



THE other day I heard a man ask one of his superiors in business for a favor. He asked him in a pleasant, half-joking manner, and if refusal were necessary, might easily have been refused in the same light vein.

But instead of doing this, the older man's answer was so curt and sharp and almost rude that it had made his employee feel as if he had run plump up against a stone wall.

Even I, who was a disinterested witness, felt as one does when the clouds suddenly shut out the sun on an April morning.

Any one would certainly have received the impression that the older man was offended at being asked for the favor and took pleasure in refusing it in a disagreeable manner as possible.

What was my surprise when I afterward happened to find out that even before he was asked he had tried of his own accord to make it possible to grant this privilege to his young employe and was much disappointed when he found it impossible.

Now, why on earth couldn't he have given some hint of this in his manner? Why couldn't he have spoken in a kindly tone and expressed some regret? What harm could it have done, and how much less uncomfortable it would have made his petitioner.

And this is the sort of thing that man is continually doing—putting himself out to benefit people, and then being so abrupt and sharp and sometimes so undeniably rude in his manner toward them that they take him for the grossest odd curmudgeon in the world.

Of course the people who know him intimately know that he really has a heart of gold, but they are very few. He isn't the kind who invites intimates. Now it seems to me that this man is a fairly common type. There are a great many people in this world who are like the hickory nut, sound and sweet as can be inside, but inclosed in a stiff, impenetrable manner.

I know a woman who has the kindest heart in the world and the most unfortunate manner. She is always trying to help people and always being rebuffed and misunderstood because of her nervous and irritating way.

Of course what one does is more important than the manner in which one does it, but not so much more important as many people seem to think. A gracious manner is a gift to all with whom we come in contact. It softens and alleviates refusal and enhances the value of benefits conferred.

One of my pleasant recollections of all my newspaper work is that of a woman who refused me an interview, but refused it with an exquisite graciousness and kindly regret that took all the sting out of my disappointment.

A pleasant manner is something that we owe both to those about us and to ourselves. To those about us because it helps make life pleasanter for them. To ourselves because our manner is the only measure which most people have to judge us by, and therefore we ought to look well to it.

SOCIAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. William Hickox Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hemphill of New York arrived in this city in their private car during the last week of Mr. Taylor, who was here two years ago with Mr. Edwin Gould, was so charmed with California that he

persuaded Mrs. Taylor and the Hemphills to accompany him on his second visit to the state. The party left Friday evening for the Yosemite valley, but will return today. They will leave Wednesday for southern California, where they will take in all the points of interest before returning to New York. During their brief stay in this city they were informally entertained by members of the exclusive set.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and their daughter, Miss Lydia Hopkins, will return this week to their country home in Menlo Park, after having spent the winter in the apartment at the Kellogg of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Thorne.

Hon. John Ward and Mrs. Ward are receiving warm welcomes in Newport, where, as Miss Jean Reid, Mrs. Ward was a belle. They are making an extended visit in Newport with Mrs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marion Newhall will close their town house shortly and go to Burlington, where they have rented for the summer the country home of Prince and Princess Andre Poniatowski.

Captain and Mrs. Claude Brigham are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a son, who made his advent in their home at Fort Totten, N. Y., last week. Captain Brigham is stationed with the One Hundred and First company of the coast artillery.

Mrs. D. I. Lebeck has arrived from New York and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Kenneth Kingsbury, at her home in Pacific avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury and Mrs. Roberts are contemplating a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourne gave a dinner Wednesday evening and accompanied their guests to the opera.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Louise Boyd have returned from Panama and are at present in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport are established in a home in Vallejo street.

Mr. Roy Payne entertained at an elaborate dinner in the Grand hotel Saturday evening. Ninety men enjoyed his hospitality.

Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Prestiss C. Heile announce their safe arrival in London. They will leave for the near future for Paris and will not return to California for three more months.

Mrs. J. G. L. Simmons, Mrs. Gustav C. Simmons and Mrs. Samuel E. Simmons are in town for the opera season.

The members of the Union League club have issued invitations to the opening dance in the club's ballroom, which will be held Wednesday evening, March 26. Mr. W. V. Gaskill, who is chairman of the entertainment committee, will be assisted in his duties as host by William P. Humphreys, Colonel Frank Marston, Mr. Henry Schaezler, Dr. Henry Abrahams, Mr. J. A. Ulrich, Mr. G. A. Lenoir and Mrs. H. G. W. Dinkelspiel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins chaperoned a party of young people to one of the attractive lakes in Alameda county yesterday afternoon, where a picnic luncheon was enjoyed.

