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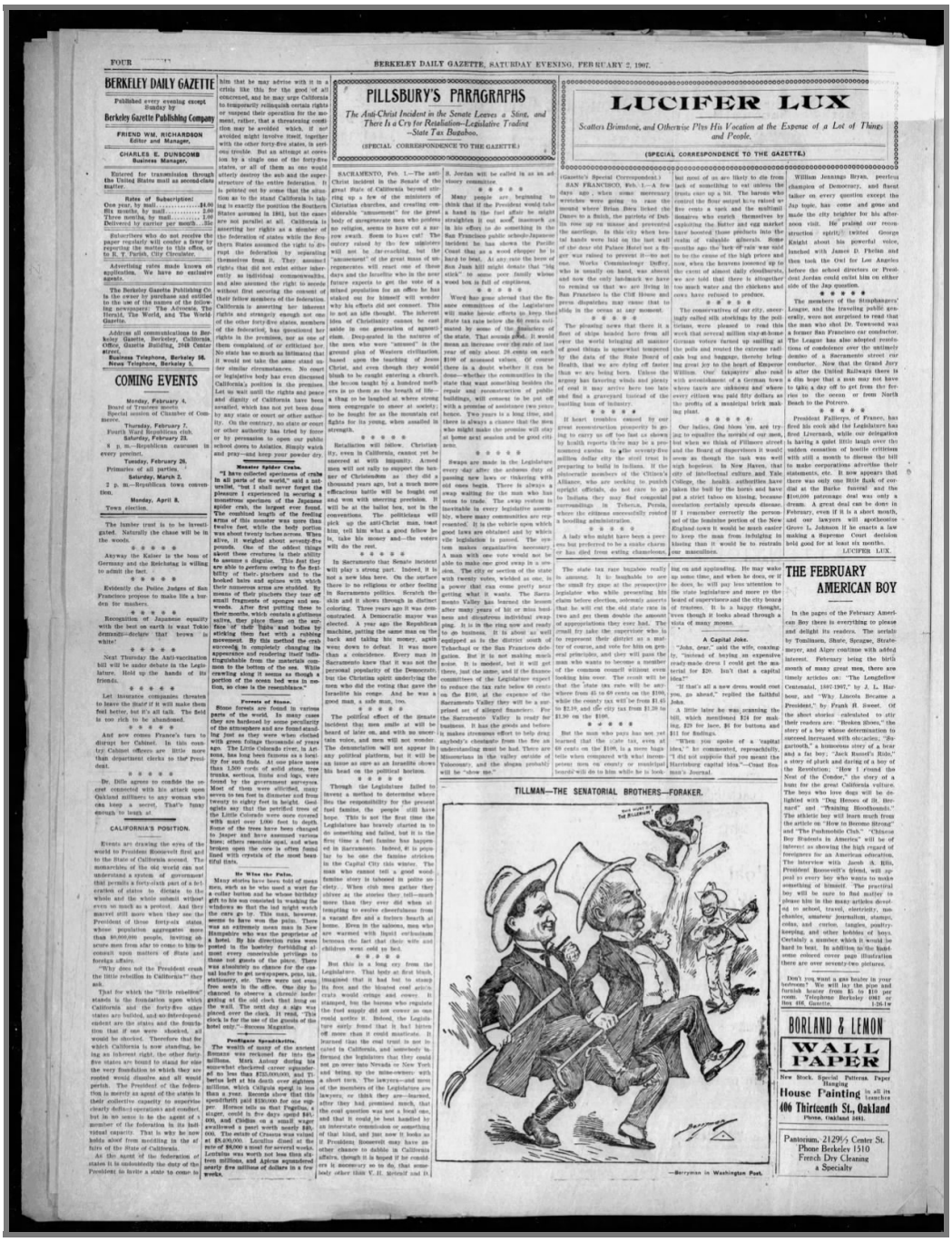

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COMING EVENTS

Monday, February 4.
Board of Trustees meeting.
Special session of Chamber of Commerce.

Thursday, February 7.
Fourth Ward Republican club.

Saturday, February 23.
8 p. m.—Republican caucuses in every precinct.

Tuesday, February 26.
Primaries of all parties.

Saturday, March 2.
2 p. m.—Republican town convention.

Monday, April 8.
Town election.

