

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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REFORM IN PEKING.

WHILE our American cities are feeling the thrill of reform and gamblers keep one eye on the cards and the other on the door, which may be burst in any minute by the officers, it is interesting to know that other countries, inhabited by the heathen in his blindness, are also busy with reform.

Since Great Britain made war on China to compel the use of Indian opium, the habit of using that drug has come to be treated as an exclusive Chinese vice. Just why that people should be pointed at in this country and England as sodden and degraded, because they use the drug that England compelled them to take, is the despair even of the professional cynic.

In the method used there may be some suggestions useful to the American prohibitionists, or to our public authorities who desire to make the vices and follies of the people pay a larger part of the costs which they impose upon the public treasury.

The Health Board of Peking has issued a proclamation as follows: "Opium smoking is extremely harmful to the health, and the shops where opium is smoked are the retreats of loafers. Such places should really be altogether prohibited, so that the people might enjoy more prosperity, and dens of thieves would thus be done away with."

China seems to have learned from some source that an evil may be regulated by law and finally taxed out of existence. There is only one reason why the Chinese have the opium habit, while it is practically unknown in Japan and Korea.

The effort to extirpate the use of opium in China will be watched with keen interest by the rest of the world. The authorities have begun by a statement in the fewest words of what they want to do, and why and how.

The moral effect upon the Chinese will be good. The use of opium is their besetting sin. But the moral effect does not stop with them. The rest of the world may learn something about dealing with the use of narcotics that will be of value to it.

A SILENT "FOURTH."

WE have become accustomed to the horseless carriage, the fireless stove and the wireless telegraph, but the noiseless Fourth of July is a novelty to come. In the high and mighty days of our grandfathers, the small and inoffensive Chinese firecracker sufficed to utter the patriotism of the small boy.

Science has developed pyrotechny since then, until the noise-making instrumentalities have become a menace to life and limb, and the approach of the patriotic holiday is no more pleasant than a threat that enemies are to lay siege to the city.

In San Francisco a movement is started to make life endurable on that holiday. May it succeed. We know not how it can come about, but if we have one Fourth decently free from the usual nuisance and safe from the grave dangers that make the day dreadful, it is safe to say that we will never go back to pandemonium again.

Since the recent visit of the stork to the Gould home it would not be astonishing to hear that Mr. Gould has been taken into the Cabinet.—New York World.

Owing to recent investigations there is no longer much disposition to measure a man's success in life by the salary he is receiving.—Washington Star.

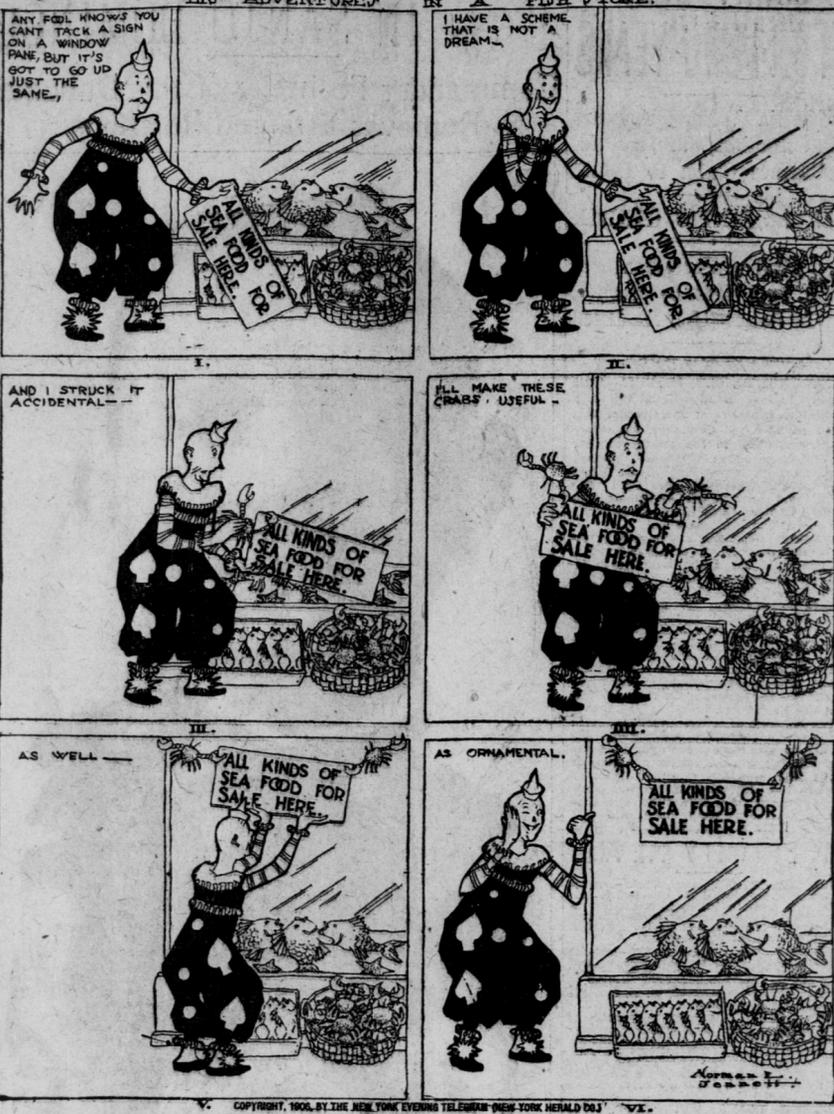
Strangely enough, the Kaiser has received no silver wedding present from the eminent globe trotter, William Jennings Bryan.—New York Mail.

