

SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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TUESDAY. JUNE 12, 1906

INDUSTRIES THAT WILL PROFIT.

The work of rebuilding San Francisco will create a demand for building material unprecedented in modern times. This demand must inevitably bring to the fore the fact that California has within her borders inexhaustible deposits of the best building material in the world. These deposits range in character from those of common clay, from which ordinary red bricks are made, up to the finest grades of building marble. There are ledges of granite that would build half the cities of America; there are deposits of cement materials from which cement sufficient to supply all the needs of California and more can be made; there are extensive deposits of limestone for the burning of lime; there are vast deposits of sandstone and of slate. All these will be required for the rebuilding of San Francisco, and the demand will be a powerful incentive for the development of the industries which they represent.

At present these resources are practically undeveloped. With limitless supplies of cement material and abundant cheap fuel in the shape of petroleum for its manufacture California is an importer of Portland cement. To be sure, three cement factories are in operation in the State, but the industry is still in comparative infancy. From now on cement factories will be established through the State, particularly in the counties convenient to San Francisco.

Capital is already beginning to take interest in the rich slate deposits of El Dorado County. Slate is being shipped from Placerville in carload lots, but the industry is scarcely known to Californians living outside the immediate vicinity of the quarry. The El Dorado quarries and those that could be opened in Amador County can furnish all the slate that will be required in the restoration of San Francisco, and undoubtedly will. To provide material for the new city linekilns will be established, granite ledges opened, marble deposits developed. And their operation will continue long after the extraordinary demand which San Francisco will make upon them has passed. California, now an importer of building material, will have become an exporter. Necessity will prompt the State to develop its wonderful resources of building material and self-interest will make other communities purchasers.

COME, HELP CLEAN UP.

Have you a broom in your house? Have you a bucket or two of water to spare and a little leisure time that you can devote to the interests of San Francisco? The answer, of course, is "Yes." Well, we will tell you what you can do toward helping the unburned district look spick and span as a park road after a morning cleaning.

The City Street Department is badly crippled for funds. It is the intention of members of the department to give us a clean, healthful city, but the odds are greatly against them. The downtown district requires the services of many men and many teams and sprinklers. The little groups of sweepers on Fillmore street do the best they can in the trying circumstances, and they will do better after a while when there is more money in the city treasury, but at present they must make the best of a very difficult and almost impossible task.

In front of many houses in the Western Addition are the remains of street kitchens, accumulated pieces of dirty paper, decayed vegetable matter, old tins and other rubbish. Householders had all they could attend to in the days of street kitchens and when there was no water or gas in the mains. Now they have opportunity to live in comfort on the inside of their homes and let the streets take care of themselves. A few minutes' work with the broom—and let us all take a hand at it, men especially—would serve to gather all the rubbish in the immediate front of a home. An old box for the rubbish for the ashman to cart away or for the Street Department wagons to empty would answer. Then just think of the change that would take place! A clean city with no dust and dirt that the summer winds could pick up and blow into the eyes and nostrils of suffering humanity.

The "city beautiful" idea is by no means a new one and has been tried with great success in many places in the East. The little old household broom, the dented sprinkling can, the use of your willing arms and a good-natured smile will do the work and do it well.

LABOR FINDING EMPLOYMENT.

The Building Trades Council reports that practically all mechanics and laborers affiliated with it in this city are employed. Few carpenters are without employment, and contractors are sending each day to the organization's headquarters for new men. Bricklayers are in demand, and, according to the reports to the council, newcomers are given employment as fast as they arrive in this city. On Sunday many local contractors advertised in the papers of the interior for skilled mechanics.

The same reassuring reports come from the Labor Council. The various unions affiliated with that body report their members nearly all at work. The Machinists' Union reports all members employed, and similar reports come from blacksmiths, teamsters, printers and pressmen. All of which goes to show that the workers are getting back into profitable employment again, and all this within less than two months of the most disastrous fire that ever swept a city.

But owing to complications attending the adjustment of insurance, which has delayed the removing of debris from the burned district, the ground has scarcely been scratched in the restoration of the city. If, however, with the little that has been done labor has found employment so readily, what can be expected when hundreds of buildings, ranging all the way from cottages to skyscrapers,

are in course of construction. The providing for the thousands of laborers and mechanics that will then be employed will necessitate a large retail trade, which will of itself furnish employment for thousands. From the day reconstruction is fairly under way the new San Francisco will be a great hive of industry, enjoying all the prosperity which large pay rolls and industrial and commercial activity insure.

HODGES'S RESIGNATION.