The lumber trust is to be investigated. Naturally the chase will be in the woods.

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Anyway the Kaiser is the boss of Germany and the Reichstag is willing to admit the fact.

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Evidently the Police Judges of San Francisco propose to make life a burden for muckers.

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Recognition of Japanese equality with the best on earth is want Tokio demands—declare that brown is white!

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Next Thursday the anti-vaccination bill will be under debate in the Legislature. Hold up the hands of its friends.

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Let insurance companies threaten to leave the State if it will make them feel better, but it's all talk. The field is too rich to be abandoned.

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And now comes France's turn to disrupt her Cabinet. In this country Cabinet officers are little more than department clerks to the President.

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Dr. Dille agrees to confide the secret connected with his attack upon Oakland milliners to any woman who can keep a secret. That's funny enough to laugh at.

CALIFORNIA'S POSITION.

Events are drawing the eyes of the world to President Roosevelt first and to the State of California second. The somnambules of the old world can not understand a system of government that permits a forty-sixth part of a federation of states to dictate to the whole and the whole submit without even so much as a protest. And they marvel still more when they see the President of those forty-six states whose population aggregates more than 80,000,000 people, inviting officers men from afar to come to him to consult upon matters of State and foreign affairs.

"Why does not the President crush the little rebellion in California?" they ask.

That for which the "little rebellion" stands is the foundation upon which California and the forty-five other states are builded, and so interdependent, evident are the states and the fourth time that if one were shocked, all would be shocked. Therefore that for which California is now standing, being an inherent right, the other forty-five states are bound to stand for else the very foundation to which they are rooted would dissolve and all would perish. The President of the federation is merely an agent of the states in their collective capacity to supervise clearly defined operations and conduct, but in no sense is he the agent of a member of the federation in its individual capacity. That is why he now holds aloof from meddling in the affairs of the State of California.

As the agent of the federation of states it is undoubtedly the duty of the President to invite a state to come to him that he may advise with it in a crisis like this for the good of all concerned, and he may urge California to temporarily relinquish certain rights or suspend their operation for the moment, rather, that a threatening condition may be avoided which, if not avoided might involve itself, together with the other forty-five states, in serious trouble. But an attempt at coercion by a single one of the forty-five states, or all of them as one would utterly destroy the sub and the superstructure of the entire federation. It is pointed out by some that the situation as to the stand California is taking is exactly the position the Southern States assumed in 1861, but the cases are not parallel at all. California is asserting her rights as a member of the federation of states while the Southern States assumed the right to disrupt the federation by separating themselves from it. They assumed rights that did not exist either inherently as individual commonwealths, and also assumed the right to secede without first securing the consent of their fellow members of the federation. California is asserting her inherent rights and strangely enough not one of the other forty-five states, members of the federation, has questioned her rights in the premises, nor as one of them complained of or criticised her. No state has so much as intimated that it would not take the same stand under similar circumstances. No court or legislative body has even discussed California's position in the premises. Let us wait until the rights and peace and dignity of California are not assailed, which has not yet been done by any state or court or other authority. On the contrary, no state or court or other authority has tried by force or by persuasion to open our public school doors to Asiatics. Simply watch and pray—and keep your powder dry.

Monster Spider Crabs.

"I have collected specimens of crabs in all parts of the world," said a naturalist, "but I shall never forget the pleasure I experienced in securing a monstrous specimen of the Japanese spider crab, the largest ever found. The combined length of the feeling arms of this monster was more than twelve feet, while the body portion was about twenty inches across. When alive, it weighed about seventy-five pounds. One of the oddest things about these creatures is their ability to assume a disguise. This fact they are able to perform owing to the fertility of their pinchers and to the hooked hairs and spines with which their numerous arms are studded. By means of their pinchers they tear off small fragments of sponges and seaweeds. After first putting these to their mouths, which contain a plentiful saliva, they place them on the surface of their backs and bodies by sticking them fast with a rubbing movement. By this method the crab succeeds in completely changing its appearance and rendering itself indistinguishable from the materials common to the bottom of the sea. While crawling along it seems as though a portion of the ocean bed was in motion, so close is the resemblance."

Forests of Stone.

