

The San Francisco Call

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A QUARRELSOME PEOPLE

A CERTAIN radical element among the Japanese, headed by Count Okuma, evidently designs to force an issue between their country and the United States. People who are in search of a quarrel rarely find much difficulty in discovering a pretext. To be sure, a fist fight between Americans, followed by some injury to Japanese property, is not a very substantial pretext, but apparently it is made to serve for want of better. Presumably, it could be duplicated any week of the year in Tokyo in the shape of Japanese assaults on American sailors ashore, but this country is not hunting for petty causes of quarrel as some of the Japanese are doing.

This, of course, is not true of all the Japanese. Their local consul issued a statement on the subject of the above mentioned disturbance in a restaurant, in which he said:

In the first place, Japanese residents of San Francisco recognize the fact that present conditions in this city make it very difficult for the authorities to extend full protection. They understand that the strike on the street railroads puts a heavy tax upon the police force and that it is impossible to guard all places at all times against the lawless elements of the community. They are fully convinced, however, that much of the violence to which they have been subjected is due to racial prejudice, and that attempts which are being made in certain quarters to have it appear that the trouble is confined to quarrels between laboring men, incidentally involving Japanese, are without foundation. In support of this view they direct attention to the fact that Japanese restaurants have been systematically annoyed and unjustly attacked. Hardly a day goes by in the territory south of Market street that some threatening demonstration is not made by roughs and hoodlums against Japanese places of business in that quarter.

Now, if the Japanese have a grievance, the state courts and the federal courts are open to them, and they will get justice. We realize that this simple and obvious plan may not suit the cocky Japanese who travel with a chip on the shoulder, but it is the civilized way.

The moral of all this is that the Japanese are a highly undesirable people as close neighbors. Besides being tricky and deceitful, they are quarrelsome and a constant cause of national embroilment. They say the fault is ours. Very well; let them keep out and there will be no such trouble. As long as they are permitted to come here there will be trouble and international friction; nor does it matter in the least on whose shoulders should lie the blame. For our own peace we must exclude the Japanese.

POET AND JURIST

THE attention of the bar association is directed to the latest outrage committed by Judge Hebbard. The mess of poetry of which the learned jurist stands accused is surely an indictable offense. It is understood, of course, that proceedings for disbarment will not lie for anything less than a capital crime, but the association might at least address a polite remonstrance to the court. That would be about the association's size.

Really, Judge Hebbard goes too far. It is not alone that he writes sloppy and maudlin verse of his own tinkering, but he presumes to lay a blundering hand on the work of better men. What apology or plea can he offer in excuse for this misquotation of Hamlet's words:

"Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor melancholy suit of solem black"

If Judge Hebbard had put his poetry in the shape of an affidavit he could be convicted of perjury. Besides, it reads like an affidavit. Judge Hebbard further deposes and says that he begins writing poetry at 3 o'clock of the morning and stops at 5. Few men go to bed so early. We beg leave to offer Judge Hebbard another quotation that might find congenial company in his affidavit:

