

SATURDAY EVENING.

OAKLAND TRIBUNE.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1907.

GOSSIP FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLES

MRS. LONGWORTH WANTED A SMOKE.

My Hamilton correspondent writes of an interesting incident of the Chowder Party given by Governor and Mrs. Prar at the Pearl Harbor home in honor of the Nick Longworth. To appreciate the story one must know that Mrs. Prar is the granddaughter of a missionary, and a very select woman and a stickler for the conventionalities. "While all the guests were on the lawn," writes my correspondent, "Mrs. Longworth, leaning against one of the columns asked, in a regular way, for a whole cigarette." Instantly there was perceptible embarrassment in the whole gathering. Besides a goodly number of the younger set with whom the Longworths have been having a glorious time their arrival here there was a number of the older set, Mrs. Dole, for instance, and Mrs. Dilligam, and their presence caused a feeling of uneasiness among the more intimate acquaintances of the Princess, but the feeling was of only a moment's duration. Those who might have been expected to respond affirmatively to Mrs. Longworth's query, didn't know whether to or not. But Mrs. Prar surprised everyone, and relieved the situation by instantly, and in a most gracious manner, proffering a handsome cigarette case filled with a good quality of cigarettes, also, she took some matches from a little table near which she was seated and handed them to her guest. It was done so quickly and so much as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world that the whole company, all of whom knew Mrs. Prar well, were taken by surprise. Even Mrs. Longworth, it is said, seemed surprised at the unexpectedness of it, but not in the least being her self, she scratched the match on the back of her slipper and lighted the cigarette in the presence of the whole gathering.—Town Talk.

A BANK'S BUSINESS REPUTATION.

If the label suit instituted by the First National Bank, through its President, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, against Mr. William E. Dargie, of the OAKLAND TRIBUNE, is the result of the prompting of a sense of the importance of commercial banks, then it should receive most cordial endorsement. There was a time when, in my opinion, the First National Bank was too busy to bother about such trifles as imputations against its character. It has a somewhat interesting recollection of a suit growing out of a transaction which reflected discredit on a former president of that bank, Mr. S. J. Murphy. It was a transaction, too, in which the bank was indirectly involved. The case was tried before Judge Hunt and decided against Mr. Murphy, and there was something of a scandal about it at the time. I remember that it occurred to me that the directors of the bank were remarkably complacent, if not singularly indifferent to the reputation of the institution. As Mr. Murphy was not dismissed, it was fair, I thought, to assume that the directors approved his quiet view respecting his authority over the private account of a depositor. The question involved in the suit was whether the president of a bank has the right to help himself out of a depositor's money in settlement of a claim the justice of which is disputed. In this case the money was claimed as a commission on the sale of the late Mrs. Colton's Nisk Hill home. Mrs. Colton denied that she had agreed to give Mr. Murphy a commission. Now that the bank is more jealous than formerly of its business reputation and inclined to resent explanations relative to the affairs of its president,

readily dangerous for me to suggest that perhaps Mr. Dargie is privileged to introduce evidence of the Murphy-Colton scandal for the purpose of showing that the bank's reputation was once upon a time somewhat impaired. I will take no chances. To be proceeded against for libel by one of the graft prosecutors on this side of the bay, would be no trivial matter. From what has already occurred I am convinced that Judge Coffey would assign the case either to Judge Dumas or Judge Lawler, and as Judge Dumas established the precedent in the Schmitz case, and the more a judge knows of the contempt in which he is held by a defendant the better qualified he is to try him, my finish would be quite easy of prediction.—Town Talk.

THE "CLASS" SPRECKELS' BUILDING.

Our old and patriotic friend, "Pro Bono Publico," whose cards are never invariable, writes to ask us what is meant by the term "class" in use, the "class Spreckels' building," which is quite apparently not official language. In the "class Spreckels' building" is largely a matter of opinion, and I feel that discussion of this particular type of structure is worthy of editorial position, since it is not to be found in any other modern commercial district. The "class Spreckels' building" is largely a matter of opinion, and I feel that discussion of this particular type of structure is worthy of editorial position, since it is not to be found in any other modern commercial district. The "class Spreckels' building" is largely a matter of opinion, and I feel that discussion of this particular type of structure is worthy of editorial position, since it is not to be found in any other modern commercial district.

