

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor Address All Communications to JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager

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INSTRUCTIVE STUDIES BY MUMMIES AS FUEL FOR WOMEN



McDermott's, is little known nowadays. It is, nevertheless, effective, and is all the more worth learning because so few modern boxers understand it.

When your opponent leads with his left throw your left arm (not your right) in such a way as to catch the "heel" of his glove with the "heel" of your own, at the point (on both your



PIVOT ON LEFT FOOT.

glove and his) where the padding slopes sharply in toward the wrist on the outer (or left) side of the left hand.

Catching his glove at this point, push his hand and arm far to the left. Do this as the weight of his body rests on the ball of his left foot (as it will in delivering the blow). His balance will be thrown forward and will, for the instant, depend on one point—the ball of the left foot.

He will, before he can recover himself, face clear over to your left, leaving his left side exposed.

Then you can either land on the left side of his jaw or on his heart or kidneys with your right, or else you can (if you are quick enough) plant right and left hand blows on him before he can get back into position.

As you will readily see, it is necessary to try the cross-parry during the fraction of a second while the other man's weight is on his left foot and while his left arm is far extended. To do this it is sometimes well to step back just far enough to be out of his reach, before his blow has advanced to its full length, for the cross-parry must be applied while its victim's arm is extended.

There was once a sailor named George La Blanche who left the sea for the prize-ring. He was not one of the greatest fighters in the world as yet seen. But he invented and put into practice a blow which made him famous and which still goes by his name. This blow has since been ruled out and is not permitted in public boxing matches or fights.

La Blanche was in a fight some years ago and was not faring particularly well. His adversary rushed him. La Blanche whirled suddenly about. Before half the spectators could take in the significance of what had occurred there was a powerful, unconscious man lying in a heap on the canvas floor, while George La Blanche stood calmly awaiting the referee's decision.

Now, this is what La Blanche had done: As his adversary led for his face with the left La Blanche whirled about to the right, using the ball of the left foot as a pivot, lifting his right foot slightly from the ground and throwing enough impetus into the revolution to bring him clear around in a complete circle. As he whirled he threw out his right arm, extending it to full length and holding it as rigid as an iron bar. Around he came, and as his body whirled past the place toward which his antagonist was rushing La Blanche's right fist caught him on the side of the head. That is all there was to that fight.

In practicing with your sparring partner let him keep his right arm raised alongside his head to catch the blow. The moment you hit him, on completing the pivot, bring the right foot to the ground and brace yourself or the impact may topple you over. Even should your fist miss him some part of your forearm will land on the side of his head or face and the effect will be not unlike that produced by a blow from a baseball bat.

If you merely wish to avoid his rush and do not want to counter on him, pivot on your right foot instead of your left. This will take you out of his reach. Let me warn you again to be careful how you employ this pivot blow in a friendly bout.

The last blow we shall take up today was invented by "Kid" McCoy and used by him in knocking out Steve O'Donnell, three years ago.

Swing for your opponent's face with your left. If you land, or if he blocks the blow, try again until he draws back and the swing goes past his face. Now, bring back the hand toward the left and land on his face on the return journey. This return must be very rapid, and the body must turn slightly at the same time. In order to give strength to the blow, which would otherwise be merely a slap.

Let the left go past his face, remember, and then bring it back, landing it against the left side of his jaw, the arm being bent and the impetus supplied by the shoulder and body. It is not difficult and can be used to great effect against any one who is not accustomed to it.

THE UNIVERSITY ROBBED.

THE robbery of the university by its secretary is not exactly a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The thief had been going the pace for some time, and his doings were so public as to provoke caution had the affairs of the institution been under strict observation by the Regents. Nothing is easier than locking the stable after the horse is stolen, and "I told you so" is always said too late. The Regents are all men of affairs, foremost among the citizens of the State, but that has not prevented the robbery of an institution the most worthy and the most needy in the State.

Is it not true that in selecting Regents our Governors have made the mistake of choosing men whose constant direct and personal attention to the university is impossible by reason of the greatness and the absorbing nature of their own affairs?

The president has upon him executive duties requiring all of his time. These make necessary his general contact with our public men and all of our material interests. He must be the representative of the university at public gatherings, and of necessity has to travel much and appear on great occasions far away to fitly represent the culture and purpose of the University of California. The busy Regents, pressed for time in their own matters, though specially charged with committee duties relating to the finances, are in just the condition to be misled by an adroit scoundrel, such as the secretary seems to have been. Superserviceable, ready to relieve others of work and to oversee and report upon the things that they should do, he was placed in the exact position where his champagne thirst would naturally seek quenching outside of his beer income.