Attorney Cromwell says that he has more money than he needs. To be in a class all by oneself like that must be lonesome.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Denver has taken for its motto, "Look Up, Lift Up." Chicago's should be, "Hold Up."—Pittsburg Gazette.

Mark Twain is still the biggest drawing card in the whole pack.—Boston Herald.

MONKEY SHINES OF MARSELEEN



OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS

By A. J. Waterhouse

POGGS AND THE CAT. MRS. POGGS has a cat, to which she is deeply devoted. I never could see why, for the cat is not handsome, nor sweet as to disposition, nor useful, nor anything that is creditable.

"It is not, my dear," he said, "that I so greatly object to the presence of a cat in the house nights, although it does somewhat disturb me when it precipitates some article of bric-a-brac to the floor and you insist that I get out and search for absent burglars—no, I could calmly and philosophically endure the presence of a cat, but what I fear is that you may form a habit which will grow. At present you are satisfied with a cat in the house."

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the bosom of any man with the pride and enthusiasm of his sex to be informed that POGGS actually did put the cat out. Yes, he braved all the dangers of interminable strife and put the blasted critter out. Grasping it firmly by the neck, so that its wildly waving paws could but occasionally give him a mark of appreciation, he put the cat out, and he not only put it out, but he put it over the back fence.

"No body who has closely observed the incongruities of fortune will be much surprised to learn that this was the time selected by the door for blowing shut. Now, the door fastened with a spring lock, and POGGS' nightshirt, the only garment he wore, did not have a pocket in it, and if it had had it probably would not have had the nightkey in it.

"The night was chilly—oh, you bet it was chilly! The reader may not have realized this fact, but POGGS did; he certainly did. He had left his wife in a silence broken only by her sobs, and he hated to interrupt her weeping, but it seemed necessary.

"I don't know whether he kept his promises or not, but I hope not. In some way lovely woman should be taught that there is such a thing as obtaining a contract under duress.

"The man who took the longest way round—didn't get home first. He who looked before he leaped—never got across the chasm. He who never said die—died, just the same.

"He who was aware that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught—didn't catch any of them. He whose love laughed at locksmiths—shuddered when he thought about the goldsmith.

"Blinks made a particularly good record at the party last evening." "How did he do it?" "By not saying a word."

ART AND SCIENCE MET. Once upon a time Art and Science met, as they rarely do, and the latter showed that he was deeply disgusted by the mere appearance of the former.

"Go away, base impostor!" he said; "you make me tired!" "What's eating you?" Art languidly inquired.

"You are a mere guesser," Science replied. "That which man value most in the work of painters, sculptors and poets is mere guesswork. As for me, I am proud to say that I know things."

"I am very glad to meet you," Art responded, "for there are three questions which have puzzled me much, as the chief questions of life, and doubtless you, who know so much, can answer them."

"Fire away!" Science proudly remarked. "First," said Art, "why is man here?" "I—I—my books don't say," said Science.

"Very well; pass that. Second, where did he come from?" "We are grappling with that subject, but haven't decided it as yet."

"Very well; pass that, too. Third, where is man going?" "I—well, the authorities differ, and I should not wish to express an opinion."

"Yes!" said Art. "Well, I don't know but guesswork born of the prompting of the invisible spirit is as good as absolute ignorance."

WHEN THE BUDS CREEP OUT. When the buds creep out, as if to inquire if the world is still asleep; When the trees are dreaming of green attire That summer for them doth keep; When the sunbeams chase the rains, and kiss The clouds to a merry rout; Why, then is the time when life is a bliss—When the wee little buds creep out.

And sings of the long ago, When it journeyed the joys of life among. And never a care did know. Oh, there is no room for clamor or strife, And never a worry's about. When the world responds to the call of life, And the wee little buds creep out.

"I shouldn't mind the money I lent him so much if I only could dun him." "Well, why can't you?" "I never have a chance. He duns himself just as soon as we meet."

"She has taken lessons in elocution." "Well, she is young, and perhaps her parents urged her on."