It is to be regretted that C. E. Hodges, resident architect of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, feels piqued at the criticism of his work at the great institution of learning in the planning of beautiful architectural features. The random comment of a pair of young correspondents gave rise to reports that tended to reflect upon both the judgment and the ability of Mr. Hodges, but he should consider the source of these unfounded rumors.

In the building of certain notable structures of the Stanford University Mr. Hodges had accomplished that of which the State of California was proud. In reconstructing the damaged works of architectural art the eminent gentleman would undoubtedly be as strong a factor as when he directed the creating of the vast monuments to the memory of Leland Stanford Jr. Mr. Hodges is quoted as having said that "the more a man sticks to the truth in this country the more he is criticised." In this statement, undoubtedly made in a moment of nettled pride, Mr. Hodges himself strays somewhat from the facts. But in view of recent circumstances he is in a measure excusable. However, the gentleman will without doubt, on giving the matter further and more serious consideration, alter his opinion, and when he returns to England he will leave us with the knowledge that California is truly grateful to him for his efforts in her behalf.

The people of the State would want Mr. Hodges to return to his native land with good impressions of this glorious country of ours, where the only use that people have for hammers is in the erection of a greater and a better San Francisco.

PLACING CITY BONDS.

Congress will probably look with some favor on the proposition of Governor Pardee, Mayor Schmitz and W. F. Herria to assist the Red Cross Society to build homes for the homeless San Francisco sufferers from the fire, but whether the Senate and House will agree to the plan of the committee to accept the unsold San Francisco improvement bonds, taking over as security United States Government bonds deposited by national banks, is very doubtful.

Some business men seem to be of the opinion that the unsold San Francisco improvement bonds might be divided among the banks of the State of California, the proration of the amount of bonds to be bid in to be made upon the total sum of the paid up capital of banks that signify a willingness to bid, a given sum per thousand of paid up capital to be assessed to each bank, thus dividing the responsibility for the bonds among many, the burden resting most heavily upon the larger banks.

This may or may not be a feasible plan, and only the bankers themselves after a careful investigation of the situation can decide. The fact remains, it is said, that the State banks have every confidence in the future of San Francisco and only certain technical objections to the bonds have prevented investments in them. Eastern capitalists when the bonds were first advertised expressed fear that the municipal affairs of the city might not be judiciously managed during this and future administrations. Recent events have demonstrated to them that San Francisco is not to be crushed even by the most terrible of disasters, much less than by what might turn out to be irresponsible municipal management.

Local opinion seems to be that in the event of failure to secure the aid of Congress the regular marts of finance could be appealed to with a fair degree of certainty that the call would be responded to if the proposals be properly put.

Richard Zombory, a Hungarian sportsman, refused to fight a duel with a bank clerk and promptly received challenges from 151 of the clerk's associates. He then decided to fight the clerk. Mr. Zombory evidently recognizes that even in the safest and most innocent of pastimes accidents are liable to occur.

John D. Rockefeller stated in his Plymouth (England) speech that there is plenty of room in the world for an honest man. From the amount of room that Mr. Rockefeller is taking up with his goods and belongings the conclusion is inevitable that he is the man.

Native Sons and Daughters are gathered in Salinas to attend one of the most successful meetings of the Grand Parlor ever held in the State. Eastern friends will please sit up and take notice that Salinas was supposed to have been "destroyed" by an earthquake.

Chicago Theosophists favor "fewer births and better children," and yet we cannot get away from the fact that better children depend altogether upon better parents.

Hot weather and lightning are commencing to kill off the people of Eastern and Middle Western States, which ought to make us all the more thankful that we live in California.

Marie Corelli is angered because her picture has been published. And the picture was just as flattering as man could mislead the naturally truthful sun into printing.

It wouldn't be a bad idea for the Harbor Commissioners to consider the adding of two more fireboats to their fleet when their next budget is made up.

William Jennings Bryan's boom is said to be sweeping the country. Wish it would come to San Francisco and help out with our brickdust.

Convicts in New York State prisons are to be given "honorary stripes" for good conduct. But in a prison it is said all stripes look alike.

Bands of goats are said to be driving the cattle from the ranges near Redding; this is certainly a real case of "butting in."

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME.



Hamlet—Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE

CONCERNING GARDENING.

The doctor said that what I needed was exercise. "You sit around and write fool things under the impression that they are funny," he said, "until, even if you had a brain, it would become clouded, fogged and more useful fried in batter than any other way. Yes, you need exercise. Gardening is light, genteel and pleasant work. Try it."

Ever try gardening? It's fun. That is, the dwellers in an insane asylum and some other people might think so.

