

The San Francisco Call.

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EFFECTS OF RAILROAD COMPETITION.

THE immense profits of modern railroading are brought to view in a very striking manner by the large dividends paid by nearly all the transccontinental roads. James J. Hill's lines in the north have been paying big dividends for years. The Union Pacific is in the same category and now the Southern Pacific has entered the dividend list at a 5 per cent rate, while the Union Pacific pays 10 per cent.

These figures are exorbitant when it is considered that the stock of these corporations is almost all fictitious—that is to say, it was created by a stroke of the pen and represents nothing in the way of capital expenditure on the roads. In this we speak by the book. The simple process of creating such stock was fully described in the testimony taken in 1887 before the Congressional commission of inquiry concerning the Pacific railroads.

The roads were built for the money borrowed on bonds and could be duplicated today for less. The Southern Pacific has never defaulted interest on bonds secured by any part of its vast system and today the company is paying 5 per cent interest on \$197,200,000 of fictitious stock and 7 per cent on \$40,000,000 preferred stock which is not fictitious but represents an honest investment of capital in the road.

The Central Pacific owes more money, mile for mile, than any single track road in the world. There is something more than \$80,000 owed for every mile of the Central Pacific, but the debt is carried easily and small dividends are paid besides. These dividends are wholly independent of that declared by the Southern Pacific Company, and in addition to all these payments the road has accumulated a vast surplus.

In these huge profits we find explanation of the unexplained activity in railroad building. Senator Clark finances a road from Los Angeles to Salt Lake. George Gould is spending millions to force a way for the Western Pacific to San Francisco. The St. Paul road contemplates an extension to the Pacific Coast. Hill is talking of invading Harriman's territory and vice versa.

In all this activity and stimulated earning capacity we see no prospect of relief for the producer and shipper in the way of rates. We shall get better service and that is about all. Production must adjust itself to rates.

The effect of this competition by new roads may be unexpected. The question arises, Can a financially weak road like the Central Pacific stand the pinch and pay its debts? By financially weak we mean a road that owes an unusually heavy load of debt. The Central Pacific owes \$80,000 a mile. The average debt of first-class roads in the United States is under \$30,000 a mile. As good a road as the Central Pacific can be built in the same territory and equipped for \$25,000 a mile exclusive of terminal facilities. A new road parallel to the Central Pacific will take half the business.

It is said that new railroads create new business. That is true when new territory is opened or where lower rates are given. But in the absence of these conditions production has already adjusted itself to rates. It has reached the highest point at which it can profitably be conducted. If each road gets half the business the financially weak line will have trouble to pay interest on its bonds.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN OF POLITICS.

HAVE you heard of the Independence League? If not, you are informed by its promoters that it is, or will be, a party for "real people." All others are only imitations doing stage politics. "The politicians," we learn, "are 'wildered,' as well they might be, when confronted by a monster of such hideous mien. "The Independence League," continues the promoter in his prospectus, "has taken them (the politicians) off their formerly well-established feet. Their wonder grows and their apprehension develops."

We are not sorry for the politicians. They are a bad lot, as everybody knows. In the lexicon of the Independence League the Republicans, the Democrats and the Union Labor party are all equally wicked. The sole repository of virtue is the Independence League and it will put a full ticket in the field this fall for "real people" voting real ballots.

The first article of faith in the creed of the new-born league is, "Whatever is, is wrong, and we are born to set it right." It is an ambitious programme, if we may use that injurious word in connection with the repository of all political virtue. Strange to say, we are told by the authorized expositor that "the Independence League is not intended as a dumping ground for kickers and knockers," and all such are warned off the grounds and if they venture to butt in will be prosecuted as trespassers at the expense of the league. While we feel that the greatest reverence is due to the young and innocent, we hope we shall not be regarded as lacking in politeness when we remark that if this programme to exclude the discontented is carried out the league will be the Flying Dutchman of politics, a ghost flying a black flag.

In this difficulty we hesitate to offer advice, but if there are to be no kickers and no knockers in the league the ticket should in the interests of harmony begin like this:
For Governor—E. P. E. Troy.
For Lieutenant Governor—Thornwell Mullally.

If the lady of the White House is to be burdened with the task of adjusting misfit hosiery for San Francisco's refugee femininity Mr. Bryan may experience difficulty in convincing his better half that domestic as well as party expediency demands his acceptance of the Democratic nomination for President.