BRIDE-SEEKERS

In the present temper of a large section of this community it is probably a perversion of zeal to lift one's voice in reproach to the judge who does his best to cure the ills of public favor. But I am nothing if not persistent. There is nothing so discouraging to me as the discouraging agreement of inaction. It tends to convince me that I am fathering a heresy, and history teaches me that it was through heresy that most truths, the truth of Christianity among the number, came to be recognized. The truth that I am at present trying to lay to rest is that the judge who is ailed for the ills of public favor is more dangerous, more to be dreaded than the one who sells himself to the individual for cold cash. It requires no profound meditation to perceive the truth of this observation. The plain, unvarnished corrupt judge soon acquires a reputation for dishonesty and his career is shortly brought to a close. But the demagogue on the bench who is ever on the alert for the varying breezes of public caprice never shows a political storm. He is content with the small profits allowed by law but he makes them go a long way. Generally his crimes are out against the individual, but which of us can say when his turn will come? Quite often the community suffers from the tact of demagogues on the bench without learning that it has been victimized. How many of us, for example, took notice of the fact that one of the police magistrates, the one that always gets the most votes, Aguirre is not a

car strike. As soon as the trouble began he took to the woods.—Town Talk.

AFRAID OF HIS OWN TALE.

Judge Dumas was cited the other day to show cause why he should not permit the insertion in the bill of exceptions in the Schmitz case certain matter appearing in the transcript of the proceedings. The truth of the matter was not denied by Judge Dumas. He merely objected to having it set before the jury, who are to review the proceedings to see if Schmitz received a great sum of money, as alleged in certain language used by Judge Dumas during the trial. The objectionable matter is of his mood and attitude. At this writing the admissibility of the matter has not been passed upon, but it should suffice for the layman to know that Judge Dumas so stoutly objected to having some of his language reviewed in the transcript of the proceedings, that he should not be inserted in the record. What the Court of Appeals will do I do not know, but I do care. That tribunal has been thrown into a fit of hysteria, for he had a well developed sense of the ridiculous. "We will take the matter under advisement," said the judge, and thereupon in accordance with a custom peculiar to his court he adjourned his chambers with all the attorneys for the prosecution.

BOOZE IN BERKELEY.

Who Berkeley is a local option town, even forbidding the sale of liquor, is a fact well known to all who are acquainted with the city. The thirty managers to set their wits about in a bottle and when they get a sip of liquor they taste all the ills which they bring through Berkeley in suit cases and in losses labeled "dry food." It is noticeable that many of the commuters who live in Berkeley carry suit cases and bottles of liquor in their trunks. The hotels are not allowed to sell liquor to their guests, but they cannot be stopped from giving it away—which they apparently do. Board of directors are not to be trusted, and there are hints that they are not to be trusted. The police are not to be trusted, and there are hints that they are not to be trusted. The judges are not to be trusted, and there are hints that they are not to be trusted. The whole community is in a state of confusion, and it is to be feared that the situation will become worse and worse.

PRINCESS ALICE'S PRINCE.

A friend in Honolulu writes me that Mrs. Nicholas Longworth has taken a great fancy to Helen Irwin and the two were constantly together on the island. Mrs. Irwin gave the most elaborate function that marked the Longworths' stay in the islands and the honored heard the President's daughter call Miss Irwin "Helen," which marks the status of their friendship. Mrs. Longworth can do a great deal for Helen Irwin this winter if she follows her mother's plan to spend the season in the East under the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Robinson (Helen's aunt), who is not at all struck with the felicitous views of wide social concepts and I fancy she would be perfectly happy with the placid Irwin of San Francisco. She is a very beautiful girl, but a solitary unpaired, with a very sweet, natural manner which is probably what attracted the Princess Alice to her, for that amiable young woman is not careless with her friendship, and reserves it for those who are really worth her attention. Mrs. Longworth's great summer, will accompany them.—Town Talk.