Stone forests are found in various parts of the world. In many cases they are hardened by some peculiarity of the atmosphere and are found standing just as they were when cloked with green foliage thousands of years ago. The Little Colorado river, in Arizona, has long been famous as a hotbed for such finds. At one place more than 3,000 cords of solid stone, tree trunks, section limbs and logs, were found by the government surveyors. Most of them were silicified, many seven to ten feet in diameter and from twenty to eighty feet in height. Geologists say that the petrified trees of the Little Colorado were more covered with mart over 1,000 feet in depth. Some of the trees have been changed to jasper and have assumed various hues; others resemble opal, and when broken open the core is often found filled with crystals of the most beautiful tints.

He Wins the Pelm.

Many stories have been told of menmen, such as he who used a wart for a collar button and he whose birthday gift to his son consisted in washing the windows so that the lad might watch the cars go by. This man, however, would be likely to win the palm. There was an extremely mean man in New Hampshire who was the proprietor of a hotel. By his direction rules were posted in the lavatory forbidding almost every conceivable privilege to those not guests of the place. There was absolutely no chance for the casual loafer to get newspapers, pens, ink, stationery, etc. There were not even free seats in the office. One day he chanced to observe a clerical looking gazing at the old clock that hung on the wall. The next day a sign was placed over the clock. It read, "This clock is for the use of the guests of the hotel only."—Success Magazine.

Prodigate Spendthrifts.

The wealth of many of the ancient Romans was reckoned far into the millions. Mark Antony during his somewhat checkered career squandered no less than $12,000,000, and Lucullus left at his death over eighteen millions, which Caligula spent in less than a year. Records show that this spendthrift paid $130,000 for one supper. Horace tells us that Trypho, a stager, could in five days spend $40,000, and Clodius on a small wager swallowed a pearl worth nearly $48,000. The estate of Crassus was valued at $8,000,000. Lucullus died at the rate of $8,000 a meal for several weeks. Lentulus was worth not less than sixteen millions, and Apicius squandered nearly five millions of dollars in a few weeks.

PILLSBURY'S PARAGRAPHS

The Anti-Christ Incident in the Senate Leaves a Stink, and There Is a Cry for Retaliation—Legislative Trading —State Tax Bugaboo.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE GAZETTE.)

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 1.—The anti-Christ incident in the Senate of the great State of California beyond attracting up a few of the ministers of Christian churches, and creating considerable "amusement" for the great body of unrepentant men who profess no religion, seems to have cut a narrow swath. Seem to have cut? The outcry raised by the few ministers will not be far-reaching, but the "amusement" of the great mass of unregenerates will react one of these days and the Israelite who in the near future expects to get the vote of a mixed population for an office he has staked out for himself will wonder why his efforts did not connect. This is not an idle thought. The inherent idea of Christianity cannot be cast aside in one generation of agnosticism. Deep-seated in the natures of the men who were "amused" is the ground plan of Western civilization based upon the teaching of Jesus Christ, and even though they would blush to be caught entering a church, the lesson taught by a hundred mothers is to them as the breath of life—a thing to be laughed at where strong men congregate to cheer at society; to be fought for as the mountain cat fights for its young, when assailed in strength.

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Retaliation will follow. Christianity, even in California, cannot yet be sneered at with impunity. Armed men will not rally to support the banner of Christendom as they did a thousand years ago, but a much more efficacious battle will be fought out and won with unerring precision. It will be at the ballot box, not in the conventions. The politicians will pick up the anti-Christ man, toast him, tell him what a good fellow he is, take his money and—the voters will do the rest.

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In Sacramento that Senate incident will play a strong part. Indeed, it is not a new idea here. On the surface there is no religious or other feeling in Sacramento politics. Scratch the skin and it shows through in distinct coloring. Three years ago it was concentrated. A Democratic mayor was elected. A year ago the Republican machine, parting the same man on the back and taking his money, again went down to defeat. It was more than a coincidence. Every man in Sacramento knew that it was not the personal popularity of the Democrat, but the Christian spirit underlying the men who did the voting that gave the Israelite his congé. And he was a good man, a safe man, too.

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The political effect of the Senate incident that men smile at will be heard of later on, and with no uncertain voice, and men will not wonder. The denunciation will not appear in any political platform, but it will be an issue as sure as an Israelite shows his head on the political horizon.

