

SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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WRONG TIME FOR FRICTION.

In an editorial recently published in The Call it was pointed out that the temporary municipal building planned for the lot at Eighth and Mission streets would be a good thing for taxpayers and city officials if the building could be erected immediately and without political intrigue and petty official bickering.

The people of San Francisco do not care who has the say in erecting the temporary quarters so long as the work is done economically and rapidly. The charter provides that the Board of Public Works shall erect all public buildings, although there are technicalities of law which give the Board of Supervisors power of approval of the work and of the expenditure of certain funds.

Mayor Schmitz passed upon Andrew McCreery's proposition to let the city have the use of his lot free of rent and the Supervisors, on examination, found that funds in the sum of \$150,000 were available for building the hall. The suggestion was made that work begin as soon as possible.

NEED NOT FEAR TO BUILD.

Some owners of real estate in the filled land section of the city between the line of the East-street docks and the old surveyed lines of the bay shore are dubious about the stability of the land and have expressed the fear that tall buildings cannot be erected on it without being subject to damage from the gradual sinking of the tract.

Expert engineers have studied means of providing solid foundations in the section of filled land and have proved that there is not the slightest reason why owners should not build to the height of six to ten stories on their lots. The pile foundation has held in every place where it has been tried, and the ferry depot, which is on a foundation constructed on the cylinder pier principle, is as solid as the day it was accepted by the State Harbor Commissioners.

Clusters of long piles driven through the upper crust of soil and into the under-stratum of mud hold as firmly as if they rested upon rock. The suction of the mud holds the piles in place and resists the tendency to sink. The cylinder pier is nothing more nor less than a built-up pile. A steel cylinder is driven to a depth of fifty or sixty feet and made to serve as the outer coating of a cluster of piles, about which is placed cement. The whole in time makes a solid column of steel, cement and wood.

Upon such a foundation the heaviest buildings may rest. A tremendous weight lies upon the foundations of the ferry depot, and recent examination of them shows that the building did not sink more than a fraction of an inch except where the extensions rested on the seawall. Much valuable property for business purposes is within the filled-in lands of the city and it would be folly not to utilize it. All of the buildings in the district that were built on pile foundations were on the official grade after the earthquake notwithstanding that Market street sank two feet or more and other streets were thrown a little off grade.

AN ELEMENT OUT OF PLACE.

Over in the San Joaquin Valley are tens of thousands of acres of the most fertile land in the world lying parched and barren for lack of water. West of Stockton, also in the San Joaquin Valley, are 15,000 acres of farms from three to six feet under water and 6000 additional acres threatened. The water that is flooding part of the fertile San Joaquin has flowed peacefully past thousands of acres lying barren for want of it.

Down in Southern California and Arizona are hundreds of thousands of acres which are now covered with shifting sands that become, once water is got to them, wonderfully productive. In these regions all tropical and semi-tropical fruits flourish. The date of commerce grows there as well as anywhere else in the world. The cultivation of this fruit would alone add enormously to the resources of the West. But it has been said of the date that to flourish it must have its head in fire and its feet in water; that is to say, it requires a hot climate and plenty of water for its roots. It is hot enough for all earthly purposes in the Southern California and Arizona desert, as anybody who has been there will testify, but there is no water in the soil for the roots of the date palm or for anything else, for that matter. And yet in that same desert a flood from the Colorado River is sweeping an area as big as an Eastern State. To turn these destroying waters thousands of dollars are being expended with little or no effect.

To say that the control of the waters of the San Joaquin and the Colorado is beyond the engineering skill of man would be untrue and unjust. Not only is it within man's power to control these waters, but to employ them to his advantage. The day will come—and it is by no means distant—

when not a single drop of the life-giving water that falls on the highlands of the West will be permitted to run to waste. Then such floods as are covering the land about Stockton and the southern desert will be unknown, as will be the barren lands of both sections. In the San Joaquin the solution of one problem, the getting of the waters to the lands where it is needed, will solve the other, the saving of the lowlands from flood. In Southern California and Arizona the situation is somewhat different, but the ultimate solution of the flood and desert problems presented will be practically the same. Once the water is under control and carried over land where it is needed there will be no further flood and the desert will have become a thing of the past.

