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SATURDAY EVE! OAKLAND TRIBUNE JULY 2, 1910.

GOSSIP FROM SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLIES

Roosevelt and La Follette

The meeting of Colonel Roosevelt with Senator La Follette and other so-called "insurgents" at Sagamore Hill has interested politicans generally. The inference that Roosevelt intends to take sides with the insurgent Republicans against the administration is not, however, justified. Of course, Senator La Follette and his political associates are desirous of creating the impression that Roosevelt wholly adores their program and aid them. Why should they not? What will they amount to in national politics if Roosevelt should disown them? Recent events have shown that La Follette's star is waning. The election of Colonel Roosevelt's lucky star might give needed brilliancy to that of the insurgent Senator. It is very unlikely that Colonel Roosevelt will do such a foolish thing as to join the insurgents in making war on the President he helped to nominate and elect. It would be an example of bad faith and bad politics that would give Colonel Roosevelt as much injury as the object of his attack.—The Wasp.

Anent Ames Courtmartial

Coincident with the courtmartial of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert F. Ames, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., at Magilla, comes the news that Marian Andrews Brugiere will figure in the divorce suit of Mrs. Henry Clews Jr. in the Philippines one scandal is unpleasantly involving the first Mrs. Brugiere, and now from Paris comes the report that the second Mrs. Brugiere will become Mrs. Clews just as soon as the present Mrs. Clews has been freed. Mrs. Clews, like all the others quilted into this patchwork romance, has essayed matrimony several times with a conspicuous lack of success. She was originally Miss Lulu Morris of Baltimore, and later acquired the distinguished name of Gebhardt, with Freddie thrown in. Their marriage was not a success, and she evidently thought she had a real chance to happiness when Clews came along—but that has likewise proven an inefficient talisman.

Mrs. Clews has a gorgeous home in Paris, the Villa Saidi, and I hear that Ned Greenway is a frequent visitor in her salon. Edward M. is the real Baltimore terrapin, and therefore should know the Morris family in Maryland. There is no occasion for nervous tremors about Ned's bachelor vows becoming unbearable weight, for Mrs. Clews has shown a predilection for a man of title. It is correct now to choose a successor before you divest yourself of an incumbrance, which is only following the homely adage, "Never throw out the dish water till you have clean."—News Letter.

Margaret Illington And Her Husband

Margaret Illington's sudden change of mind to return to the stage is an apt exemplification of Burns' oft-quoted lines, "The best-laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley."

San Francisco friends who recently visited them in their Piedmont home say that they were ideally happy, and still seemed in the Hero and Leander period of courtship. Mr. Bower's financial responsibility was the only cloud on the horizon, and gradually loomed its way into the household as all interlude - to love. Miss Illington was the one to suggest that she should return to the stage, and it seemed to be the only way in which money could be raised quickly and in sufficient quantity to meet the conditions.

That Ed Bowes will recover his financial footing, under these new conditions, no one acquainted with the energy, resourcefulness and pluck will doubt. From the time he left Sacramento as a boy to make his way in the world he has exhibited the good old American quality of "Git there."

I happened to be present once when Bowes was having his hand read by a palmist. "Your future will never grow less," was the first sentence uttered by the clairvoyant. Certainly Bowes was never regarded by his familiars as a woman-hater, and his cronies of the Family Club, where he was one of the pillars, generally considered him as a confirmed bachelor. Despite his club reputation of a broadcast bachelor, the boudoirs conceived the makings of a good-looking benedict in Bowes, and more than once Dame Grundy forecasted his early marriage. At one time he was devoted to Miss Wolfe, the accomplished sister of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. Many a time the Bowes motor car carried the two among the picturesque spots in social rounds, and the gossips had it that all but the wedding cards were out. How little the wisely nodding gossips know sometimes. During that same period almost any afternoon you might have informed them that the debonair Bowes was paying his devoirs to the adorable grass widow of a well-known actor. Since then this charming grass widow has married, and is now living in a sumptuous home of her own near New York.—The Wasp.