Now that the exposure has come through his reckless use of long immunity from any check, the discovery is made that should long ago have been made by those whose business it was to make it. The bookkeeping turns out to be archaic. No proper system of checks upon the secretary existed. He received and handled money which, under a proper system, should never have come into his hands. He was permitted to sow the wind and reap of the whirlwind without let or hindrance.

The Call has often said that on the directing boards of State institutions there should be an element composed of citizens especially skilled and highly interested in the work of the institution to be managed. Penologists with business ideas should be among the managers of prisons; experts in juvenile training and devoted to it should be in contact with the reform schools, and so on up to the State University. In its regency should be, if possible, of university training and with such leisure in their own affairs as to have time left to look into the bookkeeping and watch the income and outgo of every penny of income. It is true that the Regents have an auditor, a paid officer, but no good has come of passing to him the responsibility that belonged to them, for neither he nor they noticed the defective bookkeeping, the slipshod ways and the door left open to dishonesty until inadvertence of the criminal himself exposed it all.

The theft soon mounted up to \$60,000, and may go higher. But whatever its amount it may still be a cheap price to pay for a thorough reformation in the business methods and safeguards of the university. In effecting this the fact should not be lost sight of that gentlemen whose vast affairs require that they be constantly alert to prevent just such crimes happening in their own business have no time left to keep watch against them in the business of the university.

The criminal himself is undeserving of sympathy. Since he was a boy he had been a beneficiary of the institution. He had no one dependent upon him; his official income was ample for his honest needs, and, above that, was sufficient to have laid for him the foundation of fortune. All of this opportunity he threw away. He was an ingrate to his benefactors and disloyal to his trust. Now he takes himself for a text and preaches morality to others. The most useful lesson he can teach is by suffering the extreme penalty of his offense. It is for others to point out the moral taught by his downfall.

Those who have trusts in keeping for others have only one safe method to follow, and that is pointed out by the rules of honor and honesty that are known to all men, gentle and simple alike. The desire for a life of pleasure enjoyed by dishonest courses is the maggot that destroys character and purpose. The end is always sure. It is disgrace, punishment, sometimes suicide and always despair. No doubt many a man is deterred from taking the first step by the constant vigilance of those whose business it is to watch his work, and it is unwise and grievous that such oversight is so often omitted.

King Peter of Servia, by a series of diplomatic blunders and by conduct obnoxious to the kingly tribe in Europe, is making himself thoroughly disliked abroad. Peter is wise in his time and generation. Precedent argues very forcibly for him that at all hazards he must not become disliked at home. He can therefore give play to his disposition abroad.

HAPPY BAILEY.

SENATOR BAILEY of Texas is a picturesque figure in the Senate. He is rich, learned and impulsive. The latter quality led him to make an attack on Senator Beveridge of Indiana in a moment of exaltation that did not advance him in the scale of statesmanship nor in the esteem of his colleagues. He is a debater of the high horse variety, and when he takes the floor the welkin stuffs its ears with cotton and waits till the clouds of sound roll by.

The other day he took the floor against Cuban reciprocity and ripped it up, back and front, leaving it looking like a bee tree that has been split to get at the honey. When he finished the bill passed the Senate by the votes of such Democratic Senators as Blackburn, McCree, Cockrell, Stone, Bacon, Clay and many others. After all this intellectual and muscular exertion of Senator Bailey it is amusing to read in the Hearst newspapers that he only presented the ideas of William Randolph Hearst, as evolved from his gray matter and published in his several journals.

Happy Bailey! He did not have to think at all in that long speech. Mr. Hearst had done it for him. The usefulness of Mr. Hearst is without bounds. He is the thinkster for the statesmen of his party in Congress, and his idea factory is continually putting labeled goods on the market for their intellectual wear. But we must have no more pretense that these mental goods are home made.

If Mr. Bailey had been duly grateful to Mr. Hearst he would have risen for oratory and said: "I am now about to be the medium of conveyance and oral transit

of the ideas of Hon. William Randolph Hearst of New York, who wears the head of the party on his shoulders. I am but a humble instrument, with no more relation to the cause of what I utter than a water pipe has to the creation of the water that flows through it. I am simply a job of oratorical plumbing, a patchwork of pipe and soft solder. The affluent spring which supplies the ineffably lofty and fluid thought which passes through me is in the other house. Attend now, Senators, while my oratorical works work on the supply of thought which gushes in a ceaseless stream from Mr. Hearst."

