

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager

PUBLICATION OFFICE, THIRD AND MARKET STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO

FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1905

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

THE Assessor of Sacramento County reports 1000 new homes established in that county recently, presumably since the last assessment. This access of population is attributed to the good work of the Sacramento Development Association and its exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition.

The valley has been recently visited and inspected by N. Kaumanns, the German agricultural and sugar expert, who was induced to make this visit by the exhibit at St. Louis. In an interview in the Sacramento Union he says that he found in the valley a wonderful combination of soil and climate, and that the soils are some of the finest in the world. He agrees with Mr. William H. Mills and other wise observers that the large landed estates are the greatest obstruction to the development of the valley, and so was able to rejoice with them at the good results that have followed the subdivision of the Bidwell property at Chico, and those that will come from the intended subdivision of 40,000 acres of the Cone ranch and of the Boggs and Glenn ranches in Colusa and Glenn counties. He was impressed by the stubborn solidarity of the Haggin ranch, and declared that such a property in Germany would be supporting thousands of people instead of being vacant of population. Lying so near to Sacramento, it put to its best uses by subdivision that property would add immensely to the prosperity and importance of the city.

Herr Kaumanns uttered the wisdom of all and the conclusions of many when he said that the small farmer is of the most economic value to the State, being the backbone of the community. Where large landholders prevail are found the very rich and the very poor, and the loss of individual effort and energy impairs the strength of the State. But other States have undergone the same experience that California has had, as New York did in the case of the Patroon grants. Here there were two reasons for the large landholding policy. One was founded in the old Spanish and Mexican grants, made when the only use of land was for stock raising. This was supplemented by the percentage of our early population from the South, where the institution of slavery caused the holding of land in large plantations, worked by slave labor.

The reason for the large grants passed away as the nobler uses of the soil became known, and the large plantation system is not compatible with the labor conditions in a free State. But the pride of possession has influenced the solidarity of these great estates until they have encountered economic and financial conditions which are breaking them up. From stock raising they passed into wheat growing, and farming them for forty years in that crop has reduced their product below the point of profit. The compulsion of circumstances is overcoming the pride of possession, and these estates are breaking into small tracts, with the greatest benefit to the Sacramento Valley and the whole State.

In small tracts the land is easily subjected to variety farming and rotation of crops. Mr. Kaumanns observes that scientific farming requires rotation of crops to hold the soil to its highest capacity. In Germany necessity requires intensive farming, and this is best practiced where the holdings are small.

He will next examine Sonoma County and will then visit Fresno and make a survey of the San Joaquin Valley. His observations in the southern half of the great valley of California will be of the keenest interest. Of course there are those among us who know the capacities of that great country lying between the Sierras and the Coast Range, and running from the Tehachapi to Mount Shasta. But we want them made known to the outside world, and to do this there is no better way than to have the country put under the eye of a stranger like this expert German. In his country all industrial operations, and especially farming, are so carried on as to get all the results, preventing waste. He was struck by the waste of grain caused by our methods of harvesting and did not find compensation for it in the volunteer crop which followed the scattering of grain that should have been saved.

We are in the habit of associating the economies of farming and fruit raising on the continent of Europe with the necessities of poverty, and are given to boasting that the condition of our people does not require such saving habits. This is a false view. Our study should be the prevention of poverty by the practice of economy and the prevention of waste. We have been wasteful because our resources are great. But we must not forget that population finally overtakes resources, and a saving and economical habit, acquired in advance of that time, means an indefinite extension of the resources themselves. California has the capacity to support many millions of people. Rotation of crops, saving of waste, putting the soil to its best uses, and keeping it in condition to respond to any call made upon it, are the means for increasing the population which it will support. Two millions of people may live well where one million lives wastefully.

TOURIST TRAVEL.

THE two kinds of travel to California are now apparent all over the State. The home-seekers, induced by cheap railway rates, are appearing in the country towns, and are looking with all eyes at the vernal landscape. These travelers come with a purpose beyond the pleasures of the trip. They want to study the State as a place in which to permanently settle. Fortunately there are everywhere local organizations and auxiliaries of the State Board of Trade, whose members know the unwisdom of having discontented settlers. They know that any deception as to the quality of land or other physical features is sure to cause such discontent. Therefore it is made practically impossible that speculators shall nullify the good effect of this influx of home-seekers, and the State will get the benefit of the permanent settlement of such of them as yield to the lure of the opportunity offered for the betterment of their condition.

