

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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THE ASSUAN DAM.

SINCE the English engineers built the Assuan dam in Egypt to impound the waters of the Nile for distribution in irrigation to land lying above the flood plane of the river, that structure has become a figure of speech in irrigation oratory in this country.

So recently that the matter has not heretofore had place in the American press, the operation of the Assuan dam has developed a new physical law of such structures, that must be taken into consideration by our engineers.

When the Assuan dam was built these safeguards against horizontal cracking were increased so as to sustain an increase in the height of the dam, if that should be found desirable.

From this it is apparent that all of the protection of the Assuan dam from the horizontal cracking was thrown away. It the water pressure is sufficient to finally destroy the perpendicular integrity of the structure, there is no remedy except to tear it down and reconstruct it.

The discovery of this new law of pressure by water upon masonry dams is timely, in the interest of the vast Federal irrigation works now in progress and planned in this country.

Our Government has taken every precaution to prevent land speculation in the regions it is irrigating. Indeed, it is still a question whether these precautions have not been overdone to such an extent as to make the actual settlement of the lands difficult.

What seems to be needed to shut off such speculation as that in Egypt, and at the same time give the settlers a fair chance for a start, is that the Government should make them pay only for the water they use.

In the Egyptian land speculation there is light thrown upon the value of irrigated lands in California. The climate of Egypt has no gifts and graces greater than that of California.

COLLEGE MEN AND WOMEN.

STATISTICS in regard to the relative scholarship of the men and the women students at the leading universities of the country have been collected by the Chicago Record-Herald, and the result of the showing is that the women distinctly outclass the men.

At this, the graduating season of the year, the fact of this feminine superiority gets prominence. We may regard it as certain that on the average the women who are to pass from college halls out into the world of practical efforts are superior to the men in the success of their intellectual training.

One of the records which most readily shows that men are not keeping up in scholarship with women is that of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, whose standard is that of scholarship alone.

In this comparison of men's and women's brains perhaps the report from Stanford University comes closest to what is the truth of the whole matter. There, in the department of liberal arts, the women are superior to the men in their scholarship.

When we consider the Equitable matter in its entirety a chill doubt insinuates itself whether Thomas W. Lawson's outgivings are not dull and prosaic.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Roumania's Queen arises every morning at 4 o'clock. Mark this with a blue pencil and place it where the cook will be sure to see it.—New York Herald.

NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT.



Joan (on her annual spring visit to London)—There, John, I think that would suit me.
Darby (grumblingly)—That, Maria? Why, a pretty figure it would come to!
Joan—Ah, John, dear, you're always so complimentary! I'll go and ask the price.

—PUNCH.

FRENCH WOMEN THE WOOLERS

They Appear to be Satisfied With the Inferior Position the Men Give Them.

BY DOROTHY FENIMORE.

THE world of Paris is emphatically a man's world. "Make way for the ladies," though originally a French phrase, is nothing more or French soil than a polite formality which has nothing in common with the spirit of chivalry which animates the manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race.

In the ordinary course of French social life this relation between men and women is perhaps more evident from woman's attitude toward man than from man's attitude toward woman.

What strikes me as most characteristic in the situation is that it seems to be woman's part to do the wooing, to prefer the little courtesies and tokens of affection which in our own land women expect, and regard as their right, from husband or sweetheart.

It recalls the state of affairs which existed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and which we find celebrated in those chansons de geste of this period wherein love plays a part.

There is, of course, an important difference between the two points of view. Love has a value to-day that it did not have in the long ago.

in love. More serious matters occupied the mind of the man. Fame was the lady to whom he bowed his knee. Distinction in battle and the chance for rich booty fired his imagination and gained his first allegiance.

He still expects, however, that woman shall bow before him. She is an inferior being, whom he might look upon with contempt were she not so necessary to his comfort, amusement, and complacence.

He rarely wrote a line with pen or typewriter. The late Guy Boothby, author of many novels, called himself a mechanical author. He worked with the phonograph, and rarely wrote a line with pen or typewriter.

Townsend's Calc. Glaze Fruits in artistic fire-etched boxes. New store now open. 167 Market street.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 50 California street. Telephone Main 1042.

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MIRROR OF DAME FASHION



TRIPLE SKIRT EFFECT IN EMBROIDERY FLOUNCINGS.

THE vogue of embroidery has brought out some charming effects in gowns made entirely of the wide embroidery flouncings. These fit in admirably with the triple-skirt effects which are so becoming to the tall, slender woman.

When we consider the Equitable matter in its entirety a chill doubt insinuates itself whether Thomas W. Lawson's outgivings are not dull and prosaic.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

STRONG-limbed and free I face the world a man, Not Anglo-Saxon, But American.

My mother's father Felt hale German blood Pour through his veins A satisfying flood.

My father's grandeur Wore the Irish green, Told tales of banishment And of good potheen.

My mother's mother Wore the blue and red Of her good sire In ancient Britany.

My father's mother Was of English birth, And loved old England Best of all the earth.

My father's grandame Came from Lombardy, And left unto the line The eyes of Italy.

Strong-limbed and free I face the world a man, Not Anglo-Saxon, But American.

—Grace Shoup in Leslie's Weekly.

BAKING WATCHES.

"I will be with you in a moment. I must finish the baking of this batch of watches first."

The speaker was a jeweler. He said, as he worked: "I suppose you are surprised at the idea of watch-baking. I will explain.

The machinery of a watch is delicate, yet it must work the same in winter as in summer, the same in Russia as in Cairo, the same in the Sahara as in Iceland.

THE NEW BABY.

The Mother—Isn't he just perfect? The Father—Great kid! The Uncle—What! Another?