That would be doing the proper thing, for we insist that it is wrong to compel Mr. Hearst to call public attention in his own paper to the source of Bailey's speech in himself. His shrinking modesty approaches the making of such a revelation with painful diffidence, and it is wrong in Bailey and others to compel him to stop the machinery of his thought factory and bank the fires while he calls attention to his output.

Secretary McKowen, the thieving official of the University of California, squandered his stolen thousands upon the harpies of the racetrack. There might be some satisfaction in the affair if he were the only crop of crime which the course produces, but the merchants who have trusted employees in this neighborhood have yet to expert their books.

THE NATIONAL PARKS.

SINCE the policy of reserving large tracts as national parks for scenic purposes was adopted by the Government there has been little or no consideration of the economic side of the matter. The parks are administered by regular soldiers, an officer being considered as superintendent, and the parks have been protected against grazing, and to a degree from fire. There has come to pass now the need of some adjustment of the rights of private owners of lands, acquired long before the reservations were made, and who are deprived of all beneficial use of their property, and the adjustment also of certain rights founded in public needs.

The first park reservation made in this State was the one known as the Yosemite National Park, which saddles the Sierra, taking in an enormous tract, and in that part of it lying between the Merced and Tuolumne rivers including more private property than it does public domain. When this reservation was made it was delimited by the map and not by inspection. For this reason much territory was included that has no scenic value whatever. This is especially true of the portion mentioned between the two rivers, which no one was ever known to visit for enjoyment of the scenery.

Within the reservation are hydraulic powers, on the streams, and an enormous water supply present in natural reservoirs, and possible by creating artificial reservoirs to hold the great fall of storm waters without impairing the normal flow of the streams throughout the year. The Secretary of the Interior is clothed with discretionary power to grant privileges in the Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant national parks, in this State, "for electrical plants, poles and lines for the generation and distribution of electrical power, and for telephone and telegraph purposes, and for canals, ditches, pipes and pipe lines, flumes, tunnels or other water conduits, and for water plants, dams and reservoirs, used to promote irrigation, or mining or quarrying, or the supplying of water for domestic, public or any other beneficial uses," provided that such permit shall not be incompatible with the public interest. The Secretary of the Interior is understood to decline, in all cases, to exercise this discretion, on the ground that such economic uses will impair scenery and enhance the cost of administration of the parks, and on the further ground that the use of such privileges will be profitable to those who make the necessary investments.

As far as the matter of cost is concerned the parks are patrolled by soldiers of the regular army, and the cost is only their pay and subsistence, which would be the same if they were stewed in barracks instead of having the freedom of the mountains. No doubt Congress in bestowing the discretion upon the Secretary had in view the fact that these reservations included certain great economic resources, the use of which is necessary to the life of the people, as, for instance, electrical power and potable water, and that permission to use meant their profitable use to somebody. If a pole line or a water ditch impair natural scenery, its impairment by a passable road is much greater. Yet roads must be made to enable people to get in sight of the scenery, which otherwise will remain like the moonshine or sunshine in "Mazepa"—"in lonely luster."

No doubt the Secretary intends to make it plain that a re-examination of these hastily made reservations is necessary, in order to reform their lines and conform them at once to the preservation of natural scenery and the use of economic resources where there is no scenery to impair. It is a vital question to so many people in this State that it is quite necessary that our members of Congress address themselves to a speedy solution.

Our Canadian friends have recovered from their fit of anger toward us and are beaming with satisfaction at the report of their experts that they can so fortify Wales Island as to make untenable any other position we may assume in Portland Canal. When they think again and realize that what we want are the profits of peace, not the glories of war, we may expect to hear more about Yankee craft and English crookedness.

The minister who landed among us stranded from the Antipodes and seeking a wife to pour financial balm upon his wounds came with the wrong credentials. He had the necessary impudence and assurance, was certainly worthless enough to interest some of our silly girls, but he lacked that primary essential to the success of such quests. He took no pains to prove the taint in a man's blood commonly called bluff.

It seems almost a criminal waste of time and a useless expenditure of the money of the State to send to the penitentiary the two boys, aged 17 years and 15 years respectively, who were captured the other day while plying their trade as highwaymen on the water front. They certainly know now as much as they would learn in San Quentin, and a post-graduate course in crime for them would be as if painting the lily.