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Through the Legislature failed to devise a method to determine where lies the responsibility for the present fuel famine, the people still have hope. This is not the first time the Legislature has bravely started in to do something and failed, but it is the first time a fuel famine has happened in Sacramento. Indeed, it is proposed to be one the famine stricken in the Capital City this winter. The man who cannot tell a good wood famine story in Sacramento is a society. When club men gather they glitter at the stories they tell—each more than they ever did when attempting to evolve cheerfulness from a casual fire and a fifteen hearth at home. Even in the saloons, men who are warmed with liquid refreshment bemoan the fact that their wife and children were cold as fact.

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But this is a long cry from the Legislature. That feels at first blush imagined that it had but to stamp its feet and the bloated coal article trusts would cringe and cower. It stamped, but the barons who regulate the fuel supply did not cower as one would prefer it. Indeed, the Legislature early found that it had bitten off more than it could masticate. It learned that the coal trust is not located in California, and somebody in forcing the legislature that they could not go over into Nevada or New York and bring up the mine-owners with a short turn. The lawyers—and most of the members of the Legislature are lawyers, or think they are—learned after they had promised much, that the coal question was not a local one, and that it could be best handled by an interstate commission or something of that kind, and just now it looks as if President Roosevelt may have another chance to dabble in California affairs, though it is hoped if he could ere it necessary so to do, that somebody other than T. R. himself and B. Jordan will be called in as an advisory committee.

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Many people are beginning to think that if the President would take a hand in the fuel affair he might straighten it out some manner or other. Such an effort to do something in the San Francisco public school-Japanese incident he has shown the Pacific Coast that as a wood chopper he is hard to beat. At any rate the hero of San Juan hill might debate that "big stick" to some purpose finally whose wood box is full of emptiness.

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Word has gone abroad that the finance committees of the Legislature will make heroic efforts to keep the State tax rate below the 80 cents authorized by some of the framers of the state. That sounds good. It would mean an increase over the rate of last year of only about 20 cents on each $100 of assessed values. Of course there is a doubt whether it can be done—whether the committee in the state that want something besides the repair and reconstruction of public buildings, will consent to be put off with a promise of assistance two years hence. Two years is a long time, and there is always a chance that the men who might make the promise will stay at home next session and be good citizens.

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Swaps are made in the Legislature every day after the arduous duty of passing new laws or tinkering with old ones begin. There is always a swap waiting for the man who has votes to trade. The swap custom is inevitable in every legislative assembly, where many communities are represented. It is the vehicle upon which good laws are obtained and by which vile legislation is passed. The system makes organization necessary. A man with one vote would not be able to make one good swap in a session. The city or section of the state with twenty votes, wielded as one, is powerful. It is about as well equipped as is the district south of Tehachapi or the San Francisco delegation. But it is not making much noise. It is modest, but it will get there, just the same, and if the finance committees of the Legislature expect to reduce the tax rate below 80 cents on the $100, at the expense of the Sacramento Valley they will be a unperiod set of alleged financiers. For Sacramento Valley is ready for business. It has the goods and before it makes strenuous effort to help drag anybody's chestnuts from the fire an understanding must be had. There are Missourians in the valley outside of Yolocounty, and the slogan probably will be "show me."

LUCIFER LUX

Scatters Brimstone, and Otherwise Plies His Vocation at the Expense of a Lot of Things and People.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE GAZETTE.)

(Gazette's Special Correspondent.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 1.—A few days ago, when some mercenary wretches were going to raze the mound where Brian Boru licked the Danes to a finish, the patriots of Dublin rose up en masse and prevented the sacrilege. In this city when brutal hands were laid on the last wall of the dear old Palace Hotel not a finger was raised to prevent it—no not one. Works Commissioner Duffey, who is usually on hand, was absent and now the only landmark we have to remind us that we are living in San Francisco is the Cliff House and press dispatches may cause that to slide in the ocean at any moment.

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The pleasing news that there it a fleet of ships headed here from all over the world bringing all manner of good things is somewhat tempered by the data of the State Board of Health, that we are dying off faster than we are being born. Unless the agency has favoring winds and plenty of coal it may arrive here too late and find a graveyard instead of the bustling hum of industry.

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If heart troubles caused by our great reconstruction prosperity is going to carry us off too fast as shown by health reports there may be a pronounced exodus to give seventy-five million dollar city the steel trust is preparing to build in Indiana. If the plutocratic members of the Citizen's Alliance, who are seeking to punish upright officials, do not care to go to Indiana they may find congenial surroundings in Teheran, Persia, where the citizens successfully routed a boodling administration.