CALHOON NOT AN ASS.

In the San Francisco "Examiner," under date of September 11, 1907, one Judge Jacobs says that Patrick Calhoun carried with him the secretary of the Carmen's Union, James Bowling, to be on the carmen's strike. I do not believe there is anybody in the city, either friend or foe, who has ever charged Patrick Calhoun with being an ass. That is what Judge Jacobs wishes to insinuate, but it is not a charge which he can make. Who is Jacobs, anyway? At one time he was the heart and soul of a company of fruit canners. If he was an able man he should have made his mark then, but what became of this company? Ask the trade. They can tell. Since then, whenever a new factor in politics or religion appears, we find him forging himself into the front as his head, in respect of the fact of whether he was the originator or not. At one time it is the Civic League, at another the Christian Science movement; in the latter, I am told, occupying the position of High Priest.

BABY DAYS OF LUIS GLASS.

When Louis Glass was an humble express agent and telegrapher in Ventura, some twenty years ago, he doubtless did not dream that when he rose to be a millionaire with a position in society he would be convicted of bribery and incarcerated in jail at the guest of the Sheriff, Gisp and the late John I. Sabia made their start in the county seat of the great home-grown county, where they represented Wells-Fargo and the Western Union. But in those days neither Sabia nor Glass expressed packages came to Ventura in such overwhelming numbers as to take up much of

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OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THE DEVELOPMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Being expert telegraphers they became greatly interested in the experiments in telephony, and that it came about that when the Wells-Fargo people joined with the American Bell Telephone Company in installing the first telephone system on the coast, they retained the advantage of being able to handle the telephone charge. Both were brought to San Francisco and placed in control of the organization from which grew the Pacific Telephone Company, which made them millionaires. During their residence in Ventura Glass and Sabia were both boarders at the eating house run by the Widow Perkins, whose patronage also included the grain handlers and bean harvesters of the county. Sabia's daughter assisted her in the dining room, her other "help" being limited to the Chinese cook. Then Halley came to Ventura at the same period and in course of time there were three married couples—Sabia married the daughter of Mrs. Perkins, Glass married Frank, the second, and Halley married the youngest. When the telephone company was organized the three brothers-in-law brought their wives to San Francisco, and the widow remarried the fact that though she had acquired three prominent sons-in-law she had lost the services of her three assistants.—Wasp.

A NEW CLIFF HOUSE.

Again San Francisco is without a Cliff House. The one that was destroyed by fire on Saturday was not a thing of beauty architecturally. It looked like a fronted wedding cake, and its walls were in a state of decay. It was a low and cluttered part of San Francisco, and was known to the world over. On Sunday the fact that it had been destroyed was known in a thousand cities, and multitudes of people marked to their relatives and friends that it was it when I was in San Francisco. Some were chary about giving details of this event, for there have been things at that house upon the promontory that are not told of in the family circle. Life at the new Cliff House was rather tame, however, compared with what went on at the old one.

HALLEY FAMILY.

The Halley family or rather the Sabia element, is so far the chief sufferer in the graft prosecution of the telephone corporation's corruption. The brother of Theodore Halley, that is A. Halley, soon after the report was circulated that the former would be brought back from Honolulu, resigned his position as district manager of the company in San Jose. Though his wife and family will have their home in the prime capital of Halley seldom visits there. He gave out the statement, at the time, that ill-health caused his retirement and that it was his intention to seek languorous rest for the rehabilitation of his shattered nerves, but, however, only came to the side of his brother. There are certain well defined rumors that his position was made intolerable, as part of the anti-Sabia campaign, to overthrow the proteges of the former president. Theodore Halley is a relation of the late John I. Sabia and Glass is his brother-in-law. It has always been part of the telephone corporation's policy to have its district managers in touch with the political bosses of their district. A. Halley had not the political tact of his brother nor had he at his disposal the amount of "treating" money which Theodore handled. Moreover he incurred the hostility of the Hayes brothers of San Jose by fighting the nomination of Jay Os, at the Santa Cruz convention, two years ago.

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