There is plenty of water in the West, but none to waste; properly placed the West needs every bit of it. To make the people about Stockton and in the way of the Colorado flood believe this would just now be difficult. But it is the waste of the water that makes the trouble, a trouble which will end with the element's proper use.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

The service rendered to San Francisco by General Frederick B. Funston was of a character that ought to have established for all time a deep feeling of gratitude among the people of this city. General Funston did his duty and did it so well that the praise of the nation as well as the State of California has been accorded him. There is no honor too great for the man who met that great emergency with the fortitude of a soldier and the typical courage of the true-blue American. What San Francisco shall do to show its appreciation of Funston will at some opportune day be given the consideration that it richly deserves.

A delegation of well-meaning citizens has presented a petition to the Board of Supervisors requesting therein that the name of Devisadero street be changed to Funston avenue. It is doubtful whether the naming of what may soon become an uptown business thoroughfare, alive with the spirit and reality of commercialism, would be an appropriate recognition of General Funston's services to San Francisco. Besides, there is a phase of the requested change that has not been brought to the attention of the good people of Devisadero street. Had they known the story of that thoroughfare, probably they would not have asked that its name be changed.

In the early days of Spanish rule in California a narrow trail separated the old Presidio from the Mission Dolores. Over this trail the members of the two little settlements came and went and the road became known as the Devisadero—the Division. When, decades later, the Americans occupied California and San Francisco was made the entry port of the State, the Devisadero was frequently used by the Presidio and Dolores settlers as a short cut across the peninsula and around to the north end of the city. The Western Addition was surveyed and the old Devisadero became a street which followed measurably the winding of the trail. The city gave the street the name Devisadero.

There is, lamentably, a persistent tendency to change the historical Spanish names of California localities. The California Association for the Preservation of Landmarks and the Pioneers' Society have done much to preserve those things that link the State with the romances of the days of old, the quaint romances rich in human interest that have made history and novels. General Funston himself would not want to eliminate one iota of that which has lent itself so charmingly to our Western lore.

Let us look about for some other means of showing the gallant soldier our thankfulness and let Devisadero street remain Devisadero street as long as there is a San Francisco.

PANAMA CANAL BONDS.

Bids for the \$30,000,000 issue of Panama canal bonds will be received at the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States in San Francisco on or before the 20th of the present month. Tenders for the bonds will also be received at eight other large cities of the country and must be addressed "Bids for Panama canal bonds."

This is the bond issue that created a deal of discussion in Eastern financial circles and for which speculators at first showed disinclination to bid. The situation is reported to be changed and it is figured that the issue will be readily taken up. It will be interesting to note what percentage of these bonds San Francisco will acquire. There is reported to be a large surplus of money in the local banks and it is assumed that there will be a lively demand for the bonds, unless investors have determined to draw back their money for investments in San Francisco real estate and rehabilitated business concerns.

The bonds bear 2 per cent interest per annum, payable quarterly, and will be dated August 1, 1906. They will be issued in denominations of \$20, \$100 and \$1000 coupons and registered bonds up to \$10,000. They are exempt from taxation, of course, and it will rest with the Government whether they shall be redeemed after ten years, although the issue calls for a thirty-year term. No bids of less than par will be entertained. The interest rate is low, but the offering is otherwise attractive. It will be interesting to watch how the investing public takes it.

The telephone war is likely to cause a ringing in the ears.

John D. Rockefeller is reported living the simple life at Compeigne, France. Business at 26 Wall street is going on in the same old complex way.

Whatever opinions others may entertain of him, members of the Police Commission are forced to agree that Eugene E. Schmitz is the Mayor of San Francisco.

