The San Francisco Call

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Delivered by Carrier, 20 Cents Per Week. 75 Cents Per Month. Single Copies 5 Cents.
Terms by Mail, Including Postage (Cash With Order):
DAILY CALL (including Sunday), 1 year.....$8.00
DAILY CALL (including Sunday), 6 months.....$4.00
DAILY CALL—By single month..... 75c
SUNDAY CALL, 1 year..... 2.50
WEEKLY CALL, 1 year..... 1.00
FOREIGN POSTAGE. Daily.....$8.00 Per Year Extra
Sunday..... 4.15 Per Year Extra
Weekly..... 1.00 Per Year Extra
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GOVERNMENT BY COMMITTEE

SAN FRANCISCO is undergoing or about to undergo government by committee. It is not acknowledged as such, but there is no denying the fact. Nor does there appear to be any other way out. The legal and official authority is vested in the hands of unconvicted felons. The committee holds the proof and with it the whiphand. The situation is virtually without precedent in the history of popular government. The official machinery of the city, almost without exception, is corrupt, and the very completeness of the indictment, the universality of the corruption, puts the situation beyond the pale of precedent, and it is for this reason that no provision is made in the municipal organic law to correct these unexampled conditions. The charter makers were intelligent and painstaking, but they appear never to have imagined or contemplated the possibility of a city government rotten from top to bottom. There is no legal means provided to cure the municipal disease.

In this summary of the situation we make, of course, one obvious exception. The District Attorney has stood in the breach. It is by his help that the city will be rescued from the gang of thieves and parasites that have been gnawing at her vitals in the hour of her sore distress. It is by his co-operation that any sort of sane and honest government is made possible. The Call has not supported Mr. Langdon's political aspirations, but it fully recognizes his usefulness in this crisis. It was not his fault that he was made the whipping boy of a grotesque political excursion.

San Francisco, therefore, will necessarily be governed by committee until the beginning of next year. It is promised that the Supervisors and the Mayor will obey orders, because they must. There is no occasion for the alarm expressed by a morning contemporary that "if the Supervisors are retained in office it is reasonable to assume that we shall have to bear with the rest of the filth." The alarmed virtue of our contemporary may be allayed. There will be nothing of the sort. The city government will be good, because it dares not be otherwise.

The Call makes no apology for the condition here outlined. It simply states the undeniable fact that the condition exists. It is no longer a case of popular government in San Francisco, because that has broken down lamentably, and there is no means to restore it until after the coming election. In the meantime, we shall do very well and certainly much better than we have done at any time since Schmitz and Ruef got control. Our alarmed contemporary is busy putting conundrums to himself, which he cannot answer, about how the government shall be carried on. He will find the answer here: Let him read The Call.

San Francisco will do very well under its government by committee. Nay more, it will pay the city to continue that organization, or something like it, not as an agency of government, but as a means of supervision and a check. Such an agency, adequately financed and provided with a competent special police force, under some man like Burns, will keep the city government honest. This is a natural evolution that grows logically out of the great value of public service franchises, which are the prime cause and motive of municipal corruption. That corruption spreads downward to the regular police, until they in turn need watching. The motive power behind the present governing agency is the detective energy that has set the wheels of justice in motion. San Francisco will do well to keep that energy alive in case of future need. Franchises will not grow less valuable and the other inducements to be corrupt will increase as the city advances. As long as these temptations exist we shall need a special and competent police to watch the officialry.

PROSPERITY AND COLD FEET

MR. GEORGE HARVEY, editor of the North American Review, feels depressed by his urban surroundings. He lives in an atmosphere of gloom. Of comfort let no man speak. His neighbors are all sorry for themselves, and he feels it in his bones. This is the tale of gloom and settled melancholy that overcomes him:

We wonder if the people throughout the country are as glum as those who have their being in the great city where it is our misfortune to live. Here everybody—rich man, poor man, beggar man—appears depressed. The thief alone, according to the newspapers, is blithe and gay; all others abide in an atmosphere, if not of gloom, at least of meditation, tinctured with discontent.