A Family of Admirable Crichtons

The Misner family are said to be quite proud of the fact that they have a clergyman in the family. Rev. Henry Misner, who will spend the summer with his relatives in California, finds his life work in quite other lines than those of his gay brothers, Wilson and Addison. He goes in for settlement work, his charge being in St. Louis. His mother lives with him, paying occasional visits to her children out here. No other family, it is imagined, could show such a versatility of talent in its branches as the Misners—lawyers, a doctor, mining man, business manager, dramatic decorator, amateur boxer, and clergyman. As a side issue of bigger things, Wilson Misner is now directing the financial interests of Stanley Ketchel, middleweight champion of the world. Most of the leading professions are represented, even authorship, for "Addy" Misner has written limericks and cynicisms. Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who was Miss Minnie Misner, is one of the prettiest women in local society. With Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt and Miss Laura McKinstry, she shares the honor of being the favorite feminine guest at smart dinners.—The Wasp.

Good Story on Young Roosevelt

One good story has not yet been told anent the short visit of the Roosevelts at the St. Francis Hotel in this city. Every one in the hotel developed genuine enthusiasm for the youngest of the bob, but there was very little opportunity to exercise the elasty, for the young couple sought the retirement of their own apartment. At the hotel is a matron whose husband has recently amassed a fortune in oil, and when wealth is a recent acquisition, time is apt to lag heavily. So the matron had looked forward to a few rubber thrills which she did not get. She was unfortunate enough not to be in the lobby when they registered. Voila! (She is studying French), she would sit around and wait. She did. Voila! She has spotted them. She overhears them engage a machine for a ride to the Cliff, and she hastily engages it for another. She is on her coronet braids and trails after them. They alight and order luncheon at the Cliff House. She manages to get the next table and orders an elaborate repast. By training both ears on them, she can catch a word or two of their conversation. After a few moments of concentrated effort, she has a real bad in their direction, she hears a word that sounds like her late married name (on the toast—her own narrow). The word was Frederick. What's in a name? Fred and Ted sound just about the same, and yet the good dame would never have rushed after them if she had not confused them. Has it been possible to confuse Frederick with Theodore, even if Fred did look something like Ted's published photographs. Further aural concentration developed the fact that this young couple came from Los Angeles. The enterprising matron was out the cost of a luncheon and automobile hire, and of course she took it out on the chauffeur—who had not misled her. So he felt privileged to tell his soul fare about the adventure.—News Letter.

Assembly to Open Coming Social Season

To friends here Ned Greenway has written that he expects to return from his European rambles in the latter part of October. The social season has accordingly been scheduled to open at the Fairmont on the Assembly ball on November 4th, in the Louis Quinze ballroom. Preparations are already on foot on the program at the Fairmont—the first on Friday, December 2d, and the third December two months hence. Ned will turn the latter gathering into a Christmas party, and dispensations and favors will be suggestive of all that is most representative of the patron saint of the day—good old Santa Claus. The first Friday of February will also be made an assembly night. Later dates will not be announced, as the season is to be so limitated that he has several surprises in his larder that will prove important factors in setting the dates of future gatherings.

Greenway is now in Paris, the guest of the management of a well-known wine company, and is naturally having the time of his life. He will return in time for the Grand Prix; then, ho! for the tour of the fashionable watering resorts where he expects to gather all the latest Parisian kinks which he will introduce to San Francisco. Later he will motor along the alluring drives of the Riviera, and after a preliminary flyer to Monte Carlo he will cross over to Egypt to try a flyer in what promises to be the greatest aviation meet ever held. The social Czar has also received invitations to several famous aviators, and they have visions of Ned's entering the fashionable throngs at the Egyptian capital in his aeroplane to the accompaniment of notable gatherings in Egypt.—The Wasp.