Inspecting the Inspectors.

By Edward F. Cahill.

Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency,
Though "bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D.

IT IS encouraging to find that the laws of etiquette laid down for the official sailor by the captain of H. M. S. Pinafore find loyal acceptance among our local land-going sailors, if one may apply that adjective to those in authority who further resemble Captain Corcoran in that they are "hardly ever sick at sea" because they stay ashore.

Our own Captain John Bermingham, in virtue of the powers vested in him by Uncle Sam as supervising inspector—he inspects the inspectors—has recently delivered a judgment on matters of politeness between sailorman and sailorman that worthily carries on the tradition and precedents laid down by Captain Corcoran of the Pinafore and his great preceptor in naval etiquette, Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.

It seems that Captain O. F. Bolles, inspector of hulls, has a fine seafaring voice that leads him into temptation on official occasions where, had he mastered the sea manners taught by Sir Joseph Porter, he would coo as gently as a sucking dove. Captain Bolles in the performance of his duty had occasion to rebuke a certain Henry B. Thomas, a representative of the pilots. Thomas did not like the tone of voice in which Captain Bolles addressed him.

"Captain Bolles," he says in a complaint addressed to Bermingham, "Captain Bolles flew into a terrible condition of anger and commenced to roar like an uncaged lion. I appeared before Captain Bolles with due respect for his official position and in return I was bullied and shouted at."

Thomas complains of the "megaphone voice" of Bolles and adds that the "bullying, insolent and abusive Captain Bolles, I am compelled to say, is and would be a disgrace to any government."

To this grave indictment Captain Bermingham returns a soft answer in the best manner of Sir Joseph Porter, thus:

Captain Bolles is a very competent officer, and as such has often disagreeable duties to perform, especially in his examination of applicants for license of some citizens who are not entirely familiar with the English language. On such occasions he sometimes unduly elevates his voice, which is, perhaps, less apparent to him than to the person addressed. I am impressed with the belief that Captain Bolles did unduly elevate the pitch of his voice in talking with Mr. Thomas, but not with a view of insulting him. Nevertheless the exhibition of such stentorian language on his part to the complainant was unjustifiable and will not be tolerated hereafter in his official intercourse with those having business with his office.

As Sir Joseph remarks, "I hold that on the sea the expression 'if you please' a particularly gentlemanly tone imparts." Be not unduly "stentorian." Do not emulate the uncaged lion. Never indulge in quarterdeck profanity. You are excused for this time because you confounded the complainant with a foreigner who could only understand the English language when it is shouted.

"I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran."
"Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph."
"Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran."

"So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph."
"No bullying, I trust; no strong language of any kind, eh?"
"Oh, never, Sir Joseph."
"What, never!"
"Hardly ever, Sir Joseph."

It is "hardly ever" for Captain Bolles, and then only when he mistakes you for a foreigner and, in the words of Inspector Bermingham's apology, "exhibits such stentorian language." In Captain Bermingham, our official arbiter of seafaring elegance, one recognizes a worthy successor of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.

If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's navy.

Further, if you want a model of style in which to address people with whom you have official business you might follow that of the sweet girl graduate who thus described the manner in which a goat butted a boy out of the front yard:

"He hurled the previous end of his anatomy against the boy's after-ward with an earnestness and velocity which, backed by the ponderosity of the goat's avoirdupois, imparted a momentum that was not relaxed until he landed on terra firma beyond the pale of the goat's jurisdiction."

Toole Loved a Joke Whether in Way of Business or Not.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—With the possible exception of Theodore Hook, J. L. Toole, the veteran comedian who died this week, must have been about the most persistent and successful practical joker this country ever produced. It would not be surprising, in fact, if the famous interpreter of "Paul Pry" and "Caleb Plummer" were remembered longer for the fun he made outside the theater than that which he produced in it, and since Toole's death stories without number have been told about his pranks.

One of the best of these comes from Bram Stoker, who describes a laughable joke which Toole and his life-long chum, Henry Irving, once played in their salad days before either the comedian or the tragedian had become world renowned. The scene was an old inn at Wavertree, where the two actors had gone to dine one Sunday.