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A lady who might have been a peeress but preferred to be a snake charmer has died from eating chameleons, but most of us are likely to die from lack of something to eat unless the trusts cease up a bit. The barons who control the flour output have raised us five cents a sack and the multitudinaires who enrich themselves by exploiting the flatter and egg market have boosted those products into the realm of valuable minerals. Some months ago the herb of rale was said to be the cause of the high prices and now, when the heavens loosened up to the cause of almost daily cloudbursts, we are told that there is altogether too much water and the chickens and cows have refused to produce.

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The conservatives of our city, uncertainly called silk stockings by the politicians, were pleased to read this week that several million stay-at-home German voters farted up sniffing at the polls and routed the extreme radicals hog and baggage, thereby bringing great joy to the heart of Emperor William. Our lawmaker also read with astonishment of a German town where taxes are unknown and where every citizen was paid fifty dollars as the profits of a municipal brick making plant.

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Our ladies, God bless 'em, are trying to equalize the morals of our men, but when we think of Fillmore street and the Board of Supervisors it would seem as though the task was well nigh hopeless. In New Haven, that city of intellectual culture, and Yale College, the health authorities have taken the bull by the horns and have put a strict taboo on kissing, because osculation certainly spreads disease. If I remember correctly the personnel of the feminine portion of the New England town it would be much easier to keep the men from indulging in kissing than it would be to restrain our masculines.

William Jennings Bryan, peerless champion of Democracy, and finest talker on every question except the Jap topic, has come and gone and made the city brighter for his afternoon visit. He praised our reconstructed spirit, twitted George Knight about his powerful voice, lunched with James D. Phelan and then took the Owl for Los Angeles before the school directors or President Jordan could enlist him on either side of the Jap question.

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The members of the Stephanizers' League, and the traveling public generally, were not surprised to read that the man who shot Dr. Townsend was a former San Francisco car conductor. The League has also adopted resolutions of condolence over the untimely demise of a Sacramento street car conductor. Now that the Grand Jury is after the United Railways there is a dim hope that a man may not have to take a day off to get from the ferries to the ocean or from North Beach to the Potrero.

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President Falliepy, of France, has fired his cook and the Legislature has fired Livernash, while our delegation is having a quiet little laugh over the sudden cessation of hostile criticism with still a month to discuss the bill to make corporations advertise their statements, etc. It now appears that there was only one little flask of cordial at the Berlin farewell and the $100,000 patronage deal was only a dream. A great deal can be done in February, even if it is a short month, and our lawyers will apotheosize Grove L. Johnson if he exacts a law making a Supreme Court decision hold good for at least six months.

LUCIFER LUX.

TILLMAN—THE SENATORIAL BROTHERS—FORAKER.

THE FEBRUARY AMERICAN BOY

In the pages of the February American Boy there is everything to please and delight its readers. The serials by Tomlinson, Shute, Scruggs, Brakemeyer, and Algee continue with added interest. February being the birth month of many great men, there are timely articles on: "The Longfellow Centennial, 1807-1907," by J. L. Harbour, and "Why Lincoln Became a President," by Frank H. Sweet. Of the short stories calculated to stir their readers are: "Broken Shoes," the story of a boy whose determination to succeed increased with obstacles; "Bugartooth," a humorous story of a bear and a fat boy; "Jack Russell's Ride," a story of pluck and daring of a boy of the Revolution; "How I 'round the Nest of the Condor," the story of a hunt for the great California vulture. The boys who love dogs will be delighted with "Dog Heroes of St. Bernard" and "Training Bloodhounds." The athletic boy will learn much from the article on "How to Become Strong" and "The Pushmobile Club." "Chinese Boy Students in America" will be of interest as showing the high regard of foreigners for an American education. The interview with Jacob A. Riis, President Roosevelt's friend, will appeal to every boy who wants to make something of himself. The practical boy will be sure to find matter to please him in the many articles devoted to school, travel, electricity, mechanics, amateur journalism, stamps, coins, and curios, tangles, poultry-keeping, and other belongings of boys. Certainly a number which it would be hard to beat. In addition to the handsome colored cover page illustration there are over seventy-two pictures.

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