Shadow of Vesta Victoria

Vesta Victoria, her chaperon and her pearls have been the talk of the cafes, which have vied with each other to interest the movements of her shadow, a chaperon for a large lace house. The queen of vaudeville and the drummer were everywhere together, accompanied by the chaperon, of course. Every night a basket of gorgeous flowers, and more bouquet of American beauties was landed over the footlights, and those who know are wondering if the costly fragrant blossoms to his expense, or for surely its salary could not stand such a nightly display, with suppers for three besides.—The Wasp.

Liane Is Married Again. Why Not?

That dear Madame Liane de Pougy, of heart-breaking Grass address and international Liane, who has had more scrapings matches and its specialties with Dan Cupid than any other woman of her acquaintance, the Circe who keeps the French press alive by the regularity of her sensation daily, is married—I was about to add "again," but the word "again" when used in connection with a marriage of Liane's is frowned upon as a redundancy by well-bred bonlevardiers. This time the marriage is to a Prince; verily, Liane knows 'em alive." True, the Prince is not quite so fabulously much to brag about, and Liane might easily have fished up a better prize from Cupid's bran pie. But she has added further to her heart to George's importunities for twenty-four hours. But dukes, princes, counors and dippy-topped perambulating sample bearers of the very best-plaited nobility tonight wear are becoming scarce on the European market since this season's rush abroad of American heiress hunters. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that the classy Liane de Pougy has awakened Avenue of the Avenue St. Germain, doesn't have to hustle with any American heiress to win out in the race for a husband. Her marriage with the Prince Ghika was one of those swift and "fade away" curtain-raising of capricious fate, just as was the "row" ball pitched by Governor Gillett when he broke into the Jeffries-Johnson game. The sparkling incident of the snarling of their nuptial knot reads like a yarn-yarn chapter from Ovid translated by Ned Greenway.—The Wasp.

Stole the Lady's Wardrobe

"I wonder who's wearing them now!" is the cry of Miss Braden of Oakland, who on her return from the Yosemite Valley found all her clothes had been stolen out of her apartment. The most mysterious thing about the robbery is the fact that the thief must be just Miss Braden's size, for not only were Paris gowns and silk petticoats purloined, but bags, corals and gold purses gone, but lingerie, silk stockings and all the dainty dresses had disappeared. Miss Braden had only recently returned from a trip abroad with her beautiful mother, and had outfitted herself from head to foot. She took outing togs to the valley, and is now without even a street suit. Fortunately for her, the shops provide ready-to-wear costumes that she can purchase until her wardrobe has been replaced. Miss Braden is popular in society here as well as among the bay. Her father is connected with the Selby Smelting Works.—The Wasp.

Mrs. Scott has a Charmed Life

Mrs. Lawrence Scott (Caro Crockett) bears a charmed life, for which every one here is grateful. She has been in some dreadful automobile accidents, and always escapes with a few scratches. The Lawrence Scotts were the only other occupants of the car when Mary Crocker Harrison was hurled to her death. Several times since then Mrs. Scott has been in smash-ups, but nothing makes a dent in her motor enthusiasm—not even the collision with the Payson machine the other day. Harry Scott, who was driving his cousin, likewise escaped with a few scratches, but he has had an attack of "nerves."

Angelo Crocker, who returned from the East the first of the week, has replenished her garrets, and now has the latest caprices in interior decoration. Miss Crocker is looking very pretty these days, and is affecting the very exaggerated hats and the tailor suits that look as if the material had given out before the skirt was completed. The ultra smart tailor skirt must stop short of measuring just a yard and a half around the bottom. If it does not, it is merely a fussy dress, and cannot set up as a smart skirt. It is probably a summer fancy, but while it lasts, if one has any little scraps around you can probably get several tailor skirts out of them.—News Letter.

Successful Business And Matrimony

Miss Marion H. Dodd, now the bride of Miss Meryl Gopcevic, the former husband of Miss Harriet Floyd, is a stunningly handsome young woman with a strongly Spanish cast. She was an Oregonian by birth, a taste in art and music which she came here from Los Angeles and has stayed at the Fairmont. She is interested in a wire corporation, and has split to possess a masculine aptitude for business. The wedding is quiet affair at the Russian Greek Church.—The Wasp.