Commissioners O'Grady and Reagan are fast learning the difference between the hammer and the ax; the harm-nobody knock and the real thing in decapitation.

Reports in political quarters have it that Maestretti will not be called upon to surrender his head. This may be due to the fact that Maestretti has any graft at all it is on wheels and moves easily.

THE MORNING AFTER.



—FROM AN EASTERN EXCHANGE.

French Poet Designs Mausoleum for Himself

From a Staff Correspondent. LONDON, June 27.—Frederic Mistral, the great French poet, is busily engaged at present in superintending the construction of his own tomb. A literary acquaintance of mine, who has just returned from France, paid a visit to Mistral, and found him hard at work on the designs for his last resting place, which is to be of marble and is being made under his direction by one of the most skillful sculptors in the Provence district. Not that Frederic Mistral is expecting a speedy "release." On the contrary, though now nearly 80, the distinguished comrade of Daudet and Lamartine is surprisingly active. "Still, I shall require a tomb some day," he said to my friend, "and it is my desire to have an imposing one. After all, the tomb is the house in which we remain longest and it should be as beautiful as possible." So Mistral is having his mausoleum copied from the famous Pavillon de la Reine Jeanne at Baux—though with some variations which have occurred to him—and when finished it will be put up in the cemetery of Mollane, near his home. Meanwhile the extraordinary pains he is taking with it are the wonder and admiration of all the surrounding peasantry.

Mistral, however, is not so busy with his tomb that he cannot find time to write, and he confided to his caller that his long-promised "Memoirs" were finished and would be published in a few weeks. Last year, it will be remembered, he shared the Nobel prize for literature with Ecbegary, the Spanish writer, and since that time, besides completing his reminiscences and his native Provence. Moreover, he has written two long poems, which will also be published shortly.

Mistral was born—as writers of literature soon will be rivaling—in 1830 in the same village at the foot of the Alps where he now resides, and at 17 was sent to Aix to study law. His father, however, seems to have been liberal-minded, for when Mistral had taken his diplomas he was told to choose his own career, and the poet himself has recorded how he "threw his lawyer's gown to the winds" and gave himself up to the contemplation of "a true Homeric poet of our own time." Soon after Mistral went to Paris, intending to make the capital his home, but nostalgia soon overtook him and he returned to the scenes which he has never quitted since.

The companion from boyhood of Alphonse Daudet, with whom he had many a youthful escapade, Mistral kept in close touch with the author of "Sappho" and "Le Capitaine Corcoran," and the revival of the Provençal language as a literary medium grew out of their acquaintance. It is needless to enumerate Mistral's works—many of which have been "crowned" by the French Academy, but all lovers of poetry will hold that the handsome tomb he is preparing for himself will not have to be used for many a day.

ON THE HONEYMOON. The muffins lie unstacked, The coffee's getting cold, Upon the honeymooners. A sudden storm has rolled, Her eyes are dim with weeping, Her rounded cheeks are pale, Across the flower-decked table He grimly reads his mail. "You promised when we married," She says with choking sob, "That I should have pin money." And gives her eyes a swab. He scans a bill before him, With ghastliest of grins— "That's true, but who suspected That you meant diamond pins?" —New York Herald.

ASKED AND ANSWERED. "Oh, what do you call those things you hang clothes on?" said Dumley, who was trying to think of "clothes tree." "What things?" asked Jiggins. "Why, they have arms that stick out like this, and—" "Oh, dudes!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

GOING TOO FAR. "Hello, Penley, old man! I hear you've left the Daily Yeller. What's the trouble?" "The editor wanted me to disguise myself as a cow to get inside the facts of the beef scandal."—Boston Transcript.

LONG AND SHORT OF IT. "Did the Judge give him a long sentence?" "No." "I thought he said, 'Ten years.'" "Well, you don't call a sentence long that has only two words, do you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INCOMPETENT. She—I can't begin to express my contempt for you. He—Thank heaven there is one subject on which you have nothing to say.—Brooklyn Life.

DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO FINISH. Indignant Wife—Here you are again, half drunk. Gay Husband—Half? You are right; I didn't have time to finish.—H. Caricaturists.

NEW PANTS FOR THE BAND. A subscription has been started to purchase a new pair of green pants for our band. He has been plying in the present pair.—Grindstone (S. D.) Bee.

IN ANSWER TO VARIOUS QUERIES

HARRISBURG — City Subscriber. Harrisburg, Pa., was named for John Harris, the first settler in that place.

HEALTH FOOD—K. Healdsburg, Cal. This department has no information as to the address of the writer of the article on Health Food published in The Call other than what appeared in that article.

CUCUMBERS — Subscriber, City. There is but little nutriment in raw cucumbers. Tables of the percentage of nutrition in various articles of food declare that cucumbers contain but 2 per cent of nutrition.

THE PARROTT BUILDING—L. S. San Jose, Cal. Before the fire of April 18 the Parrott building on Market street had two entrances to the office floors on the upper stories. One on the eastern end and the other on the western end.

NAPOLEON'S EYES—Subscriber, City. The only information that this department has been able to obtain as to the color of Napoleon's (the Little Corporal) eyes is from the writings of Mme. de Remusat, who describes them as "bluish gray."

INSURANCE—A. H. City. This department has no knowledge of what the insurance companies intend to do with the claims presented against them, so it cannot advise you in the premises. You should communicate with the company named in letter of inquiry.

PRIME MINISTER—F. A. C. City. The term "prime minister" originates in banter. It was first applied in this spirit to Sir Robert Walpole. On February 11, 1712, that statesman said in the House of Commons: "Having invested me with a kind of mock dignity and styled me 'prime minister,' the opposition impute to me an unpardonable abuse of chimerical authority which they only created and conferred."

RAILS—Subscriber, City. This correspondent asks, "Why is the outside rail on the curve of a railroad higher than the inside one?" The answer to this is that such construction is followed so that the train shall not leave the rails, as it might do otherwise. The tendency is centrifugal, and if the outside wheels were not held by the rails, raised because the wheels themselves are raised, there would be nothing to prevent the train from going off at a tangent to the curve instead of following it.

SUEZ CANAL—W. T. K. City. The Suez canal connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, shortening the route from India to England and America more than 6000 miles. It was commenced in 1859 and completed in ten years. Its length is 100 miles, average width 325 feet and depth 25. The cost was \$55,000,000 in gold. The distances are: English Channel to Calcutta via Cape of Good Hope, 13,000 miles; via canal, 8000; New York to Calcutta via Cape of Good Hope, 14,500 miles; via canal, 9500 miles.

FIRST WATER—Subscriber, Oakland, Cal. There is some appropriateness in application of "of the first water" to a diamond, because of the resemblance to the sparkling of water, as in a dewdrop glistening in the sunlight. Fox Talbot thinks, however, that the expression originated in a mistake. He supposed that the Anglo-Saxons spoke of "the finest or purest hue" or color (Anglo-Saxon hly, color). The Normans supposed this word to be their own ewe, water, and applied it in that sense.

STARS IN THE FLAG—Subscriber, Jersey, Cal. Prior to July 4, 1906, the official flag of the United States bore forty-five stars in the blue field, one for each state in the Union. They were arranged in six rows, the first, third and fifth rows having eight stars each and the others having seven stars each. On the Fourth of July following the admission of a new state an additional star is added. Any flag that prior to July 4, 1906, had in the blue field either forty-eight or fifty stars was not an official American flag.

INCORRECT. She—I can't begin to express my contempt for you. He—Thank heaven there is one subject on which you have nothing to say.—Brooklyn Life.

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Chat of Literary Folk From the Other Side

From a Staff Correspondent. PARIS, June 27.—Cardinal Mathieu, who succeeds to the vacant chair of the French Academy, is reported to be persona grata at the Vatican for two reasons. It happened at the last conclave that the Cardinal sat next to a stranger who spoke no French—a language which Popes are, as a rule, expected to know.

