

## FROM THE FOUR WINDS

By T. G.

It has been some time since the refulgent Willie Thurston Brown, one of our leading soul-savers, started a new line of publicity his way, but he saw an opportunity with the announcement of the charity ball, and seeing his duty, performed it for the benefit of those who faced him at the Unitarian church early in the week.

Willie is a keen observer, and it seems that he discovered that the work of a couple of dozen noble women to raise funds sufficient to maintain a charitable dispensary at St. Mark's hospital every year operated directly opposite to true brotherhood.

In the pleasant patois of those whose hearts contain more real charity than a great many Christian gentlemen who excel as poseurs, Willie is a wise boob, and his modesty does him credit, for in specializing "cases for the charity worker" he did not once mention a certain class of ministers, whose parishioners were it not for the mercy in their hearts, in the anticipation of a long, cold winter, might allow a few celestial guides to take vacations long enough for them to find jobs where they would be obliged to do real work.

The era of the cheap sensationalist in the pul-

pit is over. The trick is passe, even if it never fails to gain the desired advertising; and a big, broad man, having a proper sense of his duties as a minister, should be above such senseless tirades as emanate from the Brown study now and then.

Really the thing to do, according to the Brown logic, when a helpless man or woman is ill, is to wait for the "spirit of true brotherhood" to get busy, rather than accept the care made possible because some charitable people bought tickets to a ball.

Mrs. E. F. Holmes alone bought several hundred dollars worth of tickets. Do you think she bought a cluster like that because she had a wild desire to "dance in the company of the distinguished people expected to be present," or because she wanted to gracefully perform an act of charity? Tickets, you know, Willie Brown, were three dollars, and one could dance just as far for three dollars as for three hundred. It was thought too bad that one of the metropolitan dailies discontinued the series of pictures and stories on A. Mutt, but since your latest diatribe on the modern methods of charity workers the possibility of failing to provide a substitute has passed.

The shooting of Francis J. Heney by Morris

Haas, which occurred in San Francisco, followed by the suicide of Haas while in jail awaiting a preliminary hearing, has been the subject of no end of local discussion, and in a number of instances heated arguments that at times threatened the peace and dignity of a couple of clubs.

Even in the knowledge that both sides in the San Francisco graft cases are manifestly unfair and ready to take any kind of an advantage, the general sympathy throughout the country is on the side of the prosecutors—Spreckles, Langton, Heney, et al.—and it is hoped that those who did the crooked work will speedily get their just deserts.

But there is a phase of the Heney shooting that has excited temporarily more comment than the Ruef trial itself. It is a thing that is difficult to judge, because the newspaper reports to date have been so meager; but even in San Francisco there has been very pronounced sympathy for Haas, for while condemning his act, there are sober minded people who believe that Heney was utterly unjust in his expose of the man, and that under similar circumstances (as related to date) any man might have been sorely tempted to even things up.

Haas had been called on the jury and had been



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