"I never heard such beautiful ideas before!" cried the daughter. "I had never dreamed existence could mean so much to me. This friend has opened my eyes."

The mother strove to keep back the tears as she said: "Why, daughter, those are the same truths I begged you to accept fifteen years ago!"

After all, what does it matter how the child comes to know wisdom, so long as he does attain it? What matter if the revelation comes

THE SMART SET

By Sally Sharp

"Scenes de la Vie Sequoia—An Impertinence—by Barnett Franklin." read the miniature bill posters for next Thursday night's proceedings. And furthermore, a "galaxy of stars"—AWAN DUNN, Joseph Greenbaum, Maynard Dixon, C. P. Neilson, L. Eugene Lee, Will Sparks, Theodore Keane, A. E. Graupner, Oliver M. Gale, and Barnett Franklin are named for entertainers, with Maynard Dixon introducing a few extra originalities.

At 8:30 the performance starts, and every good Sequoia should be in his place with promptitude, otherwise he'll miss something and disturb the others. The coming event will take precedence over all bits of nonsense yet presented by this club of prolific gray matter—an affair truly not to be missed.

The Philomath Club, of which Mrs. Helen Hecht is president, paid pretty obedience to spring festival in the club rooms on Sutter street. Garlands adorned the walls, and every woman looked her loveliest in a bewitching frock with dainty rosebuds or a miniature coronet in her coiffure.

All songs and papers alluded to spring's awakening, the programme closing with a classic invocation by the Goddess of Spring—a sprightly, attractive conceit, set to music from Gluck's "Orpheus," Fred Maurer at the piano.

The stage held an altar heavily burdened with the season's flora, to which was offered by each handmaiden a branch or bough of green. Miss Alice Coleman fulfilled the picture of spring's presiding deity, singing with dramatic finish the beautiful ode and giving a Greek dance with charming grace.

A prettier scene has not been given by our club, the appreciation being most enthusiastic from both members and their lucky guests. In full the programme offered: Paper, "The Gladness of Spring," Mrs. Samuel Bauer; Spring song, Mendelssohn; "The Witchery of Spring" (Arthur Whiting), Mrs. William S. Hochstadter; lyrics from Keats and Wordsworth, Miss Mabel N. Wise; humorous paper on spring, Mrs. Max C. Sloss; spring song, Mrs. Joseph Emanuel; classic invocation: Goddess of Spring, Miss Alice Coleman; handmaidens—Mrs. Clarence R. Walter, Mrs. Manfred Brandenstein, Mrs. Leon S. Greenbaum, Mrs. Simon Kohn, Mrs. Isidor W. Cahen, Miss Esberg, Miss Nickelsburg, Miss Newman.

Laurel Hall Club will hold an open meeting in Century Hall on Thursday, April 5, at 3 o'clock. On this occasion a very attractive programme will be presented, a play, "The Reformers' League," by Mrs. I. Lowenberg and Mrs. Ella M. Sevton, to be the chef d'oeuvre of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott will entertain at a luncheon in their Burlingame home on Friday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Judson Peabody of Los Angeles announce the engagement of their daughter Kathryn to Arthur R. Trapnager, also of that city. Miss Peabody is a member of the Los Angeles smart set, while Mr. Trapnager has many acquaintances in the coast cities, being a graduate of the University of California and a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. The wedding will take place at the bride's home in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun will be the guests on Thursday of Professor and Mrs. Gayley at the symphony concert in the Greek Amphitheater, Berkeley.

Captain and Mrs. Wade L. Jolly of Mare Island sailed on the transport Thomas yesterday for Manila, where Captain Jolly is to be stationed for the next two years.

Mrs. A. V. Hunter of Leadville, Colo., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Thimble, on Broadway. Mrs. Hunter, who has brought her own touring car, will soon leave with a party of friends for a tour through the State.

Mrs. J. Slog Fasset of Washington, D. C., is entertaining as her house guest Mrs. Bender of this city.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann entertained a box party Sunday afternoon at the Kubelick concert at the Tivoli.

Miss Gladys Sherwood, whose engagement was recently announced, is the fiancée of Frank H. Davis, and not of George T. Davis, as was erroneously stated. Both men are connected with the firm of Hooker & Lent.

Miss Stella King closed her series of recitals at Century Club Hall yesterday morning, the final topic dealing with "Authors of Yesterday and Today," to which were added some bright monologues. Miss King has met with much success, her delineations being particularly clear and attractive.

MOTHER'S CHIEF TRIAL

By Angela Morgan

ONE of the severest hurts a mother can know comes to her when she sees her children grow up to take from others the good counsel and high principles of life they refused or neglected to accept from her.

Doubtless there are few mothers who have not at some period in their lives realized in a small degree at least what this experience is. Certainly, of all the bitter trials that fall to the lot of the parent, this one seems hardest to bear.