A gypsy was arrested in Oakland a few days ago for telling fortunes without a license. The old woman should have been charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, and she should also be arraigned for conspiring against the fair name of the town by exciting some of its denizens to an exhibition of suppressed and undesirable traits.

TALK OF THE TOWN AND TOPICS OF THE TIMES

A Sailor's Shot.

Occasionally there are published accounts of policemen pursuing and shooting at fleeing criminals, but it is not often that there is a record of such successful aim as that of John Coulter, who was a member of the police force in the latter part of the fifties. Coulter was a bluff old fellow, who had seen many days on board ship and understood more about ropes and sails than he did about target practice, yet he made a remarkable record while on the force.

Early one morning, while under the shadow of some trees on the Battery-street side of the Postoffice, he saw three men breaking into a store at the corner of Battery and Jackson. As soon as he had satisfied himself that a burglary was being committed, he crept up on the men, revolver in hand, and called upon them to surrender. The men did not surrender, but started off on a dead run in three different directions, one going north on Battery street and the two others running one up and the other down Jackson street. Coulter immediately fired, first at the one on Battery street, then at the one up Jackson street and then at the one running down that street. Each shot was followed by an exclamation of pain. Before assistance arrived Coulter investigated. One went to the Morgue, the other two to the prison hospital and Coulter was the police hero of the time. The dead burglar proved to be one Morris, a brother of "Tipperary Bill," who was under the ban of the Vigilance Committee of '56.

Called Collis Down.

Collis P. Huntington, world leader in railroad finance, a genius for organization and a controlling factor for many years in the great Wall Street game, was called to time once and so completely floored by a humble employe of the Southern Pacific Company that the story is one of the sacred traditions in local railroad annals.

During one of Huntington's visits to the coast some time before his death a clerk from the general auditor's office was sent to the president with a business message. Blank, the clerk, had no trouble in reaching Huntington's quarters, but upon entering found the great financier stretched out on a lounge, sound asleep. Blank figured that it would not do to arouse the slumbering magnate, so he waited. An hour elapsed before Huntington awakened.

"Young man, how long have you been waiting?" demanded Huntington, after Blank stated his errand.

"An hour, Mr. Huntington," was the reply.

"Well, sir; why didn't you wake me, sir?" asked the multi-millionaire. "The Southern Pacific Company cannot afford to have you waste an hour of your time. Suppose every one of the 25,000 men on the payrolls wasted an hour a day, where would we land?"

"I had thought of that," responded Blank, "but I concluded that if the Southern Pacific Company could not afford to lose an hour of your time at the salary you are getting, Mr. Huntington, it could stand my wait until you had finished your nap."

How "Bughouse" Was Born.

"Did you ever know the origin of the word 'bughouse'?" said Tom Ernst, a prominent member of the Musicians' Union, to some friends. "Well, a few years ago I was playing clarinet in the orchestra of a theater in Oakland. We had a little old German playing viola, who loved only his instrument and himself. He was altogether too quiet to suit the drummer, who was always up to something, from trying some one's instrument up and hanging it in the files, to nailing a plug hat to the wall—which he once did because the cornet player had the temerity to wear it.

"It was the season for the big brown electric light bugs, as they are called, and the chance to do something to the viola player was not to be lost to Mr. Drummer. He gathered a dozen or two of the big beetles, and before the musicians arrived one creeping squeezed them through the sound-holes into the viola. Nothing happened until the leader dropped his baton for the first note of the overture, and then—whang! went the bugs as the bow struck the strings. The little German if not 'bughouse' was not far off. He nearly fell off his seat, and on partly recovering composure began swearing loudly in German. When the overture ended the only explanation that could be obtained for his erratic conduct was, 'You take me and my fiddle for bughouse, hey?'"

Pyttaleia.

Aegina's foam is high and wild Where Pan immortal sits enthroned. But thou and I with flying sandals Seek Pyttaleia's sacred shore.

The City of the Violet Crown Well know that rocky island's frown. But thou and I together learned What fires upon her altars burned.

Oh, many a sail goes gleaming there, Bound for some olive-garden fair; But thou and I made fast to her And found her cypress lover.

The shrines of Aphrodite lift Their smoke in every village-rift; But thou and I, with flying sandals, Propitiate the woodland Pan.

Remarkable Blind Man.