Everybody is cross—the merchant, because he is obliged to transact more business upon a closer margin of profit; the banker, because high rates for money do not counterbalance a sense of instability; the broker, because only the elect make gains in a declining market; the manufacturer, because the greater cost of materials and higher wages exceed the enhanced value of his finished product; the minister, because his flock is sinful and indifferent to the needs of his family; the directors of great industries, because further expansion is estopped by capital's fright at official activities; women, because landlord, grocer and butcher absorb the increase in income and more, leaving less than ever for plumage and fine raiment, and so it goes throughout the list.

How much of that is true? Is it climate or the fragment of an undertone potato eaten unwisely? It does not seem as bad as all that in San Francisco, notwithstanding our peck of trouble since the ides of April. We seem still to hold hard on that "gay courage" of which Henry Morse Stephens spoke in the hour of devastation. Adversity yet wears jewels in San Francisco. We front the world bating no jot of heart or hope. There are cakes and ale and plenty of ginger.

We venture to suggest that Mr. Harvey's malady is kin to the strange disease that afflicts Uncle Jim Hill. That talkative old man of the Northwest has been making money so fast that he is afraid it won't last. It is too good to be true, and he regards his own breeches pocket with suspicion. Now, the cure for this eccentric complaint that torments Mr. Hill and Editor Harvey and his mournful neighbors lies in a proverb, and here it is: Too much prosperity breeds cold feet.

Music to Their Souls

—WASHINGTON STAR

THE WORK WILL GO ON

THE striking passage in Dr. Murray Butler's charter day address at the University of California touches right closely our troubled state in San Francisco. We quote:

The United States is in sore need today of an aristocracy of intellect and service. Because such an aristocracy does not exist in the popular consciousness we are bending the knee in worship to the golden calf of money. The form of monarchy and its pomp offer a valuable foil to the worship of money for its own sake. A democracy must provide itself with a foil of its own, and none is better or more effective than an aristocracy of intellect and service recruited from every part of our democratic life. We must put behind us the fundamental fallacy that equality is demanded by justice. The contrary is the case. Justice demands inequality as a condition of liberty and as a means of rewarding each according to his merits and deserts.

A real representative of the people is not their unreflecting mouthpiece or their truckling servant, altering his course to meet each shifting breeze or puff of passion. He is rather the spokesman for their conscience, their insight and their judgment as his own deepest and sincerest convictions reveal them to him.

The wretched Supervisors who have confessed themselves up to the neck in bribes might plead the example of the wealthy and apparently respectable captains of industry from whom the money came. In a money-mad community these men were the leaders. So far as the cheap skates on the Board of Supervisors knew the possession of money condoned every crime. It seemed no longer a question of right or wrong, but of the price.

Our aristocracy of intellect and service will be found among those who are teaching the money-mad criminals their lesson and among those who stand behind that movement with their moral backing. They are to be found in all conditions of life and they are not afraid to speak out. The same movement is felt all over the country. It is no longer a question of How much has he got? but How did he get it? We see John D. Rockefeller trying to make atonement and square himself by giving back the money. He has acquired wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, but he has come to realize that his life is not a success. He has been taught that bitter lesson by the aristocracy of intellect and service. The work will go on.

Gossip in Railway Circles

C. L. Canfield, general agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, has returned from Los Angeles. In discussing his visit to the south he remarked:

"Considering the weather conditions, I must say the trip to and from Los Angeles was a remarkably fortunate one. It took a little over twenty-five hours for the home journey, but the train had to go slowly, as the track in many places was soft. The country from Brentwood to Lathrop is afloat. Wherever you look men can be seen swimming horses and cattle to the higher grounds, and there must be a great loss in horses, cattle and sheep. From Bakersfield to Merced the country is safe and comparatively dry.

"Most of the houses are deserted in the flooded district and those that are not abandoned have people living in the second stories. The San Joaquin River is raging. It is in tremendous flood and in some places it must be fully twenty miles wide. There has been a great deal of rain in Los Angeles County and the streams are all swollen. Freight is irregularly received and the people in the south are to a certain extent experiencing the evils of too much rain."

* * *

F. W. Hoover has been appointed industrial agent of the Southern Pacific and will take hold of his new duties on the first of the month. He will report directly to E. E. Calvin, the general manager. Hoover is at present chief clerk in the district engineer's office.

"Some railroad men have a code of ethics peculiarly their own," remarked General Manager E. E. Calvin. "I must be careful to say, however, that I mean traffic men. One day a traffic man came out of a meeting in a towering passion. He was using strong language, and, seeing me, stopped and said:

"'That man G— is an unmitigated scoundrel. I will have nothing more to do with him. He is outside the pale. Why, he dies to his friends.'