Santa Barbara's Sob Squad

There is a sob squad at Santa Barbara. Of course the squad doesn't sob right out loud, because it's almost impossible to sob with a smart Parisian face, and tears have been known to spoil the most artistic make-up in a complexion. So the sobs are sort of ingrowning and very painful. The chief sufferers are Mrs. Robert H. Fleming and Astrid Newhall and Julia Langhorne. Young Roosevelt and his bride are the unwitting causes of the malady. It was expected, of course, that the young couple would spend their honeymoon in Santa Barbara, smart hotel, and the outsiders all calculated that the San Francisco contingent had the inside track. Roosevelt Irwin is engaged to Templeton Crocker, who knows the bride very well, and although it was a bit unexpected that this little set would annex the Teddy Jr.'s, interest in them at the start and the sands and the lovely roads. This congenial set is very intolerant of any one who has shown poor taste in choosing parents. Inherited wealth is a passport, and a gentleman is primarily one who does not have to work for a living. But a sweet and lovely spirit can reside in people committed to the following social theory. Such with democratic zeal these young people decided to regard Roosevelt as a bit eccentric, and really vulgar. They prepared to receive them just as though Teddy did not know the difference between body Brussels and Axminster.

But—and for the high receives and noble purpose! The Roosevelts did not go to the smart hotel! Instead they took a modest cottage at lovely but inexpensive Montecito, and prepared to enjoy Santa Barbara in a two-by sort of way. A friend who is staying at Montecito writes me that they are as cordial and unaffected as any young couple who ever honeymooned there, but they show a decided preference for their own society, which explains why the sobs appeared. In the first few months of married life. They hold themselves just as pleasantly remote from the smart set as from the common or garden variety of seasider. There is nothing supercilious, no taint of condescension in this aloofness, and the bride and groom carry society respect it; but the smart set, particularly the San Francisco contingent, has about decided that after all, a man who would choose to build a home for his bride after her bathing a "pull," is more than eccentric—he is a bit of a vulgarian? Otherwise he would have met their advances more than half way.—News Letter.

To Wed in September

No positive plans have been made for the marriage of Miss Anita Habenicht and James Bramwell Reader, whose engagement was made known to Wasp readers a few weeks ago. The wedding will not take place until midsummer, probably the end of September, and as the Habenichts are in mourning it will be a very quiet celebration. The bride-to-be is a very charming girl. She is the sister of that popular young matron, Mrs. C. B. Sloan, and of George Habenicht.—The Wasp.

San Jose Landmark Sold

The old home of the Murphy family in San Jose, a landmark in the Garden City for nearly half a century, was sold at auction last week. Standing in the setting of wide lawns at Market street and Auzerais avenue this old home is known to everybody in the Santa Clara Valley as the scene of many brilliant entertainments. History, political as well as social, was made in the old Murphy home in the days that are gone. For a long time it has been unoccupied and the ravages of decay are everywhere visible. The house is rickety with age, the grounds are weed-grown. Owing to the accumulation of debts in the Murphy estate it was necessary to sell it and it passed under the hammer last Saturday. As the property is very valuable, the old landmark will probably be torn down and replaced by a row of flats or a business structure. A superstitious feeling is said to be one reason why the old home will not be rehabilitated. All those who dwelt within it met with misfortune. It was erected by Joel Hinman, a wealthy mining man and politician, but he fell on evil days and sold it to Frank Huntsman, another mining man. Reverses came to Huntsman and he was forced to mortgage the home. When the mortgage was foreclosed it passed into the hands of James McCord, a rich man of this city. The Lawrence Scott family lived in the house of the residence, and he sold it to Martin Murphy, the father of Barney Murphy, the present owner. While the Murphys lived there the home was the social center of San Jose, but owing to his lavish spendings and his extensive charities, Martin Murphy died a poor man. Barney Murphy too went through his property, principally on account of a tender heart that could not withstand the appeal of charity or misfortune. The Murphy family has passed from its affluent estate and the visible sign of the family's wealth and hospitality and charity will soon be no more.—Town Talk.