I selected a cool, balmy morning and went out to spade a place for lettuce. When I sallied forth the thermometer, as I noticed, stood at 58 degrees above zero. Within fifteen minutes from the time when I got to work it stood at 118 above. I did not see the thermometer in the latter case, but I make the statement in accordance with my best knowledge and belief, for I am convinced that nothing less than 153 above would have caused me to float away in perspiration, as I did.

In spading a bed for lettuce you need work but a day or two, for in that time, if you work as faithfully as I do, you will have spaded about ten feet square of ground. The work of sowing is easy, for you just scatter the seed around and hope for the best.

After that, the work really is, as the doctor said, light, genteel and pleasant, for all you have to do is to go out to the lettuce bed about seventeen times a day to see if the lettuce has begun to come, and your heart throbs with rapture when you first begin to see the dainty green sprouts shooting through the brown soil. Ah, what a moment of bliss that is! You have labored hard and faithfully, and at last, in these tender, succulent shoots, you have your reward.

In order to insure scientific accuracy in this brief treatise, it is appropriate

to remark at this time that these tender, beautiful, tiny, succulent shoots are, in every instance, weeds. The lettuce at this time is taking a nap; it keeps right on taking it, and here is where the real trouble begins, for the war with the weeds is on and it is a bitter strife.

After a long time, however, the lettuce does come up, and you immediately cut off the most of it under the impression that it is weeds, an impression which you retain until your wife disabuses you of it in words that rankle.

I might tell about other things than raising lettuce, and I would if I knew anything about them, but it fills my soul with a great peace to say that I do not. At the present time I have carefully calculated that I have devoted labor to the value of \$37.23 to my lettuce bed, and I would take thirteen cents for the crop and feel that I had got the better of the buyer.

Still, I have had the exercise, and if ever I recover from the rheumatism that I accumulated in gardening, probably the fact will be a great comfort to me. Understand that I like gardening, but my liking for it reaches the stage of enthusiasm only when another fellow is doing it.

BETTER TIMES AHEAD.

When the rain had poured the whole day long

At eleven I saw the sun; It pierced the clouds in hurrying throng And the final victory won.

Oh, I'd wearied a bit through the weary day.

And had sighed, "My pleasure has fled."

But the sun shone bright through the clouds of gray.

A prophet of peace ahead.

I am not a preacher; I have no "call."

Nor would you listen to me; But when the storm is over us all,

And only its gloom you see, It is just as well—is it not, my friend?—

To feel that no hope is dead; That the dreariest day at last will end

And a better time's ahead.

California glass fruits and choice candies. Full stock. Townsen's residence and factory, 1220 Valencia st., and the Emporium, Post st. and Van Ness ave.

THE SMART SET.

Mrs. Linda H. Bryan was hostess at an informal dinner Sunday evening at her home on Buchanan street. Among the guests were Miss Lalla Wenzelburger, Lieutenant Cowan, Francis J. Heney and J. Masson Smith.

The fame of the cafe chantant at Mrs. MacDermot's in Oakland last week has spread, and so many are regretting their inability to be present that it is to be repeated next Friday night with almost the same programme. A kindergarten is to be the beneficiary this time, and Mrs. R. A. Bray, Mrs. H. A. Butters and a score of others in the fashionable set will undertake to make it a financial success. The gardens surrounding the MacDermot home are among the loveliest places in Oakland and formed an ideal setting for the entertainment that was provided last Thursday and will be again given next Friday night.

Mrs. A. L. Adams of Oakland will be hostess today at a thimble bee, the purpose of the little gathering being to enjoy in an informal way an afternoon in company with Mrs. Adams' mother, Mrs. R. B. Gemmill of Topeka, Kan., and her sister, Mrs. Herbert Moal, of Mobile, Alabama.

Mrs. W. W. Felton is expected to arrive soon from her home in Mexico. She will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan. The wedding of Miss Maude Smith and Charles Hoag will take place shortly after her arrival. All the details of the ceremony have not been decided, but the affair, as with others, will be celebrated without ostentation.

Miss Smith will wear a very elaborate wedding gown with a garniture of old lace used upon her mother's wedding gown.

Mrs. Peter Martin will spend the summer in town as the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and there will be many pleasant affairs at the Broadway house. Last week has gone by since the fire

that there has not been some informal diversion under Mrs. Martin's hospitable roof.

The Misses Sophie and Alice Borel are with their mother at their Swiss home, Chateau de Gorgier, Neuchatel. Mr. Borel is en route to this city from the East.

Their plans for the future are necessarily much unsettled, but all are very anxious to return to San Francisco and are awaiting the return of Mr. Borel to Switzerland to escort them to this city. The town house of the Borels is leased to the Pacific Union Club, but the San Mateo home is ready to receive its householders at any time.