"I suppose that traffic man thought it was perfectly justifiable to lie to those who were not his friends."

* * *

Phil K. Gordon of the Washington-Sunset route believes that California within the next few months will be harboring the entire Greek nation. "The immigration from the land where Sapho danced and sang is increasing daily," he observed yesterday, "and I judge that there are fully 5000 Greeks in this city and vicinity, and also a great number in Shasta County and in the San Joaquin Valley. They come mostly from Petras and the islands in the Aegean Sea, and we are publishing in the papers of Athens and those of other cities the advantages that will accrue to a man who makes his home in this State. I learn from history that the Greeks are a poetic race and great patrons of art and literature, so the advertisements have to be in a more alluring form than those published for the edification of the farmers of the Middle West. The fare is $78 from any port in Greece to San Francisco, and that is poetry enough according to my ideas, but Grecian editors think differently."

Personal Mention

J. E. Rickards of New York is at the Savoy.

W. Kerans of Boston registered at the Dorchester yesterday.

H. R. Martin and W. J. Baker of Reno are at the Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tuttle, wealthy residents of Colusa, are at the Palace.

W. A. Gatzen of Goldfield, who has interests in mining property, is at the St. Francis.

W. S. Mitchell of Colorado Springs, who has interests in Nevada mining property, is at the Savoy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Sills, accompanied by P. B. Palma and his wife, all of Chicago, are at the Majestic.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Mendelsohn of Yokohama are at the Jefferson. Mendelsohn is a silk merchant of the Orient.

Pierre de Hamplinne of New York registered at the Jefferson yesterday and will sail today on the Doric.

J. J. Ruben of New York, a representative of E. H. Harriman, registered at the Hamlin yesterday and will leave today on the Doric for the Orient.

W. H. Bradford, prominent in business circles in Portland, is staying at the Jefferson, accompanied by his wife, Miss Bradford and Holt Bradford.

M. Schmidt of this city, the owner and builder of the Majestic Hotel, accompanied by his wife and daughter, is staying at the hostelry on Sutter street.

The Smart Set

PARTICULARLY pleasant is the news that reaches here of the engagement of Miss Lillian Brechemin to Dr. David H. M. Gillespie of New York. Miss Brechemin is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Louis Brechemin, both of whom are well-known and popular here, and she has a host of friends in California. Miss Brechemin is a charming girl, clever, attractive and extremely musical. She sings delightfully and has studied both in the East and abroad, having spent some time in Paris and Dresden. She has traveled extensively throughout the United States and the Philippines, and although she formerly made her home in San Francisco has lived for several years in New York.

About two years ago Miss Brechemin visited California, spending the summer with her brother, Captain Louis Brechemin Jr., United States army, at Fort Baker. Dr. Gillespie is a New York man, a graduate of Yale and of the school of medicine of Columbia College, and is said to be very clever and able. He is tall, handsome and has a very fine practice in New York, where he and his bride will continue to live after their marriage, which is to be an event of next fall.

* * *

The following account of the wedding on March 3, at Cannes, France, of Professor Jerome Landfield, who is popular here and will bring his bride to Berkeley to make their home, will be of especial interest, and the presence of a number of Californians, notably Mrs. Hearst, Orrin Peck, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Marshall Flint, will be remarked. The report is from the Paris edition of the New York Herald:

"'Blessed is the bride,' says the adage, 'whom the sun shines on,' and no bride ever had a more beautiful day than that which dawned for the wedding of Princess Liuba Lobanoff-Rostovsky, lady of honor of the Empress and the Dowager Empress of Russia, with Mr. Jerome Barker Landfield of California, which was solemnized this afternoon. Nor has the pretty little Russian church of St. Michael ever seen a more distinguished assembly than that which gathered to witness it.

"Rank, fashion and good looks all were there when at half-past 2 the bride entered the church on the arm of her brother, Prince Alexis Lobanoff-Rostovsky. She was simply and exquisitely dressed in white silk, ornamented with orange blossoms, and a long tulle veil flowed from a wreath of the same flowers. On her left shoulder she wore the badge in brilliants of the two Empresses, and her only other ornament was a very handsome pendant of sapphires and brilliants, given her by the Grand Duchess Marie Georgievna, to whose person she has been attached. Mr. Landfield wore the regulation frock coat of English-speaking peoples.