Married—As Was Expected

A perennially interesting topic is for the nonce banished from the chat menu by the marriage of Mrs. Susie Darneal Paxton with William H. Talbot, quietly celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Darneal, in Alameda. The bride has been married twice before, the first time to William Bowen, the second time to Charles Paxton. Both Bowen and Paxton are dead. Mr. Talbot's former wife, from whom he was divorced, is Mrs. Annie Douglas Talbot, a sister of Mrs. Jerome Stanford. The three Talbot children, Avis, Willis and Eric, were at the wedding of their father with Mrs. Paxton.

The freshly-matrimonial venture of Susie Darneal was when she was a school-girl and eloped with young Bowen, son of the late P. M. Bowen. It was an ideally boy-and-girl romances based upon no stable affection, and the divorce sequel did not surprise. The bride-to-be evidently was happy for a time. Charles Paxton, the broker, who but recently committed suicide, was a generous provider, and both he and his dashing wife were regarded as spenders. It was said at the time the wife sued for divorce that she had seen some one she liked better. The Talbot-Stanford gentleman whom she has just married was known to be carried away by her beauty and charm. Her picture-face, and tears have been known to spoil the most artistic make-up in a complexion. So the sobs are sort of ingrowning and very painful. The chief sufferers are Mrs. Robert H. Fleming and Astrid Newhall and Julia Langhorne. Young Roosevelt and his bride are the unwitting causes of the malady. It was expected, of course, that the young couple would spend their honeymoon in Santa Barbara, smart hotel, and the outsiders all calculated that the San Francisco contingent had the inside track. Roosevelt Irwin is engaged to Templeton Crocker, who knows the bride very well, and although it was a bit unexpected that this little set would annex the Teddy Jr.'s, interest in them at the start and the sands and the lovely roads. This congenial set is very intolerant of any one who has shown poor taste in choosing parents. Inherited wealth is a passport, and a gentleman is primarily one who does not have to work for a living. But a sweet and lovely spirit can reside in people committed to the following social theory. Such with democratic zeal these young people decided to regard Roosevelt as a bit eccentric, and really vulgar. They prepared to receive them just as though Teddy did not know the difference between body Brussels and Axminster.

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Carpenter's Chinese Stories

There is no white man in San Francisco who knows Chinatown and its Oriental denizens like Grant Carpenter. As a newspaperman and as an attorney he has acquired an intimate understanding of the Chinese mind and character by no means inferior to Hearn's understanding of the Japanese or Burton's understanding of the Arab. So the news that he has disposed of a series of eight Chinese stories possesses considerable literary interest. These stories will appear in the Sunset Magazine in the beginning of next year at the same time that a serial by the Williamsons commences. I am glad to say that Carpenter has received the standard eastern rate for his fiction.—Town Talk.

The Mullally and Abbott Cases

What the Supreme Court will do in the cases of Thornwall Mullally and William M. Abbott, in behalf applying him for a writ of habeas corpus was made this week, is of course something that even the learned jurists who sit up aloft are as yet unable to say. But during Mr. Garret McEnerney's brilliant and impressive argument in support of the application it more than one member of the court gave voice to his sentiments. The opening of the argument Justice Angellotti manifested some impatience, indicating by his manner and words that in his opinion when a man is deprived of the right of trial his only redress is by way of mandamus proceedings. This at first struck one to be a somewhat entrenched preconceived notion, but its ventilation gave Mr. McEnerney opportunity to take a definite position. Socratic method, the result being that the disciplinarian's friendly signs of abandoning his position. Chief Justice Beatty and Justice Henshaw expressed themselves along lines that indicated their sympathy with the views of counsel, and Justice Shaw, though he was not inclined to take a definite position, seemed more disposed to acquiesce in, than challenge, Mr. McEnerney's exposition of the law.—Town Talk.