"Late in the evening," says Sir Henry's late manager, "having been sitting long after dinner, they sent the waiter for the bill. While he was gone they took the silver—of which they had a plentiful supply at Wavertree, and of which they had always a liberal amount on the table—and hid it in the garden upon which the room opened. Then they blew out the candles and got under the table. The waiter came back and was thunderstruck to find the room dark and the door open, and to note by what moonlight there was that the silver had gone. He rushed away at once, rousing the house by the wild cry of 'Thieves! Thieves!'"

The instant he had gone, Irving and Toole emerged from their hiding-place, closed the door, brought back the silver and relit the candles. When presently there came into the room a wild rush of the landlord and his servants and the guests of the house half-clad, they found the two men sitting at table sipping their wine, and Irving smoking his cigar with his usual placidity. One can see his calm, benign face as he quietly asked the landlord: "Do you always come in like this when gentlemen are dining?"

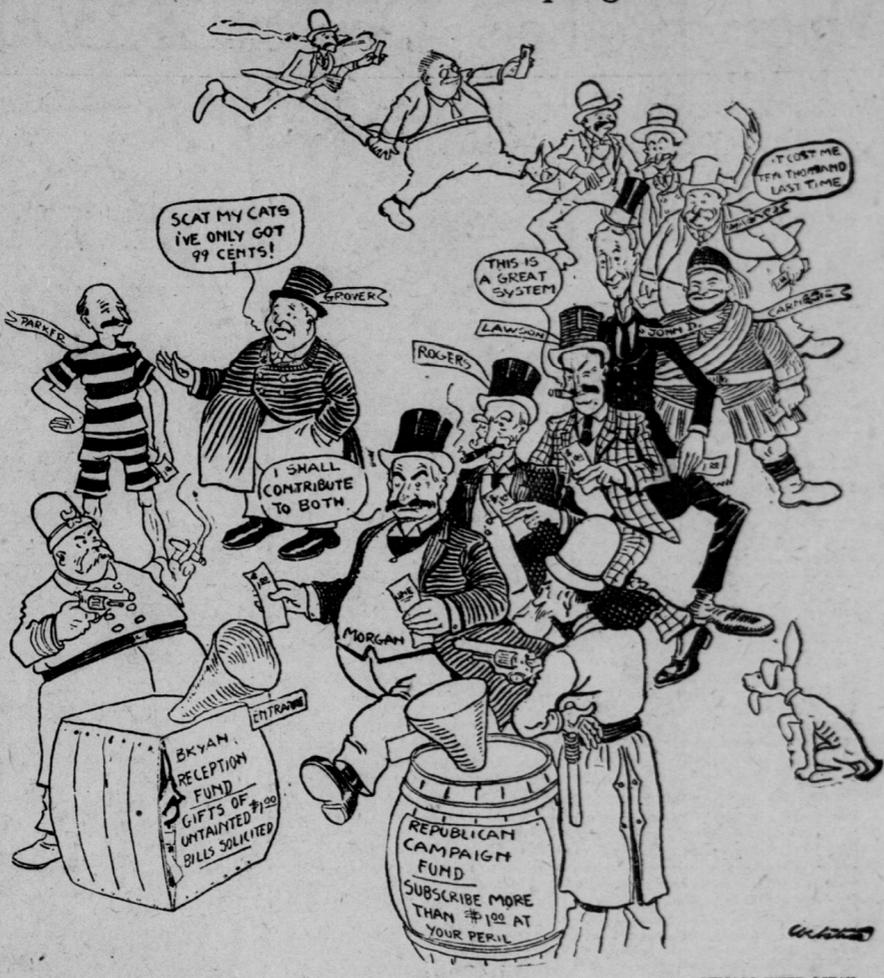
Toole literally never missed an opportunity to play a joke. Going along Oxford street one day, he noticed a handsome closed carriage drawn up outside a certain well-known establishment. The coachman and footman were on the box, looking stolidly ahead. Mr. Toole took the door with a bang, took off his hat to some imaginary occupants, and told the coachman to "drive home." The equipage

was driven smartly away, just as its owners came out of the shop, while in a safe coign of vantage Toole hugely enjoyed his joke. The actor also enjoyed making himself out a perfect simpleton, and was never happier than when a policeman or some official had informed him pitifully, in answer to some ingenious inquiry of his, that he must just have come up from the country. The clerk tried to explain, but he would not attend to his words; he and Brough were talking with too much animation to attend to any one. The situation was only relieved when the young clerk brought one of the managers of the department, who at once recognized the two actors and understood the joke.