Mrs. Adolphus W. Greely has recently joined her husband, Major General Greely, U. S. A., commanding the Pacific Division, and they have taken apartments at El Granada, corner of Bancroft way and Telegraph avenue, Berkeley.

Mrs. J. W. Orr left St. Paul on Sunday for Chicago, where she will visit relatives of Mr. Orr before returning to San Francisco about the 28th. Mrs. Orr is the newly elected president of the California Club.

Miss Jennie Blair, who has been a guest in the MacDermot home in Oakland for several weeks, is looking for apartments on this side of the bay before her departure for Europe. Miss Blair expects to travel on the Continent for an indefinite period.

Mrs. Francis Rawls Shoemaker left last week for Seattle to join her husband, Lieutenant Shoemaker, who is stationed with his ship at that port.

Sherrie Shell left yesterday for New York to sail within a fortnight for Europe, where she will tour for a year.

The engagement is announced of W. A. Conneau of Alameda and Miss Margaret Noon of 1131 Laguna street, San Francisco. The wedding is planned to take place next month at the home of the bride-to-be. Miss Noon is a teacher in the school department of Oakland and is a talented young woman. Mr. Conneau is a Stanford University man, prominent in society in San Francisco and with business interests in Alameda. At present he is associated with the firm of O. McHenry Company, Modesto.

PEOPLE AND THINGS. BY LOUISE VEILLER.

Once again is the public allowed to

peek into Anna Gould de Castellane's skeleton filled cupboard. Once again is the overworked cable flashing news about Count Boni and his luckless Countess, and retelling tales of a complete and happy reconciliation in the supposedly unhappy household. I do not know any one who is particularly interested whether this gossip morsel is true or not. I except, of course, Judge Graham. Personally, I don't care, one way or the other, only, if it is true, I am sorry that Madame la Comtesse had so much to say previously.

There is nothing so uncertain as a disagreement between husband and wife.

In 99 cases out of a hundred, unless the misunderstanding is based on causes that honorable men and women cannot condone, it is kiss and make up. That is why it is so unfortunate when these domestic disturbances become public property. And that is why there is nothing so risky as taking sides in marital quarrels.

The sooner men and women realize this the better.

Many is the insignificant and trifling misunderstanding that has been so magnified by the better half of the menage retelling it to her sympathizing friends that it has grown into a breach that cannot be bridged.

It is a sorry thing to have to confess. It is nearly always the woman that talks. Men rarely tell. There is nothing that angers a man more than the thought that his wife is retelling intimate domestic affairs to a circle of interested friends. It is the surest and quickest way I know of to make a man dislike his wife's friends. And that, as every one knows, is always an infallible cause for a great and bitter quarrel.

"Taking sides" is not a very profitable job. If you are really and truly a friend you are apt to pay dearly for it. Nine times out of ten, "taking the part" costs you the friendship of the one you sympathize with.

In all family quarrels, irrespective of the seriousness of it and the members it involves, only the one who "tells" should have anything to say. Friend-

ship is put to no more delicate test than this listening to the details of a quarrel. These are cases when good listeners come out strong. Unless, of course, the friend wants to restore family harmony. Then all that is necessary is to join in the abuse of the abused party. That is the quickest way known of "patching up" a quarrel. But it always costs you your friend.

No matter how bitter the wife's denunciation of her husband may be, no matter how severely mother or father may abuse a child, no matter how unkindly brother or sister may speak of one another—they don't want you to join in the berating. You are simply to listen and express sympathy—by looks. One word of abuse and it is all off with you. Splendid, undreamed of qualities are suddenly discovered and attributed to the poor, abused member of the family and you are put down as an unfeeling wretch, a gossip, a monster, or a brute.

There is no more effective way to fan the flame of a family feud than by speaking well of the abused one and pointing out his or her good points. It is like waving a red flag before an

infuriated bull. Every excuse you put forth will give rise to new accusations. And before you know it you will involve yourself and the one you would protect in a hopeless, intricate mesh.

As I said before, the only part for an outsider to play in a family quarrel is that of a silent listener. A better way is to refuse to listen at all.

Let it be once understood that she or he who quarrels and tells is a bore and there will be less quarrelling. I am thinking. Let it be known that you consider a quarrel as undignified and the quarrelling bore won't put you in the precarious position of listening to the tale of woe.

Do anything to discourage quarrelling. It is not only the superstitious that believe that good fortune keeps away from the home where there is no peace. The members of a family that quarrel can't respect each other and certainly don't respect themselves. Quarrelling parents don't enjoy the respect of their children.

Now and then, I will admit, a quarrel is inevitable. Let it also be final. If there is one thing, I think, more undignified than quarrelling it is "making up" only so as to quarrel again.