"The service, choral as usual, was particularly well sung, and the entire ceremony, with its pomp, Byzantine decorations, golden robes and bejeweled crowns, was strongly suggestive of the time when the Greek Emperors reigned at Constantinople. The ikon was borne before the bridal pair by Count Torby. The crown holders were, for the bride, Colonel Dubreuil Echapparre, adjutant of Grand Duke George Mikhaylovich; Captain Lembessis, adjutant of Prince George of Greece; Captain Dracke, adjutant of the Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievich. Those for the bridegroom were Mr. Orin Peck and General de Etter.

"The Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was present in the imperial inclosure, looked magnificent in ivory-colored cloth, the bodice covered with cluny lace, with turquoise ornaments, a toque of rose Du Barry velvet and a superb cloak of black velvet and ermine. The Crown Princess of Denmark wore a mouse-colored cloth dress and a picture hat of sky-blue silk muslin.

"The Grand Duchess Marie Georgievna had on a lovely creation in champagne cloth, trimmed with white lace and a white straw picture hat of light blue velvet with large white ostrich plumes. Her ornaments were a splendid chain with pendant and brooch, all fashioned of huge light sapphires. Countess Torby was very handsome in Peking silk muslin and a marquise hat of black straw with white feathers.

"The Grand Dukes Michael Mikhaylovich and George Mikhaylovich, with their respective children, and Prince George of Greece were present. Princess Lobanoff-Rostovsky, mother of the bride, wore gray peau de soie, bordered with handsome old lace. Princess Alexis Lobanoff-Rostovsky was in white, brocaded with gold, and a gold lace toque, and Lady Egerton in gray striped silk muslin, with a lace bodice and ruby jewelry, and a hat of gray tulle.

"Mme. Makeieff was in white satin, Mme. Saloff in pompadour silk and Baronne de Loqueyssie in white China crepe, trimmed with Irish lace; Mrs. Landfield, mother of the bridegroom, wore Alencon lace over white; Mrs. P. A. Hearst, pale mauve brocade, with nosegays; Mrs. Flint, pompadour silk muslin of great beauty; Mrs. Spreckels, turquoise chiffon velvet, and Frau von der Schulenburg, white brocade.

"The company further included Prince and Princess Vladimir Galitzin, Count and Countess Grabbe, Princess Gagarin Stourdza, Princess Shirinsky, Colonel and Mme. Mezenzeff, Mme. Borschoff, Mme. von Derwies, Mlle. de Etter, Colonel and Mme. de Etter, M., Mme. and Mlle. de Stoeckl, Mrs. Randebrock, Baron and Baroness Offenberg, M. Tolstoi, the Grand Venuer de la Cour; M. Nekloudoff, Mr. Shelton, Mr. Macfarlane, Dr. Zander and Dr. Zagariantz.

"After the ceremony the bridal pair had a reception at the Grand Hotel, to which all went, including the imperial and royal personages, to offer congratulations and drink their health.

"This evening Princess Lobanoff-Rostovsky gave a dinner at the Villa Tropical for the bridal pair and their immediate relatives and the crown-holders. Later Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Barker Landfield left for a trip in Italy. Their wedding, by the way, was really triple, for the Protestant Episcopal service was solemnized yesterday at the Anglican Church of St. George, after the civil proceedings had taken place before the Mayor.

"In the latter Baron Offenberg and Colonel Dubreuil Echapparre were the witnesses for the bride; Dr. Joseph Marshall Flint and Mr. Orin Peck for the bridegroom."

* * *

Mrs. Henry F. Allen and Miss Jessie Wright, who had intended leaving for the East on Thursday last, were able to leave only yesterday, as the trains did not go through before.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur William Foster and Mrs. William A. S. Foster have sent out cards for a large tea on Thursday, April 4, from 3 to 6 o'clock at the beautiful Foster home, "Fair Hills," San Rafael. The many friends of the Foster family will be glad of this opportunity to meet Mrs. William Foster, who, since her marriage about a year ago, has lived at Willits in Mendocino County, where her husband's business has kept him.