That the loss of one sense quickens the activity of others is shown by the story of George Hebble, a blind musician of Indianapolis. When seen at his home Mr. Hebble told a Pittsburg Gazette correspondent how his remarkable gift of recollection was developed. "I never could understand," he said, "why it should not be just as easy to remember things as to remember where things are. For instance, many people—most people I presume—will say, when looking for some paper or other important article, that it is in a certain pigeonhole or drawer in a desk. They cannot tell what the contents of the paper itself relates to, but they know just where it is. Now, it has always seemed to me that it should be just as easy to remember a thing as to remember where that thing is. That is the whole secret of a good memory. "My earliest recollections," he went



on, "are about mathematics and numbers. My mind seems to be of a mathematical turn. At the age of five and a half years I knew the multiplication tables from one up to twelve. I learned the tables up to the sixes on the first day I attended school. In October, 1868, and before November, of the same year, I knew them all.

"I have a large circle of acquaintances in Indianapolis. I know the names and street addresses of over 5000 persons. Sounds like a good many, doesn't it? But I know them. And stowed away in the folds of my brain I have the telephone calls of 2100 people, on both the old and new phones. Often, when I am unable to go to sleep at night I lie in bed and classify these telephone numbers and addresses until I get to sleep. Other people count telephone numbers for the same purpose, but my telephone calls and street numbers always bring the desired result for me. I have never been able to get very far above 2100 of the phone calls, as I always go to sleep, and so I don't know exactly how many of the calls I have in my memory. I could easily commit the whole of 'both telephone companies' directories if it were necessary, but I have never done so."

A Unique Symbol.

President John H. Finley of the College of the City of New York writes interestingly in the Christmas issue of Harper's Weekly about the amusing conflict which has gone on in Cuba between the old, aristocratic traditions inherited from Spain and the newly adopted principles of democracy. One significant incident which is recalled by Dr. Finley is particularly diverting. He had gone to the cathedral at Havana to be present at a special service and was watching the procession of acolytes, priests and Bishops as it left the altar. In the rear walked the Archbishop, in purple vestments, conversing with the President, clad in the plain garments of America's official habit. "But it was the leader of the procession," writes Dr. Finley, "whose office attracted my attention. A tall, pale-faced young priest was bearing, solemnly and with important air, a great silver salver, and on it—not some venerated ecclesiastical symbol, but the gilded emblem of kingly majesty and prerogative, nor even the martial insignia of a v.eroy, but the plain, unadorned, somewhat ruffled, tall, black silk hat of the President of the republic. Democracy must have its crown, and the church had found in it the conventional, serviceable, every day covering of a citizen."

World's Fair Notes.

Work is progressing rapidly on Brazil's pavilion at the World's Fair. It will be one of the largest and finest foreign Government buildings. It will cost \$150,000.

In the reproduction of Jerusalem at the World's Fair already more than 200 distinct buildings have been erected. The site covers twelve acres and all buildings will be ready for use when the Exposition opens April 30.

The installation of the sculpture on the Palace of Electricity at the World's Fair has brought out all of the architectural beauty of that mammoth structure, and it will be universally admired by the World's Fair visitors.

The builders at the World's Fair are now concentrating their efforts on the Pike. Several of the largest concessions are already constructed and scores of others are being built in record breaking time. The Pike has been paved its entire length with vitrified brick.

With December at the World's Fair began the installation of exhibits. Nearly all of the great exhibit palaces are finished and have been turned over to the exhibits departments. Only the Mines, Manufactures and Forestry, Fish and Game buildings are incomplete, and January 1 will see these last three finished. The work of installation will reach its height in February.

Paradon Us.

The San Francisco Call devotes a page of its Monday's edition to writing up the resources of the interior of the State. Yesterday it published articles from the pens of C. M. Foster and N. P. Chipman, president of the California State Board of Trade. Both are interesting and will undoubtedly draw attention to California's almost unlimited resources. The Call is on the proper course. All of the great journals of the State should devote a little more of their space to building up the interior, and they will not be neglectful of their own interests in doing so, for as the interior progresses so will their own homes advance and increase in material wealth.—Madera Daily Tribune.

It is time to export Townsend's Glace Fruits East for Christmas now.

Townsend's California glace fruits and candies, 50c a pound, in artistic stretched boxes. A nice present for Eastern friends. 715 Market st., above Call Bldg.

The total shipments of wine from the island of Madeira amounted to 629,000 gallons last year, valued at \$285,900. Large quantities were shipped to England, Germany, Russia and the United States.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 230 California street. Telephone Main 1042.

Inkstands, gold pens, desk pads, lap tablets, desk sets, desk calendars and noters for Christmas. Sanborn, Vail & Co.