"You do not speak French, therefore you are not eligible for the Papacy," said Cardinal Mathieu in Latin to his neighbor, who replied in the same language: "It is true, eminent domine, I am not eligible; God be thanked!" (Deo gratias!) But the stranger who returned this answer is now Pius X and is said to resent intensely the affront thus put upon him. Moreover, Cardinal Mathieu, who has been elected to the Academy for his literary ability alone, wrote for the Revue des Deux Mondes about two years ago an article on the conclave, in which he denounced the Austrian interference with the election and declared in no measured terms the choice of the conclave should have fallen upon Cardinal Rampolla.

Oddly enough, there seems to be a Gallic tinge to most of this week's literary gossip, for bookish folk in London have just learned for the first time that Robert Browning, besides being the author of some notable poetic work, once wrote a French grammar. This fact is revealed by Miss Agnes Adams in the English Bookman, and it seems that even the late Dr. Garnett, whose knowledge of literature was encyclopaedic, had not heard of this early venture of the poet. His surprise was expressed in the Revue des Deux Mondes to the work in question by Browning himself was pointed out to him. It occurs on page 203 of the first volume of Browning's letters to his wife: "This is more than one of the reviews and magazines that laughed my 'Paracelsus' to scorn ten years ago—in the same column often of these reviews—would follow a most laudatory notice of an elementary French book on a new plan which I 'did' for my old French master and he published—that was really a useful work."

"Returned With Thanks" is the novel and suggestive title of a collection of short stories which is being issued this week by a London publisher.

GOT THE SAME RESULTS. Two farmers driving in opposite directions met in the roadway a few weeks ago, according to the Buffalo Times, and saluted each other as follows: "Mornin', Si!" "How-de, Hank!" "Say, Si, what'd you give your hoss for the hammatiz?" "Turpentine." "That so?" "Git ap." "Yep, git ap." And they both drove on. A few days after they encountered each other driving again, and after passing the time of day Hank said: "Say, Si, I thought you told me you gave your hoss turpentine for the rheumatiz." "I did," Si answered. "That's funny. I gave mine turpentine, an' he died." "So did mine. Git ap." "Huh—git ap," Hank answered. "Both again drove their respective ways."—Chicago Journal.

THE APPETIZING GIRL. She's awfully sweet. Her cheeks are like peaches. She has cherry lips. Her breath is nectar. Her hair is like yellow corn. Her eyes are like blackberries. She is perfectly delicious in French dressing. Her complexion is a delicate cream. "I love to toast her." She's a honey. I sometimes feel as though I would like to press her to a jelly. "But if I did would she be cordial?"—Life.

ON THE WATCH. "I see Grace's new young man is not much of a smoker," remarked Pa Higgs. "How kin you tell?" inquired Ma Higgs. "I find Grace's glasses on the planer every mornin', but I never find no cigars."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

YOUTH AND AGE. Young Man—In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail. Old Man—I suppose not, but as your education advances you get a different sort of lexicon.—The Bohemian.

ASKING QUESTIONS. A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

THE SMART SET

Mrs. William S. Tevis has returned from a trip to her country place at Bakersfield and is at present at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Frances Taylor has left for a visit to Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of the Redingtons for a few weeks.

Mrs. Lawrence Poole is the guest of the John Boyds in San Rafael at present, while her house in this city is being extensively repaired.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Otis Burrage (formerly Miss Elizabeth Allen) have returned from their wedding journey and are living at the Allen home on Washington street.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Ellis was christened a few days since in the chapel in Ross Valley. Bishop Nichols officiating and Captain Conrad Babcock and Jack Kittle being the godfathers. The godfather has received his father's name and is John Shepard Ellis Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock have, as is their custom, gone to their country place at Lake Tahoe for the summer.

General and Mrs. A. W. Greely and Captain Frank L. Winn have returned from a ten days' trip to Yosemite and Southern California.