The other class of travelers are the pleasure seekers, those who are expelled from their Eastern homes by the harsh winter and the wintry spring. These yearly seek a sojourn in San Francisco in greater numbers. The novelties of this city appeal to them. It is more cosmopolitan than any other American city. Heretofore somewhat indifferent to this class of travel, San Francisco now begins to appreciate and cater to it. When the extensive plans for parks and pleasure places are executed and the results are added to what we already have, this will become one of the show places of the world. It will have the light and color of Paris, the alertness of Chicago and the staid morality of Boston in a spectacular blend that will satisfy all tastes.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE CALL frequently receives letters intended for publication, but which in the nature of things cannot be published. A variety of reasons exists for their non-publication. Some of them are too long, some are not signed, some are written on both sides of the paper and some contain personal attacks. In many instances, however, the communications deal with subjects of considerable importance and The Call would be very glad to publish them were it not for the existence of one or more of the objections stated.

Communications concerning matters of public interest are always valuable to a newspaper and we would be pleased to have our subscribers, or others, address us notes on any subject they deem of sufficient importance to be worthy of public attention. Such letters should be brief, should be signed, and should be free from anything in the nature of an attack upon another person. The Call will be glad to receive letters of the character stated, and will take pleasure in publishing them for the benefit of its readers.

Speaker Cannon as a "watchdog" fails miserably in the matter of private pension bills. The record of this Congress goes to the top notch with over 8000 bills passed.—Springfield Republican.

THANKS TO THE POSTMAN.

By TROY ALLISON

MELISSA chewed her penstiff in pretended meditation and kept one eye on Dicky Johnston. Dicky had shown signs of wandering away from the fold and must be brought back. It was decidedly against Melissa's creed to allow another girl to receive even an iota of admiration from one of her cohorts.

There was a girl belonging to the house party, a blonde, Melissa thought contemptuously, who had received entirely too much attention from Dicky. Therefore he must be disciplined. His lesson must be decided at once, and to the point. Having decided upon this Melissa gave her pen one conclusive nibble and commenced writing hurriedly. As there happened to be no one in the library at the time except Dicky and herself his attention was soon attracted by the aggressive scratching of her pen.

"Why don't you stop and amuse a fellow?" he urged. "What are you writing?"

"Oh—just writing," she replied, wilyly, her tone insinuating that there were subjects beyond his comprehension. "To a man?" he asked, sulkily. "A very charming man," she assured him impressively. "It's rather an important communication," she continued. "I wish you would look over this page and see if it is too stilted."

Dicky took it up with relieved alacrity, but his face lengthened visibly as he read. "I have decided that I will marry you—I don't know why I hesitated. If you can get away from town for a day, take the Ederton local for Mrs. Wimberly's country place and you can tell me if—you are glad I didn't keep you waiting any longer."

Dicky handed it back and commenced a study of the library fire. "I don't see how any one could possibly call that stilted," he growled. Melissa signed the note, sealed it and directed it to Dr. John Hartly. Considering the fact that Dr. Hartly was only a very casual acquaintance and had never asked Melissa to marry him, nor had she ever dreamed of his asking her to do so, this literary achievement might be regarded as rather theatrical.

She gathered up her writing materials, slipped the letter into her writing pad and started for the door. Stopping a minute to fluff up her brown pompadour, she fixed a reproachful eye upon the object of her vengeance.

"There would have thought, Dicky," there were volumes of surprise in her voice, "that you would have cared anything at all for blondes," she went out and shut the door rather dejectedly.

As she crossed the hall the letter slipped out and fell to the floor, making no sound on the soft rug. She went upstairs, unconscious of her loss, smiling in anticipation of the interview she would have with Dicky when his repentance had reached a proper depth. It was Melissa's theory, gained in her twenty years, that men needed to be taught lessons occasionally. When Dicky had learned his lesson she would acknowledge that she had not yet sent the letter, but was keeping it for further consideration.

The footman, coming for the letter bag a few minutes later, was unconscious of the inner workings of Melissa's mind. He picked up her letter and posted it with the others.