Married an English Lord

San Francisceans who met Viscountess Achbeau during her visit to this city last summer will be interested to learn that Miss Carter, the latest international bride, describe her as a very pretty girl, with soft brown hair and a fresh complexion. Her father, Ridgely Carter of Baltimore, is the American Minister to the Balkan States, at Bucharest. The bridegroom is the son of Lord and Lady Gosford. One of his sisters is Lady Mary Ward, another is Lady Alexandra Peabody. The one unmarried sister, Theodosia Achesen, is a beauty of the English beauty. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is a great friend of the Carter family. She sent the bride a diamond necklace. Mrs. Reid has been considerably embarrassed by the wedding reception.—The Wasp.

Evidence of Editorial Stupidity

For a fine illustration of the arrogance, bigotry and stupidity that are responsible for much of the personal abuse with which the editors of our newspapers teem read the article by Senator Bulkeley Wells in this week's scurrilous attack on Senator Leavitt which is now the basis of a libel suit. In this article he presents a summary of Senator Leavitt's acts as a member of the Legislature. The article is in the main free from personalities, and enumerates against the commonwealth such official acts of Senator Leavitt as were contrary to the Bulletin's sentiments regarding legislation. It is not charged that Senator Leavitt acted from corrupt motives, but clearly enough it is desirable that the inference of venality be drawn from the circumstances of the case. The Bulletin happened to be as opinionated as the Legislature when the direct primary was under discussion, the Bulletin to be consistent would have been impelled to impugn their honesty. And doubtless like Senator Leavitt they would have incurred the Bulletin's disinterested hostility by reason of their attitude toward the recall and on the question of the advisability of making it available for a man accused of crime to obtain a change of venue in the event of his being up against a personally conducted fight. The fact of the matter is that it is extremely difficult for any honest man with the courage of his convictions to reconcile his opinions on public questions with those of a daily newspaper editor. It is certainly it seems unreasonable that one should be expected to do so or to suffer from the charge that he is a hypocrite. Yet these are precisely the alternatives between which not only Senator Leavitt but all men in public life must choose their choice. For the press is worse than a fussy bully; it is a great bigot. All editors are not intolerant from sinister motives, but even many honest editors who have become habitually dogmatic and censorious, are like the buffalo who sees right forward, nothing on the right or left. They decline to opinions adopted without investigation, defend them without argument, and see no virtue or truth but on their own side. It is because of this temperament, because of the furious bigotry of a despotic press that most men in public office must either lose their self-respect by abandoning their convictions or their reputation by sticking to them.—Town Talk.

Romantic Girlhood Of "Harry" Floyd

When the first Mrs. Gopcevic died and the contest over her estate agitated local society, there were those who drew a parallel in her life and that of Gautier's Mademoiselle de Maupin, without some of the features that distinguished the fair heroine. Harriet "Harry" Floyd, though Christened Harriet by her parents, Captain and Mrs. Floyd, was called by the boyish nickname, her parents having desired a son and not a daughter. She was brought up like a boy, and lived almost all her life out of doors on the Lake county estate, which Captain and Mrs. Floyd made their home. She rode, hunted and fished, and roamed the woods with her dogs as sole companions. Frequently she dressed in masculine attire, which, being before the day of Miss Elkins, excited considerable interest. What wonder, when she was a handsome motherless girl, with lustrous dark eyes and the figure of an athlete, that she dreamed of the romance of her own? Beau, the brother of Miles Gopcevic, is a claimant to the kingdom of Servia and Bulgaria. Miss Gopcevic recently a stripman when Harry Floyd, from the wilderness of her own house, lost her heart to him. The marriage of the California heiress and the gritpman proved happy.—The Wasp.