Mrs. Nokes, who is at present staying in this city as the guest of her parents, Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers, will leave shortly for the East with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. John Burke Murphy, who will be stationed at Fort Monroe for the coming year.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne is spending a fortnight at St. Helena as the guest of Mrs. William Bourn.

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, who has been the guest of friends here for the past week, has returned to the home of her grandmother, Mrs. George Hyde at San Mateo, where Mrs. Hyde-Smith and her daughters are spending the summer.

Miss Lalla Wenzelburger is expected to return on Monday next from Santa Cruz, where she is spending a fortnight as the guest of Miss Josephine Lindley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker have a cottage at Belvedere and are spending the summer there. They recently made a brief trip to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Grauer are in Mill Valley, where they will remain during the entire summer. Their home in this city, on Larkin street, narrowly escaped burning, being less than a block from the line of destruction.

Mrs. William B. Hamilton and Mrs. M. R. Crook, who left early in May for the Orient and who expected to return at once, have changed their plans and will remain in Japan until September.

The Rev. Dr. Coffin, who is a Presbyterian clergyman in New York, arrived here for a visit to his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin in Ross Valley.

John Nicholl, the East Oakland capitalist who has been stricken with paralysis about a year ago, has been brought home from St. Helena much improved in health. Mr. Nicholl is the father of Miss Mazie Nicholl, an artist of considerable ability.

Miss Alma Sevensen, the pretty Alameda girl who has been studying for the stage in Chicago, has returned for the summer months to Miss Sevensen and her sister, Mrs. Frank Colishon, are going to Shasta Retreat on July 15 for a few weeks.

On Monday evening last Miss Augusta Zabel became the bride of S. E. Crow, an attorney of Santa Barbara. The bride has a great many friends in Oakland, where she has lived all her life. She is an artist of more than passing merit, several really good bits of her work having been hung in the last Art Association exhibit at Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Crow will spend their honeymoon in Alaska, returning to make their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knowles have returned to Oakland after a brief visit to the Knowles ranch.

The C. B. Stones of San Francisco and the Horatio Stolls of Oakland enjoyed the Fourth at Lake Tahoe.

The Charles Wheelers of Oakland are at their summer home on the McCloud River.

Mrs. Henry Bratnober is entertaining a house party in her charming Piedmont home, including the Hiram Bradleys.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles are at Independence Lake.

Mrs. Alfred von der Ropp of Oakland and Miss McKenzie will spend some weeks at the Hotel Potter.

OUT FOR THE "STUFF." We have often been asked what the politics of the "thing" are when the fall campaign opens. We do not hesitate to say that we are for the man that has the money, as that is what it takes to get this paper to boost any political organization. We have seen too many common and unscrupulous persons than among any others. It is of frequent occurrence among all who are subjected to intense mental strain and it may occur comparatively early. With the increase of civilization baldness has become more common and one scientist goes so far as to say that since woman has developed broader and deeper intellectual interests she has lost much of the strength and wealth of her "crowning glory." Baldness has become progressively more frequent in women in the last century or more.—Boston Globes.

BALDNESS GOES WITH BRAINS. The bald may be comforted in some degree by the statement just made by a high medical authority that baldness is more common among intellectual persons than among any others. It is of frequent occurrence among all who are subjected to intense mental strain and it may occur comparatively early. With the increase of civilization baldness has become more common and one scientist goes so far as to say that since woman has developed broader and deeper intellectual interests she has lost much of the strength and wealth of her "crowning glory." Baldness has become progressively more frequent in women in the last century or more.—Boston Globes.

CLEVER MARY. Mary had a pretty waist; The mother, alas! got in. Oh, bitter grief did Mary taste, Her butler got for a minute.

She edged the holes, cut twenty more, The coverlids fairly tore. And now her girl friends just "adore" Her peek-a-boo so airy. —Philadelphia Record.

TAKING A SHORT CUT. Some men spend a large part of their lives counting time. Others get married right away.—Somerville Journal.

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