Two evenings later the maid brought Melissa Dr. Hartly's card. "I took him to the library, miss. He said he could only stay a few minutes and wanted to see you alone." Melissa went down stairs, her forehead puckered into a wondering frown. She could not imagine why Dr. Hartly had come to Ederton to talk with her about anything.

He came forward to meet her, and she felt a little constrained in her greeting of this man of forty, who seemed so different from Dicky and the others. "I'm so glad you decided to marry me," he said cordially, his eyes twinkling. "I hoped some woman would



"I know it was a joke," he resumed.

some day. You see, I have been so busy—I rather neglected it." Melissa gasped with astonishment. "Who said anything about my marrying you?" she finally managed to say, her eyes round with surprise.

He took her note from his inside pocket, adjusted his eye-glasses and looked at it carefully.

"I certainly hope I have not been mistaken," he said, handing it to her. Two large tears rolled down her cheek. "I don't know how on earth—I thought this was upstairs in my writing pad," she said miserably. "It was just a joke to tease Dicky—I oh—I never was so ashamed in my whole life," she said, dropping into a big library chair and hiding her face against its back.

He walked behind the chair, and leaning on it, looked down smilingly upon the brown head that rose and fell with each sob.

"I knew there was some kind of joke connected with it, childishness, soothingly. There was obliged to be some joke about the fact that a girl your age would dream of marrying—an old man like me."

"I don't think you are—old," came in muffled tones from the padded back of the chair.

"I knew it was a joke," he resumed, "but it seemed rather pleasant. Somehow I had an irresistible desire to come and see—why you did it."

"I wouldn't have you feel mortified about it for the world," leaning over until his lips touched a stray tress of her hair that shone red-brown on the black leather chair back. "I am twice as old as you, little girl, but I am young enough to understand a joke. Do you feel all right about it now?"

The brown head nodded in a comforted manner. "And yet, Melissa, I can't help realizing how nice it would be—if it were not a joke. If there ever comes a day when you could possibly mean it—won't you send it back?"

The figure was as still as the chair that held it, and Hartly sighed as he turned off. "Never mind—of course you could not. I'll say good-bye now, and catch the nine o'clock train for town. Won't you shake hands to show we understand each other?"

Melissa blindly held out a wavering hand that he grasped in his big one. His expression changed with lightning rapidity, for there could be no doubt about it—the girl had gently

RELIGION IN THE NOVEL

Hall Caine, the brilliant novelist, contributes to the March number of the Booklovers' Magazine a very strong plea for the novel as an ethical force. "I rebel with all the strength of my soul," he says, "against the shallow opinion, so current, that the novel is a puppet show as unnormal as Punch and Judy and as completely void of moral responsibility." The novel, as Mr. Caine conceives it, must deal with life as a whole and with its deepest problems. Among these latter religion is easily supreme. Hence the novelist's treatment of it should be didactic, though it should not be bald or controversial. It must "unite the simplest pictures of life with the deepest problems of humanity." On this ground Mr. Caine defends his use of biblical subjects. He deliberately chose as his themes "the great legends that have endured since the beginning of the world" as far more substantial foundations for stories than any merely fictitious plots. Pictures of "the human comedy," Mr. Caine argues, cannot leave out of consideration such a vital constituent as religion; and even if, as in the works of Charles Dickens and Charlotte Bronte, the hypocrisies of professors of religion be mercilessly exposed, "the net result can only be good for religion itself, inasmuch as it must help to purify religious life." Much less should the shortcomings of the clergy be spared on the ground of lowering the atmosphere of reverence in which the clergy should be held. That would be to put a gloss on whatsoever things are untrue, dishonest, unjust, impure and of evil report. For religious novels ought not to be mere sermons or philosophical tracts thinly veiled, but parables "wherein the mind is above all things fixed upon the fact." Incidentally Mr. Caine pays his respects to traditional theology and says that "the doctrine of 'objective redemption' has been the occasion of grievous temptations in the history of the church and, if a layman dare to say so, the theory of 'conversion' as it is taught in these days by nearly all the evangelical branches of the Christian church, from the Roman Catholic to the Salvation Army, seems to be in danger of concealing the true meaning of religion, in so far as it allows itself to adopt that free and easy attitude to past transgressions which has always been a snare." This he says in reply to Dr. Clifford, who charged him with emphasizing the doctrine of doom to the exclusion of the doctrine of grace. Finally, Mr. Caine predicts that the novel will be the greatest ethical teacher of the future, because its capacity for influence is unlimited. "There is no pulpit," he says, "with a sounding-board that will send the human voice so far."

pressed into his palm the note that had been concealed in her hand. "Melissa!" he exclaimed, unbelievably, seating himself upon the arm of the big chair.—(Copyright, 1905, by F. C. McClure.)

