

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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A FOREST FIRE PATROL.

THE State Forester, holding office under the forestry law passed at the last session of the Legislature, has issued a timely appeal to commercial bodies throughout the State for co-operation in an effort to induce the counties to equip the forest service with an efficient fire patrol.

We regard the situation as presenting an emergency. The forest service should appeal directly to the forested counties, through their Supervisors, and this appeal should be backed by the commercial bodies that can affect the action of the Supervisors.

The Federal Government has prepared to fight fire in all the national parks and forest reserves of the State. This preparation covers great districts in Fresno, Tulare, Mariposa, Tuolumne, Lassen, Shasta and other counties.

But nothing will be done unless the doing is ceaselessly urged. The State Forester should visit the counties, present the matter to the Supervisors and urge the use of their lawful option.

Such a tour of the counties by the State Forester will serve also to educate the people in many things they should know about the forests. The extension of county roads where needed, through forests, is an important safeguard against fires and a useful means for checking and controlling them.

We give this attention and publicity to the subject in the hope that the various clubs and organizations in the State, heretofore interested in the preservation of the forests, will renew their zeal.

CALIFORNIA CAMPHOR.

THE world's supply of camphor comes from the island of Formosa. While that island belonged to China the camphor supply was destructive of its source. The tree yields camphor from its leaves, bark and wood, all of which are subjected to distillation to procure the gum.

The industry has been virtually limited to Formosa for no other reason than that nature made the forests of that island principally of camphor trees. The tree is related to the eucalyptus and sandalwood. It grows all over California, and flourishes wherever the encalyptus does.

There is much land in this State that might be put to good use in plantations of camphor and cork oak. The return will not be immediate. But many hill slopes now barren, and with no other use in sight, can be made more agreeable to the eye by camphor and cork forests.

A NEW AND DEADLY AIRSHIP.

PROHIBITION by The Hague Tribunal of the use of battling balloons or similar devices has expired by its time limitation of five years, and in the absence of renewal of the declaration inventors or warships of the air are getting busy in preparation for the next big conflict at arms.

French experimentation in dirigible balloons is known to be persistent and notably successful. It is to be expected that knowledge so gained will be tested for practical use by the French War Department. That nation is expert in the contrivance of boats for fighting under water, and now with their new balloon to pour down explosives from above, France will be able in the event of another war to more completely surround an enemy with terrific engines of assault than was ever before possible in the history of war.

Some men are born grafters, some acquire the art after hard practice, and some are elected to the United States Senate.—Kansas City Times.

HERE IS A QUARTET OF THE MOST-TALKED-OF WOMEN IN THE DOMAIN OF THE CZAR.

This vivacious looking woman reads her love letters on the stage.



Popular actress favors a head ornament for St. Petersburg smart set.



Disciple of Terpsichore claims damages from a fashionable cutter of dimples.



Charming Singer of Moscow who warbles topical songs written in Esperanto.



Mlle. Vera Delaroziere recently announced her divorce from the stage of the Strelina Winter Gardens, and, after performing one of her most famous dances, proceeded to read the amorous letters she had received.

deavoring to persuade the "smart set" of St. Petersburg to adopt head ornaments of the same type as those worn by her. Her efforts seem to have met with little encouragement.

Petersburg in the case of Mlle. Tcherniavskaja, who claims 1500 rubles as damages from a fashionable dimple-cutter whom she employed to make dimples on her knees.

said to have quoted a famous poet, who wrote that no one who could not endure pain could hope to be beautiful.

Futile Worry of Woman

BY ANGELA MORGAN

THE more I see of men and women and note the difference between the mental processes of the two sexes the stronger becomes my conviction that women should make heroic efforts to free themselves from that nerve-wearing, health-tearing, mind-torturing habit of caring what "people think."

I believe one of the chief reasons man's life is on the average more comfortable and sane and void of strain than woman's is simply that he refuses to be disturbed by the opinions of others, while woman, on the contrary, wastes a tremendous amount of her energies vainly striving to satisfy the standards of that hypothetical judiciary known as "they."

"Oh, I couldn't think of taking a nap in the daytime!" cries one nervous, sensitive little woman living in a neighborhood of critical women. "If I did they would say I was lazy!"

And another when requested by her husband to wear certain of his favorite coats protests in consternation: "Oh, dear, no! I wouldn't have the courage! People would think I was trying to look young!"

While still a third victim of the "people-would-think" habit degrades herself many wholesome pleasures and harmless forms of amusement because she lives in a house where standards are rigidly puritanical and gossips constantly on the alert for discoveries.