The Aunt (on the mother's side)—He favors all of us. The Aunt (on the father's side)—He favors all of us.

The Nurse—He's a poor sleeper. The Bachelor Friend—I'm sorry for them.

The Cook—He's a darling! (I'll give an notice to-morrow.) The Doctor—Shall I charge \$50 or \$100? The Cynic—Well, it isn't his fault.

The Clergyman—Another soul. The Milkman—Another customer. —Life.

IN HOT WEATHER.

I thought about a dairy house I know. Out in the country. It was paved with stones.

And underground, a fresh spring trickled through. The deep, cool shade, talking in undertones.

And on the threshold green moss grew. I thought about a certain giant tree— Fallen across a northern stream it was; The water rushed beneath incessantly.

And in its up-stream shadow lurked a bear. Full five feet down, and looked at me!

I thought about a little beer saloon Down on the corner. Tables bare and wet. Electric fans, the clink of ice and spoon.

In glass—and O before you will be set A foaming pewter stein, full soon!

I thought about cold-storage rooms and Cathedral aisles—cows' noses in a trough Of water—surf baths—ice cream on a plate.

And then I took my witted collar off. And cursed the city toiler's fate! —Cleveland Leader.

HUSBAND'S LETTERS.

Should wives open their husbands' letters? This greatly depends on the husband, says Chic. If he be of such a steady going nature that his wife has perfect trust in him, she can comfortably allow him to read his letters.

Occidental Accidentals BY A. J. WATERHOUSE. ONE time my Uncle Reuben came out here to visit me From where the low New Hampshire hills stoop to the Eastern sea.

He left a land all clothed in white and found a world of green. Where Nature's smile was constant and her countenance serene; Where the fragrance of the orange and the beauty of the rose.

The white cup of the calla and the faintly magenta The fuchsia where the crimson and the regal purple met; The high line of the summits, God's writing 'gainst the sky.

"How do you like it, Uncle Reub?" said I. His breath he drew, And said: "It ain't like winters that I've been accustomed to.

Human nature's human nature. The thing we can't attain Is the thing we deem much sweeter than the one that we can gain.

His Honor—You say that the defendant has the conscience of a chiropodist. Am I to understand that you desire to impugn his veracity?

UNDERSTAND that they 'U'rchured' the deacon. "Yep." "On what ground?" "Claimed he had said there was no such thing as sheol. They failed, though."

FOR a long time the poet had been lying up the ground in a leafy nook beside a babbling stream. Ordinarily it would not have been a babbling stream, but it is a well known fact that all streams make it a point to babble when poets are present.

Give the countless thousands welcome To our best; Let them know the thrill of sunlight, And its zest.

IT is with a thrill of unspeakable gratification that one learns that a real Chicago professor has discovered that the human body may be made immortal, and I hasten to convey the glad news to anybody who has overlooked it.

The Smart Set BY SALLY SHARP. It would seem that the smart set—part and parcel—gathered at Del Monte, many of whom are down for the holidays, but the alluring weather threatens to hold a few hundred for the rest of July.

Many of the guests have made the trip down in their machines, and are out of the hotel soon after sunrise. Sunday night a sacred concert was given in the drawing-room, Mrs. R. E. Revalk and Herbert Medley taking the principal parts, with Delroy following in "The Salmagundi."

Among the people registered here are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hueter, Mrs. Eddie Gonzalez, E. Courtney Ford, Jerome Landfield, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Grace Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Roland G. Brown and the Misses Senator of Oakland, Edward C. Greenway, Brown and Mrs. James C. Sims, Miss Blythe McDonald, Mrs. Linda V. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Girle, Mrs. J. A. Ford, Joseph L. Eastland, R. Wilson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Porter, Hugh Porter, Miss Lily O'Connor, Dr. and Mrs. John L. Benepe of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Greenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Alexander Wilson, C. N. Felton Jr., Mrs. E. M. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford of San Rafael, Mrs. Beverly McMonagle.

It is a matter of local congratulation that the President decided that the plans of Secretary Taft and his party be carried out as originally planned. For some hours after the death of Secretary Hay it was not known whether the trip West would be abandoned—and great was the perturbation thereat among those of the select who are bidden to Mrs. Eleanor Martin's reception on Friday night.

Many people from out of town will return to the city to pay compliments to the hostess and the distinguished guests of honor. Mr. and Mrs. J. V. de Laveaga are spending some time at Rowdennan.

Miss Ruth Adams of Burlingame is enjoying a few weeks at Napa Soda Springs, where, too, Mrs. Max Rothschild and son are spending the summer. Mrs. Florence Aiken and Charles Sedgwick Aiken are spending the holidays at their ranch near Howell Mountain, where Mr. Aiken spends much of his time among his kennels of collies—quite the prettiest in the State, and many of them prize winners.

covered it as yet. But he is not therefore discouraged, and his children may discover it after a while—say, after we are dead—and in the meantime it is truly wonderful to realize that our bodies could be made immortal—if we only knew how. But hurry, professor; oh, do hurry. Be my special petition thus said— For if I'm to be immortal at all I should like it to be ere I'm dead.

TOO MANY PROMISES. "Dat seems to be a very promising congregation you have, Parson." "Dat's a fact, Deacon, but fo' my part I'd rather gib a good discount fo' cash."

IN BUGVILLE. Bug-Say, Willis, try the tight-rope; it's great! Give the countless thousands welcome To our best; Let them know the thrill of sunlight, And its zest.

TOM—That certainly is an awfully bad fitting suit. Custom made? Harry—No, I cussed 'em after they were made.

JUST SMILES



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