POLICE JUDGES AND LENTY TO THE CRIMINALS

To the Editor of The Call: As a faithful reader of The Call I have noted the marked increase of burglary, robbery and footpadism in San Francisco within the last six months—the usual winter harvest of felonies. Your paper abounds in reports of these crimes. I have counted fifty-six reported cases of hold-ups and incidental beatings and maimings, thirty-seven of burglary, and many of vandalism and depravity. Contrary to their former habits, the footpads now usually beat their victims, often fracturing skulls, breaking ribs, etc. These inhuman crimes are of almost daily occurrence. So inadequate is the judicially abandoned police force to suppress this reign of crime that there has been talk of forming a vigilance committee. Permit me to call your attention to the remarkable fact that every policeman of experience, every police reporter in San Francisco, and every police court lawyer knows that the criminals of this city have so strong a pull with the police courts that it is folly for patrolmen to make arrests. Men on the force have been disciplined and even "broken" for making certain arrests. About two weeks ago, for an example of the uncertainty and inadequacy of judicial discipline, Judge Canbani discharged a man who had feloniously taken a woman's purse containing \$75. The prisoner chanced to own a small store, so he refunded the \$75 and was dismissed, though he had spent most of the money and thrown the purse away, having found it in the "side room" of a restaurant, from which he hastened with guilty intent lest the owner return and claim her purse. What encouragement was that dismissal to the policeman who made the arrest and lost his sleep to prosecute the criminal? Was it not the compounding of crime to permit such a settlement? I find in The Call of to-day this item: EX-CONVICT ON PROBATION.—John Brady, alias James Dillen, who pleaded guilty in Judge Lawler's court to a charge of burglary, appeared for sentence yesterday. He broke into A. Geantti's butcher shop, 325 Montgomery avenue, on December 18, and attacked Policeman Lloyd, who arrested him. Brady's attorney said Brady was willing to go away on a sailing vessel to Siberia and asked for an order to go on probation. The Judge consented and allowed him to go on \$1000 bonds. Brady has served two terms for petty larceny and two terms for burglary.

What possible excuse can be given for leniency to such a hardened criminal? It seems to me the time is more than ripe for Judge With the courage and backbone of a William T. Wallace, who sent such degenerates to the dungeons of Poison for life.

A CONSTANT READER. City, March 7.

Townsend's Cala. Glace Fruits, in artistic fire-etched boxes. 10 Kearny st.

This week, best good eyeglasses, specs, 20c-50c (sold in store \$3-\$4), at 79 4th, front of Celebrated Order Restaurant.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 39 California street. Telephone Main 1042.

THE SMART SET

By SALLY SHARP

Mrs. Albert Gerberding was hostess at a delightful though informal "at home" last evening. Among the guests were Miss Adeline Knapp, Mme. Eustaphie, Miss Marie Withrow, Miss Eva Withrow, Charles H. Lombard, Arthur Street.

The Presidio hoproom will be alight this evening for a small informal dance, none the less enjoyable for lack of numbers or elaborate preparation.

The wedding ceremony of Miss Alice Brigham and Lieutenant Clarence Kempff, to take place next Wednesday, will be performed in Trinity Church and all arrangements are very unostentatious. Miss Katherine Brigham will attend her sister, while Lieutenant Kempff has not yet named his servant.

Mrs. C. R. Spilvaio gave a most enjoyable luncheon a few days ago in honor of Mrs. Samuel Parker of Honolulu. Miss Alice Campbell, Miss Cornell and Miss Rhodes were also guests.

Mrs. Spilvaio, who has been spending the winter in town, returned recently to her summer home at Belmont.

Echoes of the Mardi Gras continue to float about, for many characters and costumes were impressive. Among those quaint, yet regal, was Miss Eva Withrow, who, as a lady of the French court during Lafayette's period, was a most charming picture. With gown of elaborate brocade and coiffure high, the impersonation was vastly becoming to Miss Withrow, who easily assumed the graces and carriage of her ideal.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, who has been sojourning at Del Monte, arrived in town for the Mardi Gras, but has returned to the resort, where she will remain for some time.