A woman is habitually on the defensive before this implacable judge and jury of her imagination. She is always on the alert to explain her actions, to provide against any possible misunderstanding of her motives. And if she has the least suspicion that "people" are misjudging her she is ready to rush to the front with a host of reasons and excuses.

Imagine any man so abasing himself before any judge or critic, real or fancied! Imagine any man throwing away his personal rights in any such reckless fashion!

If a man wanted to take a nap in the middle of the day he would calmly and coolly go and take it, no matter if the entire neighborhood united in shouting "lazy."

And if it suited his convenience to sleep late in the mornings he would sleep late, too, even if by so doing he gained the reputation of being shiftless or of looking too often upon the wine when it was red.

What man is there who would submit to a syllable of dictation from outsiders concerning what colors he should wear or what methods he should employ for his recreation or amusement?

Yet think of woman! So thoroughly has this fear of adverse criticism taken hold of her mind that it extends to almost every phase of her life, even to her household tasks. A woman will work beyond her strength for fear some neighbor might drop in and find this or that bit of domestic machinery out of place.

Women would certainly find their daily work easier and pleasanter if they did not worry so unconsciously about what "they" might say if "they" should happen in and find this or that undone.

It should be distinctly understood that I am not censuring woman for possessing this unfortunate attribute; nor do I mean to praise man for the opposite virtue. It is no especial credit to man that he doesn't care what others think. He doesn't care because he has never been obliged to care. The instinct of "caring" for the

A PRE-EASTER SOLILOQUY

To buy or not to buy, that is the question; Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to purchase An Easter bonnet that I cannot pay for Or wear one that's old and know that other Women, beholding it, smile—to buy—to wear To church and thereby know the envy and The heartaches that possess the women whose hats And gowns are cheaper. 'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To buy—to wear— But how to pay the bill; ay, there's the rub; For when my husband sees it, will he pay? The queer language he has used before Doth give me pause. 'Tis such language As makes calamity of Easter joy. Now, shall it be the shame of last year's style Or the wrath of John? Oh, proud woman's bonnet, What pangs you do make us bear—be ours or not. Oh, insolvency of woman when she wears A brand-new outfit—some hundred dollars' worth— Which she herself did but lately buy With a mere promise. What if husbands do Rebel and sweat under the heavy debt? Is this not better than that worse than debt— The things that other women say—their smiles That speak e'en louder yet than words? 'Tis this That makes us rather bear the ills at home, The husband's ire—than wear a last year's hat Or gown. 'Tis this makes cowards of us all. So—though the things I have may become me quite And John may be out of cash, still would I Much rather have an outfit made in style Than his regard and debtless peace at home. What weighs against a bonnet?

MYRTLE CONGER in New York Press.

HUMOR IN SMALL DOSES.

PECULIARITY.—Weary Wilson—Marriage is a life sentence, pard. Dusty Rhodes—Yes, but you can get it commuted by bad behavior.—Puck.

NO WONDER.—"There is something after all awe-inspiring about Kings," said the Angliomanac. "Not if the other fellows have all the aces," responded the practical specimen of the common people.—Baltimore American.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.—Binks—There's young Jimson over yonder. How in the world did he come to run away with Jorkins' wife? Winks—I haven't seen the lady, so I can't tell whether he did it from motives of philanthropy or not.—Pick-Me-Up.

OF SMALL CONSEQUENCE.—"Senator," asked the innocent young thing, "which is proper, 'May I go?' or 'Can I go?'" "Oh," replied the statesman, "it

opinion of others is born and bred in the woman, because she has had to "care" about her conduct in so many ways that "caring" has grown to be her second nature. I am simply pointing out her difficulty. I urge her to beware of it.

BOOK-TAUGHT BILKINS

Comic strip panels with dialogue: 'THAT HAT MAKES UP BEAUTIFULLY FROM THIS BOOK... LOOKS SWELL... YES JOHN... YAH! HA! FUNNY HAT... WHAT! VAGABOND-INSULTING MY WIFE? I WILL GIVE YOU A BEATING WITH THIS CANE... IT ALL CAME FROM THAT WORN-OUT BOOK... COME ALONG JOHN - I WON'T WEAR THE HAT ANY MORE... WRSTCH!

The Smart Set BY SALLY SHARP

Today will mark a gala event for the little folks who will pour into California Club Hall. The Juvenile Court Aid Society will hold its bazaar this afternoon from 2 to 6, everything symbolic of Easter to predominate. Besides the many tables of vari-colored eggs and other pretty notions there will be dainties for the grown people to purchase, such as book racks and sofa cushions of rich brocade. The vaudeville programme will be most excellent, for good talent has been secured, among which are Matilda's clever dancers and a ventriloquist.