A Change at the Fairmont

I am informed that commencing September 1 the Fairmont Hotel will be conducted on the American plan. This news is rather surprising as the tendency of all big hotels has been for a long time in the opposite direction. However, as the Fairmont is under the same management as the Palace, it is probably thought that there will be more profit in running one hotel on the European and the other on the American system. The only other hotels in this city run on the American plan are the Stewart and the Granada. The Bellevue, which will be opened about August 15, will also be conducted that way. So San Francisco will have just four American plan hotels of the first class. Throughout the State there are local conducted after the same fashion, notably Coronado and Byron. We know but that the action of the Fairmont signalizes the backward swing of the pendulum in hotel keeping to a system once extremely popular!—Town Talk.

Discusses Jack London Case

I have been watching, with some interest, the controversy that has been going on between a much-advertised local author and the rest of the world, which, with the exception of physically suits an opponent without being subjected to unduly unflattering necessity of accepting a smite in return. In setting this question, it may be to the disadvantages of the author that the rest of the world is very considerably his superior in point of age and its consequent unwillingness to have degraded a fundamental maxim of sociology that every young man is an ass. If he would have his individuality, put his crude socialistic ideas to work and substitute a manner of shrinking bashfulness for the alleged premature ripeness of his psychical being, this he would find that the large majority of his critics, could not but improve his ordinary style and bring dignity, decency and modesty of expression where they now find vituperation and scandal.—News Letter.

The Passing of Mine Hostess

There is mourning in the Latin Quarter, for Rosa, the good wife of Mattias Rossi, restaurateur, has passed away. Some time ago Rosa was stricken with dropsy and her husband took her to Switzerland in search of health. She never rallied and died a short time ago. Mattias has returned to his little Mexican restaurant in Broadway, a very sad man. Once Mattias told a newspaper interviewer, "I have to fight like hell," but despite their quarrels, occasioned by the possession of hot Latin tempers, they loved each other deeply and sincerely and were seldom separated. So greatly has Mattias been affected by the death of his wife that he is already thinking of looking for surcease of sorrow in an actress's arms. It is said that he will probably put a sign on the door reading, "Gone to Europe; will be back in six months." Rosa is to be buried in fashion that Mattias announced his last departure from the city, much as another might announce his going out for lunch. On that last trip Rosa accompanied her husband, but this time he will go a widowed and heartsick man. How proud Rosa was of her husband and of his ability to speak nearly all the languages of Europe! Only once did she see him humiliated, and that was when Haig Patigian, the sculptor, addressed him in Armenian and he could not answer. A beautiful woman was Rosa, with flashing black eyes, hair like the raven's wing and a figure that inspired many a Bohemian with poetical thoughts. She was her vivacious personality that went far to make Mattias' a famous resort. All over the world there are men and women who would say "God rest her" if they knew that Rosa had died.—Town Talk.

Mrs. Peter Martin's Sister's Activities

Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas, who, was Miss Blanche Oelrichs, is the active head of a movement in Newport to give an amateur theatrical entertainment this summer for the benefit of the Animal Refuge League of New York and the Newport Branch of the Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association. She is gathering young society girls and matrons together and arranging parts for them to play. She is enlisting Harvard, Yale, and Princeton men who last year were conspicuous in amateur theatricals in college, and assigning them parts for the show.—The Wasp.

The Paradise of Lady Smokers

From recent observations I am inclined to think that when ladies desire to enjoy the privilege of smoking in public they go to the Cliff House. I am at a loss to account for this condition unless it be due to the smiling tolerance which Miss Lost Valley extends to those members of the weaker sex who long for the unconventional indulgence. At the Cliff House the dear ladies may dally with the cigarette to their heart's content. On Monday night there was a distinguished dinner party at the Cliff House. It included, General and Mrs. C. R. Edwards, Colonel Biddle, Captain and Mrs. Lara Anderson and Miss McKinstry. All the ladies of the party except Miss McKinstry produced their cigarette cases during the dinner and smoked with evident enjoyment. Which goes to show that European manners are slowly stealing into this city by way of the Cliff House.—Town Talk.

