physician whom I consulted told me that there was just one remedy for seasickness for a person who was subject to that malady and I disliked to take that."

"What was it?"

"Death at some time prior to the voyage."

"The good Bishop is getting rather old, but you don't think he is at all in his dotage, do you?"

"No—well—only in his sacerdotage, so to speak."

Mirror of Fashion.



HOUSE JACKET IN CHALLIS.

ANY of the soft woolen materials make up well in this style house jacket, which the average woman cannot afford to exclude from her wardrobe. The material is a robin's egg blue challis, covered with ring dots in black. The back of the jacket is tight-fitting, two broad pleats either side of the center back narrowing toward the waistline and forming the fullness below that point. The fronts are tucked above the bustline and released to give the necessary fullness at that point. The broad collar has a full frill of black Challis lace, this trimming the medium-sized bishop sleeve; the fronts held in to the figure by the black velvet ribbon which ties in a long looped bow in the front.