The lode-stars are two beautiful prizes—a magnificent doll, the gift of James D. Phelan, and the latest approved autowagon, offered by Joseph Chamberlain.

The new organization has met with such warmth from the public that the coffers will soon be capable of supplying all demands to the juveniles. The committee in charge of the bazaar consists of Mrs. Harry B. Goodwin, president; Mrs. Norris King Davis, Miss Sara Drum, Mrs. James H. Follis, Miss Hamilton, Miss Edna Hamilton, Mrs. George A. Martin, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Alfred Sutro and Miss Ethel Tompkins.

Raphael Weill will be host at a dinner tonight in honor of "Uncle George" Bromley to celebrate his eighty-ninth birthday. Several of the "Old Guard" members will be present, besides a few outside guests.

Miss Mary Adell Case will give a song recital on May 5, the affair to take place in the auditorium at Stanford University. Miss Case is a very well known Portland girl, whose magnificent contralto voice has given her a wide acquaintance over this coast and who received unqualified approval from Mme. Gadsdi during the prima donna's recent stay in this city.

Miss Case will be assisted by Willard Beam Jr., who is also a finished singer, and the patronesses will include Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell, Mrs. Willard Beam, Mrs. Stadtmuller, Mrs. Heyden Moss of Palo Alto and Mrs. Cavanaugh of Palo Alto.

Miss Bessie Wilson will be married to Claude Howland Smith of Utica, N. Y., early in June. As attendants Miss Bernice Wilson and Miss Helen Bailey have been chosen, and the services will be unostentatious taking place in the apartments of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Wilson, at the Lafayette.

The Contemporary Club will hold a breakfast today at 12:30 at the California Hotel.

There has been much pleasant comment regarding the very clever opera of Mrs. Lydia Warren Lister, which she, in conjunction with her husband, H. B. Lister, presented at the Sequoia Club last Sunday. "The King of Spades" involves music of a high order and its strains linger upon the ear. The spectacular features were of abiding interest and the club rooms were filled to full capacity with members and guests of musical appreciation.

Those who aided in bringing out the themes to advantage were Herbert Williams and Alfred Cogswell, with a good orchestral support directed by Leo Bruck. Mr. and Mrs. Lister are leaving for London in a few weeks to perfect copyright.

Miss Mary Downey and Miss Lillian Downey will entertain next week in honor of Miss Vesta Colby of Berkeley and Miss Marion Goodfellow of Oakland. The affair, a luncheon, will be held at the home of the young hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft leave today for the East and Europe to tour extensively for a year.

Mrs. Arthur B. Cornwall sails today for Japan for a six months' tour.

Mrs. Mary Austin and Miss Geraldine Bonner were guests of the George Strilings last week at their home at Carmel-by-the-Sea. Miss Austin is spending a few days in town before returning to her Inyo County home.

Miss Marietta Havens will leave next week for Ord Barracks, where she will visit for some weeks.

dear girl (or boy), but you married her (or him)—and how are you enjoying yourself? You would make a million dollars just as easy! but if Dubbs only would pay that five dollars—you would be more sure of a dinner tomorrow.

You would take a fall out of Fame that would make other aspirants ashamed of themselves, but—what in thunder are you to do if you can't seem to corral her? Your virtue was impregnable, but you met a particularly attractive temptation, and—how are your shins? You were a good fellow, because your "friends" said so, but—suppose you had heard what they said behind your back!

FOR THE "COMMON FELLOWS." If you're just a "common fellow" with a skull that's somewhat dense, Why, so is many a chap I know who struts in his Sunday best. Through every shoddy cloak of pride the human clay is seen. The Lord used but one kind of dirt to make the great and mean. So if you're of the "common" kind don't deem your fate is hard. For many a gilded bauble isn't pretty when it's marred; And here's a bit of comfort that may serve to cheer you all: The man who climbs the highest is most injured by a fall.

This is a world of many falls, as some of you may note. We risk our all upon a scheme; it doesn't seem to float. A Mitchell climbs some distance up, and, oh! his fall breeds pain; A Burton does some funny things, and never smiles again. And so it goes all down the line; we fall, both you and I. And then there's comfort for the one who hasn't climbed too high; So wear your "common" threads and coat, and do not sigh at all. For the man who climbs the highest is most injured by a fall. "His books sell fairly well." "I suppose, then, it would be in place to congratulate him?" "No; save the congratulations for his publishers."