Another story of Toole has been told the world over, though it is often fathered on local characters. During one holiday season, he and another player, who was quite game for the little adventure, attired themselves in the shabbiest of clothes, the most venerable of headgear, and the most down-at-heel boots they could find. Thus disguised, they went for a walk in the West End, and went up to the entrance of a smart-looking house, then occupied by a portly parvenu. Ringing violently at the bell, the door was swung open by a pompous flunkey, who, astonished at the spectacle which met his gaze, angrily demanded what the two disreputable-looking characters wanted. Nothing daunted, Toole asked the man if his master was at home. To which he in the silk stockings promptly replied, "No," and told the comedian and his companion to go about their business. With delicious coolness and cheek, Toole said it was a pity the owner was out, for two of his brothers from the work-house had called to see him.

A still more elaborate hoax was that which he perpetrated at the expense of some Americans who had ventured Oxford street that day, brought back a handsome closed carriage drawn up outside a certain well-known establishment. The coachman and footman were on the box, looking stolidly ahead. Mr. Toole took the door with a bang, took off his hat to some imaginary occupants, and told the coachman to "drive home." The equipage

The Great Dollar Campaign Era.



The Smart Set.

AN engagement of great interest which has become known within the last day or two is that of Miss Mary Small and Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., both of whom are very popular in San Francisco. Miss Small is the daughter of H. J. Small and has for several years past made her home in this city, coming here from Sacramento, where the Smalls were among the leading families for a number of years.

She is a pretty, graceful girl, clever and fascinating, with a rarely winsome and attractive manner. She is cultured and traveled and has been a great favorite in society since coming here. She, with her sister, Miss Barbara Small, were at Monterey during the summer and were great belles there. Lieutenant Fisher is at present stationed in Yosemite Valley, but has lived for some time at the Presidio, where he and Lieutenant Richardson kept house together and were among the most popular of the younger officers. He is clever and has a pleasing personality, which makes him liked by men and women alike. No date has been announced for the wedding as yet, but it is whispered that it will not be far distant.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins entertained at a very enjoyable luncheon on board the U. S. S. Pensacola on Sunday last in honor of Captain Capomazzo of the Italian cruiser Dogali, which is in the harbor at the present time. It was a charmingly informal occasion, the captain and his aid, Lieutenant L. Cappelli, who is a Marquis, being the only officers of the Italian cruiser present. The table was prettily decorated in pink, quantities of the effective little Cecile Bruner roses being used. Those present besides the guests of honor and host and hostess were: Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Miss Eleanor Phelps, Miss Kitty Kutz and Dr. Smith, U. S. N.

The Italian Consul General to this city, Count Naselli and Countess Naselli gave a very charming reception on Sunday afternoon at the Hotel Rafael, where they are spending the summer, in honor of Captain Capomazzo and the other officers of the Italian cruiser Dogali, which arrived here last week from San Diego, to say the grapes, melons, strawberries and other produce had all been fastened on by the agency of invisible wire, though it is said Mr. Toole's acting was never more excruciatingly funny than when he went casually plucking a grape here and a strawberry there, and inviting his astonished visitors to do the like.

One of Toole's jokes on Sir Henry Irving was to send him a live kangaroo as a Christmas present during one yuletide which the famous comedian was spending in Australia. For some time this beast was more of a "white elephant" than a kangaroo to Irving, but finally he gave it to the London Zoo, where it was still living a while ago.

Toole's life-story, of course, is too well-known to need any repetition. Beginning as a wine-merchant's clerk, it was his amazing powers of mimicry which finally led him to go on the stage. Encouraged by Charles Dickens, who wrote enthusiastically of his work, he went from success to success until his name became a household word. One of his latest and greatest successes was made in J. M. Barrie's maiden farce, "Walker, London," and he also made a great hit in the same writer's burlesque, "Ibsen's Ghosts" or Toole Up-to-Date," which was put on at Toole's Theater in 1891, and in which he appeared as Peter and then changed to a clever impersonation of Ibsen himself.

Townsend's Cal. glass fruits and candies at Emporium, Post and Van Ness, and 1203 and 1220 Valencia street.

where a brief stay was made. It was one of the pleasantest functions of the season, a number of those prominent both in American and Italian society being present.