In the group were Miss Jeanne Galois, Miss Eliza McMullin, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Mrs. James Parker, John Galton, Mr. Palmer, Roger Bocqueras and Horace Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cooper Johnson have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a brief visit to the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham, in Los Gatos.

The Call's Daily Short Story THE FISHER MAIDEN

By ANNE HINRICHSSEN

A clear call rang across the water. A woman standing on a boat waved a white banner. Creighton answered the cry and sent his boat rapidly across the river. As he approached the boat he saw that the woman who had summoned him was young and decidedly pretty.

"Are you in trouble?" he asked, as the boats came together. "I have been drifting without oars since morning. I am lost and starved."

"I had pulled my boat into the shade of some willows," she went on, as Creighton fastened the boats together and helped her to a seat in his. "I fell asleep, and when I woke I found the stream and the willows were gone. Not a boat has passed today. I have had nothing to eat since morning, and it must be at least 6 o'clock. I live at Doshe."

"Doshé? You thought no one lived there except the fishermen and their families?"

"I live with a fisherman's family." He looked at her curiously. He had supposed she came from one of the summer colonists on the river.

"I am camping near Doshe," he said. "Am on my way there now. We can reach the town in an hour. I shall die of starvation before then."

"So shall I unless I get something to eat," announced Creighton. "But we have a chance for fish. There is a nice sandy beach covered with drift-wood. Here is a string of fish I have just caught. Do you look at them!"

Half an hour later they were on the beach. Before them were the fish she had cooked and bread and milk which he had bought from a nearby farmhouse.

"Will you think me impertinent," he ventured, "if I ask if Doshe is your home or merely a temporary abiding place? You do not dress nor speak that of a stranger?"

"She interrupted him impatiently. "I do belong here. I am more interested in Doshe and its people than in anything else. Why are you staying near Doshe? You are a stranger?"

"I am here for rest and an outdoor life." His long figure was stretched at full length on the sand. Under his thin silk shirt the splendid muscles of his arms and broad chest were distinctly outlined. His eyes were keen and there was a trace of hardness in them. His hair shined like the sun. His lips were full and straight. When he smiled, a sudden kindness banished the touch of hardness from his eyes.

The moon had risen when they started back to Doshe. Creighton and Mildred Norris were drifting past a camp near Doshe.

"Do you know the man who owns that camp?" Mildred asked.

"Creighton scowled. He is Jacob Walton, a member of the state legislature."

"Why is he here?"

"For the fishing, I suppose. You ought to know all about him. I have seen you talking to him several times."

A few days later it occurred to Creighton that Mildred Norris was de-liberately avoiding him. When he went to the fisherman's cabin where she lived she was always out. When he saw her on the river she was rowing her boat in an opposite direction. One day he hailed her on the water. She was rowing down the stream toward him, but at his call she turned her boat around and rowed rapidly up the river. In a few minutes Creighton overtook her.

"Mildred, I want to explain to you. 'Of what?' she asked coolly. 'Why did you row away from me?' She did not answer.

"Mildred, for days you have not allowed me to come near you. I am miserably unhappy. I love you, Mildred's mother, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Later in the summer Mrs. Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Ward will come to California, where they will spend several months at the D. O. Mills home in Millbrae."

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BOOK REVIEW NEWS

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The book will be read with interest on account of its authorship and it will be enjoyed as a pastime by those who are not serious in their intention to read it.

Many people look upon Mr. Herrick as a writer who at least stands a chance of bringing the novel up to the standard of the best recent work in the field of creative literature.

"One Woman's Life" is a work of skill and a work of art. It is a good story, but unordinary. This is particularly true of the earlier chapters, wherein the reader can hardly distinguish the sense that there is little or no evidence of the author's hand in bringing his heroine on the stage as a girl of 16, the author lays the foundation for a psychological study with care, but not subtlety. It is with care, too, that he constructs the setting for the most important episodes of his story, which setting is the city of Chicago.

But for all his care neither the character of Milly Ridge nor the local atmosphere in these early chapters is convincing. Mr. Herrick seems to be exhibiting a specimen of the human female in which he has a purely scientific interest, much as an entomologist might exhibit a living butterfly imprisoned under glass. One's first impression is that Mr. Herrick has failed to give us that which we have a right to expect from a writer of proved ability.

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