There is something about it, and it strikes the mother as being cruel and unjust. She feels that in spite of her struggles to train the minds and souls of those given into her care, in spite of her conscientious striving to set an example worthy of her precepts, her efforts have gone for naught. Fate, and even God, seem to have rebuked her for her pains. She is left bewildered and sick at heart, wondering in a desolate way why these children were ever given to her if it was not intended she should succeed in directing them.

I have known so many instances of this sort that I have come to look at the question with much sympathy for the mother's point of view. Yet I can see the other side, as well, and while my heart aches for the disappointed parent, I believe she should regard the matter in its larger aspect, and be glad instead of disheartened.

There are good reasons for this tendency of so many children to grasp truth more readily from outside sources than from home. It seems to be a failing of human nature that it does not fully appreciate those blessings which are most familiar and easy to appropriate.

The human mind is prone to reverence those things it cannot reach and to seek for a philosophy of life beyond its everyday teachings.

Then, too, it must be remembered that a child's perception may not be open to truth as presented through one medium, whereas it may be fully awakened to the same ideas as revealed through a different means.

The child, of course, should not be blamed for this. The very principles his mother labored to instill into his mind may be meaningless as she presents them; whereas, set forth by another individual with a different point of view, they may make an irresistible appeal.

I know a mother who has been particularly unfortunate in experiences of this kind. Her own example has been a model for any child to copy, but her children have failed to see the beauty of it. They have gone their different ways, followed their own standards, regardless of her precepts. And now, after the seeming failure of the years, those children, one by one, are coming to see that the truths their mother taught them were right. From other sources they are receiving the ideas they rejected when she presented them.

to him through strangers, if the revelation comes? A mother should be unselfish in this as in all things concerning her child; should eliminate entirely the personal sense of proprietorship that would have the child see truth through her eyes or not at all.

The fact that he has at last succeeded in grasping the principles she struggled unsuccessfully to impart should be an occasion not for pain, but for genuine rejoicing.

Her prayer may not be answered in just the way she had hoped, but it is answered, nevertheless. She has her reward. She should give thanks.

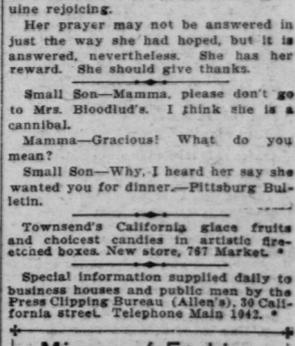
Small Son—Mamma, please don't go to Mrs. Blooditt's. I think she is a cannibal. Mamma—Gracious! What do you mean? Small Son—Why, I heard her say she wanted you for dinner.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Townsend's California glace fruits and choicest candies in artistic freckled boxes. New store, 787 Market. Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 30 California street. Telephone Main 1942.

Mirror of Fashion

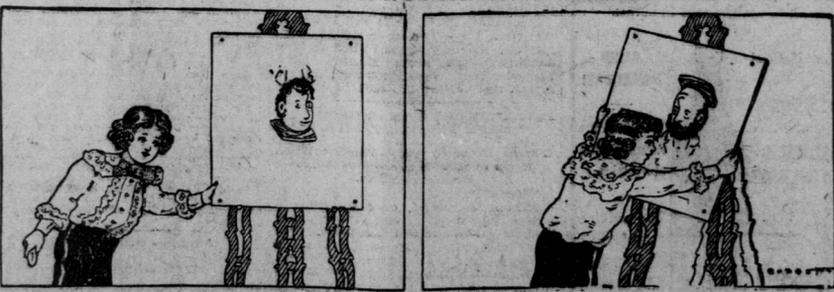
SMART MODEL FOR A WASH FROCK.

THE smart girl can hardly have too many wash frocks in her little wardrobe, and a smart design for still one more is always welcome. The attractive one pictured may be developed with two different materials, or may be fashioned in frock and guimpe style, or may be made all in one, as best suits the materials at hand. The original has a guimpe or a shirt-waist blouse, as one may choose to term it, of white linen, with an embroidered ring in coral pink, while the frock itself is of plain white linen, with a narrow edging of linen worked in pink on the bretelles and down the front. The waist line appears at the natural point, the embroidered material being arranged after a shirt-waist pattern, a stitched box pleat down the center, and the fastening in the back. The sleeve, too, follows the favored shirt style, full at the top and gathered into a band cuff at the wrist. The white linen is shirred to the waistband back and front, the simulated bretelles being cleverly slit in the middle to admit of more trimming, and embroidered linen buttons made over wooden moles catch the straps back and front. The skirt is a plain pattern, shirred to the band, and finished with a plain hem above the knee.



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ARTISTIC ARTIE'S ANTICS



Here We Have the College Student.

Turn Him Upside Down and See His Professor.