Mrs. Frederick Funston was the hostess at a very delightful informal affair at her home in the Presidio Cantonment on Friday evening last, at which she entertained a few of her friends very charmingly. Mrs. Funston is considered one of the most gracious and hospitable hostesses among the army people here and her invitations are eagerly accepted. Among those present last week were: Captain and Mrs. Simpson, Captain and Mrs. Nixon, Captain and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen, Mrs. Devol, Mrs. Fenner, Captain Wren and Mr. Allen.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin spent the week end in San Rafael and was a guest at the two receptions which took place there, that of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd for their debutante daughter, Miss Louise Boyd, on Saturday afternoon, and that of Count and Countess Naselli on Sunday afternoon for the officers of the Italian cruiser Dogali. Mrs. Martin will go next week to the Hotel Del Monte for a stay of a week or two and may go from there to Southern California for a visit.

Among the arrivals on the liner Korea yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Smith (formerly Miss Helen Mar Davis) and Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Charles Abbott, who have been in Manila for some time and who are being most gladly welcomed back. Mrs. Abbott and her charming daughter left last fall for a trip to the Orient and on board the steamer met Delmar Smith, a young engineer, returning to Manila, where he held an important position. There was a brief but ardent courtship, followed by a wedding in Manila about six months ago. They will probably remain here permanently, although they expect to leave shortly for an Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. Smith went at once to the home of Mrs. Smith's aunt, Mrs. Cornwall, on Pacific avenue, and Mrs. Abbott is at the home of her sister, Mrs. Alexander Warner, in Mill Valley.

Miss Isabel Donahue, who is at

Revival of "Whirl-I-Gig" Richly Spiced With Interpolations.

By James Crawford.

TO most of the folk who thronged the Davis Theater last evening the title of "Whirl-I-Gig" held out no promise of new entertainment, for it had lured them to Fischer's when that house was the local home of Weberfeldiana. Therefore they were agreeably surprised to find plenty of fresh provocation for enjoyment in the performance at the McAllister-street house. With the unquestioned license that pertains to the production of such stuff Harry James and his company substituted for the weaker numbers and lines of the original piece the most catchy songs and "gags" they could procure, and the result was a rich flavor of novelty. While the interpolations did not serve to strengthen whatever consecration of plot the piece possessed when first launched, they certainly did convey pleasure to the people who had never witnessed or heard them before.

The fun began with the opening scene of the initial act and increased in boisterousness until the final curtain. Rice, Cady and North carried the comedy, old and new, most creditably, and their topical song, "A Lonesome Town," was rewarded with

San Mateo with her mother, Mrs. Richard Sprague, is at present visiting the Misses von Schroeder in San Rafael.

Mrs. William B. Hamilton and her son, Allan, and Mrs. M. R. Crooke returned yesterday on the Korea from a three months' trip to the Orient. Most of the time they spent in Japan, traveling and as the guests of friends, but they also visited Hong-kong and other Chinese cities.

Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt, who, with her mother, Mrs. Obed Harvey, recently returned from Boston, where they spent the winter, has been spending several days in the city as the guest of friends.

Mrs. William Borrowe and Miss Constance Borrowe will go early next month to Pacific Grove, where they have taken a cottage for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Watson, who have been spending the summer in Mill Valley, will return about September 1 to their home at 2732 Vallejo street in this city to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender and Miss Margaret Bender, who are making their home in Sausalito this year, expect to leave about September 1 for a trip to Alaska. Miss Cherry Bender is visiting friends at Witch Creek, San Diego County, and will not return until about the middle of September.

Miss Mabel Watkins recently returned from a visit to friends at Shasta Springs.

Mrs. George Law Smith and Miss Nellie Vance left on Saturday last for an extended trip through the Yellowstone Park.

The marriage of David W. Dickie of this city and Miss Agnes D. Espie of Edinburgh, Scotland, took place Tuesday, August 14, in Boston, at the Harvard Congregational Church, the Rev. O. Sewell officiating. The groom is the son of James Dickie, the pioneer shipbuilder of this city, and the bride is the daughter of the late George Espie, solicitor of the Supreme courts of Scotland.

They are playing "The Plunger" at the Central Theater and tomorrow morning I shall have something to say about it.