Miss Helene Robson is arranging for an early departure to Honolulu, where she will remain several weeks as the guest of friends.

Mrs. Brooke Wright, who, with Mrs. Oscar Beatty, left a few weeks ago for Tahiti, has returned. The trip was delightful, even though the stay at their objective point was very limited.

The cast which produced the clever playlet, "From Four to Six," a few

days ago has been holding some delightfully informal teas for their own entertainment. To-morrow Mrs. George E. Bates will be hostess and the guests will repeat their lines by way of entertainment and diversion for the afternoon. Those to be present are Mrs. W. A. Maddern, Miss Meria Maddern, Mrs. James C. Crawford, Mrs. J. W. Orr, Mrs. Horace Coffin, Mrs. Aaron Schloss, Miss Ethnor Crounce, Mrs. A. C. Kellogg, Mrs. George Gear, Miss Emily Coey, Mrs. Stockwell.

Mrs. J. T. Barraclough and Miss Josephine Barraclough left yesterday for Honolulu to make an indefinite visit.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard and Mrs. Hobbs are soon to depart on their trip around the world, China and Japan being traversed first; their travel will then extend into India and Egypt, finally to encompass the globe.

Miss Edith M. Mack and Charles Brandenstein were married at noon yesterday at the home of the bride's parents, 1801 Gough street. The house, which was beautifully decorated with all the fresh blossoms of spring, held nearly seventy-five guests and friends to witness the ceremony performed by Rev. Dr. Voorsanger. The bride, gowned in white satin and point, wore a long veil and carried lilies of the valley. Her matron of honor, Mrs. A. Ehrman, was also gowned in white, carrying primroses. Edward Brandenstein attended his brother as best man.

A reception, to which 200 guests were bidden, followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Brandenstein are on a short wedding trip, after which a tour of Europe will be made.

The exodus to Del Monte includes a large number of our society folk, who will eschew excitement during the coming season. Among yesterday's departures were Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Martin, who with their children and servants will remain three months. Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Etta Marian Warren, Miss Cadwallader, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, Thomas Eastland and Mr. Cadwallader complete a coterie of our town representatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hale have taken a house at 2580 Washington street.

HOCH, DER BIGAMIST.

There have been men, and not a few. And brave of heart, you see. And some of them have married two. And others even three. But Hoch, der bigamist, he had the best. He sought for widows far and near. Who had a little dough. And courted them and called them dear. And won them, too, you know. And very few that fellow missed—Hoch, der bigamist!

He never knew dismay. From weddings he would not desist—Hoch, der bigamist! While riding home behind the hearse He'd try to win a prize. Some widow with a nice fat purse—And, gazing in her eyes, He'd seize and hold her dainty fist—Hoch, der bigamist!

SNEEZING—Subscriber, Redwood City, Cal. The following is undoubtedly the rhyme about sneezing that you desire: If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for an age. Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger; Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter; Sneeze on Thursday, for something better; Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow; Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow.

MOORMEAD FARM—A. W. K., City. The horses run under the name of the "Moormead Farm," are owned by J. J. Moore. DICKENS—Wegg, City. Charles Dickens in writing of acts and customs in his day was too well versed to present a solecism in "Our Mutual Friend" or any other of his works.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



FLING OF YOUTH. Miss Oldgirl—On my birthday papa gives me a rose for every year of my age. Miss Caustique—In a year or so he'll have to buy a whole greenhouse.



HIS ADVICE. Big Bill—Help! Help! Little Luke (in doghouse)—Shut up. You make more noise than a silent partner.



THERE ARE OTHERS. Mr. Dugood—Do you keep the Sabbath, young man? Drug Clerk (absently)—No; but we have something just as good.



REQUIESCAT. Mrs. Dougherty—An' Widow Clancy is puttin' up a headstone for Patrick, what was blown to pieces, wid dymynte. Mrs. O'Brien—An' phwat's on ut? Mrs. Dougherty—Rest in pieces.

MIRROR OF DAME FASHION



Showing a smart street costume with long, pointed redingote. The material is blue velveteen, trimmed simply with stitching. Very large blue bone buttons are used. A white felt hat, trimmed with fancy pompon and blue velvet, is worn.