* * *

Invitations have been received from Mrs. R. P. Page Wainwright to the marriage of her daughter, Jennie Pound Serrell, to Lieutenant Frederick Mears, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., on Saturday afternoon, April 6, at 3:30 o'clock, at Fort Clark, Texas. Lieutenant Mears is a son of the late General Mears, U. S. A., and his mother, Mrs. Mears, and his sister, Miss Winifred Mears, have made their home here for several years past.

* * *

Charles Allen Marston has sent out invitations to the wedding of his daughter, Hazell Cynthia, to Frederick Winslow Read, on Thursday evening, April 11, at 8 o'clock, at Christ Church, Alameda, after which a reception will be held at the home of the bride, 1716 Encinal avenue, Alameda.

* * *

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Ernest Hartmann, at her home in San Rafael, and quite a bit of entertaining of an informal nature is being done in honor of this visitor. Mrs. Hartmann formerly made her home in San Rafael, her late husband having been the rector of St. Paul's Church there for a number of years. She will remain in California for about six weeks longer.

* * *

Miss Margaret Stow, who has been visiting friends here and in Santa Cruz for the last two months, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

* * *

Lieutenant William Leahy, U. S. N., and Mrs. Leahy, who have been staying with Mrs. Leahy's mother, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, in this city, left on Sunday morning for Annapolis, where Lieutenant Leahy is ordered for duty. They had intended leaving on Thursday last, but were delayed on account of the nondeparture of the trains.

* * *

Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt came down over a week ago for a few days' visit with friends in Oakland and has been unable to return to her home on account of the storm.

* * *

The Lakeside Skating Club in Oakland proved so successful during the winter months that the patronesses have decided to reorganize it after Lent and have sent out a large number of cards on this side of the bay as well as in Oakland. There will be ten meetings at the Lakeside rink, the first being on April 2 and the last on June 4.

Knicker—You can't paint the lily.

Subbubs—Never got a seed catalogue, did you?—New York Sun.

Mother Ruef's Melodies

SONGS OF A GONE GOOSE

By Charles K. Field

Rock-a-by, Abey, on the tiptop,
While the wind's fair the boodle won't stop;
But when the gang breaks the boodle will fall,
And down will come Abey, boodle and all.

* * * *

Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you any pull?
Aye, sir; each confession
Will wash some dirty wool—
Some for us and some, perhaps,
For Mayor Schmitz as well,
But none for the little man
That lives in the hotel.

* * * *

Abe and 'Gene stood in between
The Board and every grafter;
The Board broke down and told the town,
And they came tumbling after.

* * * *

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a-hunting—
Gone to save his grafting skin,
For fear the jury'll call him in.

* * * *

There was a corporation, as I've heard told,
Who went to the market where franchises are sold;
She went to the market, and easy was the day,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

There came a prosecutor, Heney by name;
He cut off the skirts of the sleeping dame—
He cut off her covering up to her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When the poor corporation first did awake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
The papers asked her questions, and she began to cry:
"Lack-a-mercy on me—it can't be I!"

"But if it be I, as I hope it will not be,
I've a yellow dog named Public, and he'll know me;
If it be not I he'll loudly bark and roar,
But if it be I he'll be quiet as before."

Home went the corporation, all in the dark;
Up got poor Public and he began to bark—
He began to bark and she began to cry:
"Mr. Prosecutor, it is none of I."

* * * *

When the "Pacific States" had bought
The Supervisor men,
The "Home" came up quite pleasantly
And bought them back again.

* * * *

Ding dong bell,
This telephone business is hell!
Who made it so?
The jury wants to know!
Who let it out?
Eighteen men, about.
The line was busy—trouble's due
Receiver and transmitter, too!

* * * *

A diller, a dollar, a corporate collar,
Why did they tell so soon?
The Supervisors said, "Stand pat,"
So they stood up Pat (Calhoun).

* * * *

Sing a song of boodle,
The prosecution's coup;
Eighteen Supervisors,
With the accent on the *soup;*
When the crust was broken
The birds made haste to sing,
"What a pretty dish to set
Before a Curly King!"

The King was in St. Francis,
A sadder man and wiser;
The Queen (his consort, Biggy,
Who's also called Eliza)!
And Burns was back of the skating rink
Hunting tainted shekels,
With Rudolph Spreckels back of Burns
And the people back of Spreckels!