Miss Coffin's Return

The stimulant of absence may become so overpowering that the mind will refuse to act contrary to the heart. In support of this thesis let me adduce the case of a charming girl who instead of summering along the Atlantic seaboard this year has returned to her suburban home in Marin county, greatly to the disappointment of her family. Incidentally everyone is on the qui vive for her next move, which is expected to take the form of a very formal announcement before many weeks. When Miss Sara Coffin made her au revoirs this spring, going East with her mother, Mrs. Alice Coffin, and her sister aNtalie, there were those who wondered what the effect of her absence would be. The family had planned to meet Mrs. Edward Griffith in New York, and Miss Sara was to accompany the latter, with whom she is a great pet, on a tour of the continent. The wanderlust had been propagated accordingly with trunks full of swagger traveling togs and daisy frilly things to wear at the various resorts in southern Europe. But Miss Claffin had left behind an ardent wooer in the person of Wharton Tiffany, and every mail brought her his letters from Rossi. Sara wasn't particularly interested in the various places where she visited in the East with her mother and sister and didn't even manage to induce excitement over the pretty dust which Mamma Coffin purchased in New York. Finally, when the date of their sailing, all the smiles had crept from her bonnie countenance. Timidly, but very determinedly, she told Mamma Coffin she wouldn't go abroad, that she much preferred Ann and Ann Rafael to all of Europe, and of foggy places in Europe that Mrs. Griffith would have to go alone. The family conflict was on, but Sara knew what she was about and wouldn't budge even across the ferry. Finally the family had to abandon the trip to Europe was deferred to Thurston's joy. Is great rejoiced.—Town Talk.

Plans That Ended in Divorce

The big fire caused countless upsets in countless callings in San Francisco and the husband quickly discovered that there are few congenial vocations open to a reformed army officer unacquainted with another profession. Husband and wife fondled the deceptive notion that with their experience in living the large life they could conduct one successfully. Mrs. Flower was enthusiastic over an idea of her own to make the rags and bones of the children in a captivating play-ground the special feature of the hotel. So the San Marco was leased with a large part of her funds. It proved an unfortunate venture. Husband, prone to miniature painting and gave teas in her studio to which society dutifully responded. Later the establishment was impelled her to go to Honolulu. She remained there from long ago and began to lay plans to open up a studio in the city of New York. Of late she has been dividing her time between her stepmother's ranch at Mountain View and the office of her attorney in this city while preparing the divorce on the ground of failure to provide. There is one child, a boy. After the final failure the husband tried his hand for brief seasons in the motor business, and in the jewelry line. He is now somewhere in the oil fields.—The Wasp.

Has a Fine Collection of Jewels

Fred Hotaling, the well-known clubman and popular bachelor, is a collector of precious gems. Few local bachelors are so wealthy as to indulge their taste in this way. His collection has also created a great deal of admiration. Mr. Hotaling wears diamond shirt buttons and an exquisite chain that goes around his neck, under his vest, and then out again to his watch locket. Recently, it is said, he took over $40,000 worth of jewels out of the safe deposit box. No doubt he dazzled the eyes of the maidens of Seattle, where he recently visited. Fred Hotaling is, by the way, a brother of R. M. Hotaling, the millionaire liquor man who raises prize Durhams, and hires theaters that he may indulge his desire to act Shakespearean roles.—The Wasp.

Abe Hummell's Tribute

Abe Hummell, the well-known New York lawyer, is enchanted with California. Having found San Francisco extremely to his liking, he has gone south to test the beauties of Los Angeles, Pasadena and the rest of the resorts. Hummell was expressing his satisfaction with San Francisco to a group of local friends a few days ago and one statement he made impressed them particularly. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have traveled considerably in my time, but not in Venice, not in Constantinople, not among the Swiss lakes, nowhere in fact, have I ever seen such beautiful sunsets as the sunsets I watched on San Francisco bay when I was in quarantine at Angel Island."—Town Talk.

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