"Early to bed; early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

OUTLAW CORPORATIONS

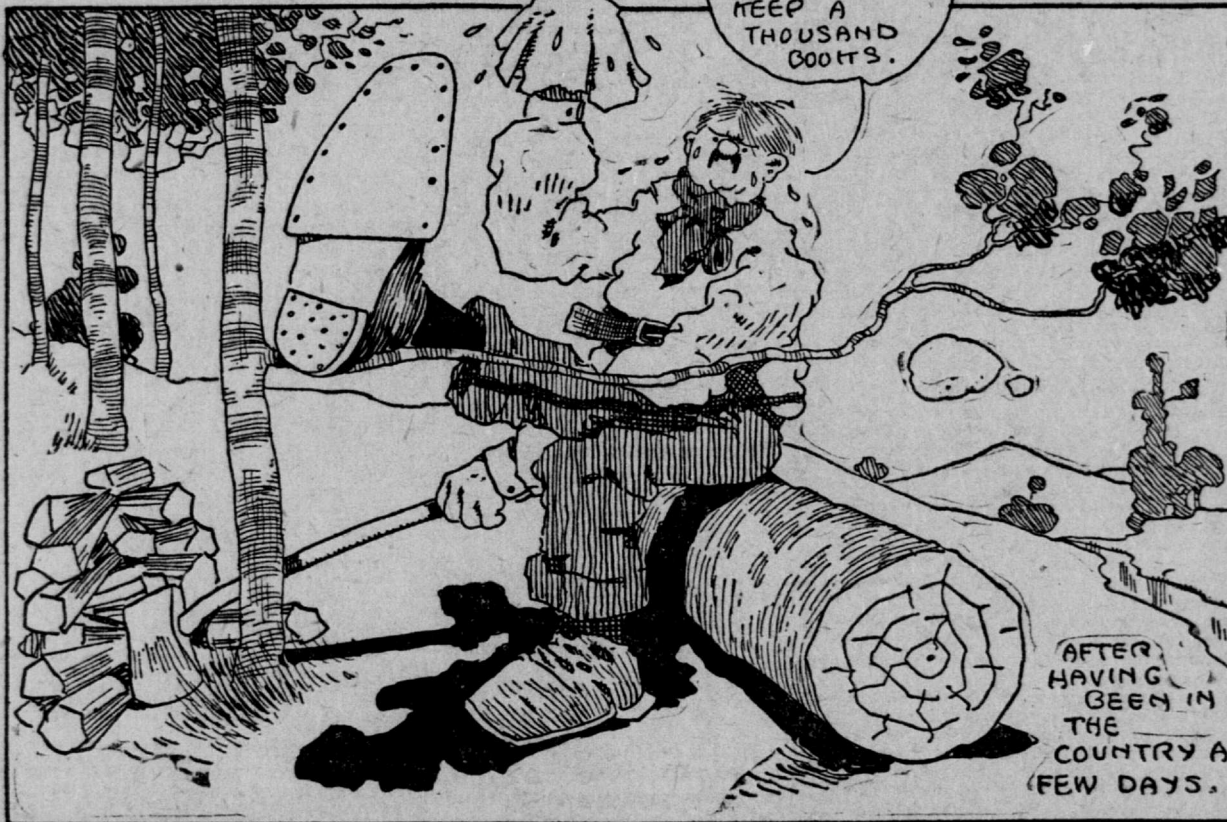
THE work of the interstate commerce commission will be incomplete if it does not include an exhaustive revision of the relations between the railroads and the Pullman company and the private car lines. Some of the worst abuses of the transportation system arise from these relations, and such abuses are as injurious to the railroad companies as to the public. It is no secret that the Pullman company and the Armour car lines hold ironclad contracts that bind the railroads to pay exorbitant rates for the use of cars furnished. The price that the traveler pays to the Pullman company for his berth is only a part of the compensation received by the monopoly; in the same way the private car line collects from both the shipper and the railroad.

Contracts of this kind between such corporations are plainly contrary to public policy. They introduce so much confusion in the relations between the railroads and the shippers that it is difficult to place the responsibility. This confusion is used as a cloak for overcharges and unjust exactions.

Some time ago the Texas railroad commission tried to reduce Pullman charges, and they were met with the customary dishonest plea that the monopoly is neither a common carrier nor an inn keeper, but some sort of undefined, incorporated monster unknown to the law. These excuses are familiar and the courts will know how to deal with them, but in the Texas instance the further objection was raised by the railroads that their contracts with the Pullman company guaranteed it a certain annual return on each car operated over their respective lines. A reduction of rates, therefore, might entail loss to the railroads instead of the sleeping car company.

The difficulties created by this division of responsibility will not be removed until railroad companies are compelled by law to

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perform all the functions incidental to transportation without the intervention of third parties. As matters stand, their obligations have been transferred to irresponsible monopolies, which acknowledge no law or right of regulation. The condition is intolerable, but, apparently, as the law stands, the public has no remedy. The Pullman company and the Armour car lines appear to regard themselves as outlaws. It must be the work of congress and the interstate commerce commission to bring them back within the law.

ROBBERS AND RELIC HUNTERS

THE great American relic hunter is in strong force at Jamestown. He and his women folk made a clean sweep of everything portable that glittered in the cabin of the Duke of Abruzzi on the Italian flagship at Hampton roads. His silver toilet set and all the little articles of "bigotry and virtue" that lay around were pitilessly carried off piecemeal and with thorough attention to detail. It is a form of petty larceny committed by people who consider themselves in good society. As usual, there is an investigation, but we fear that it will not bring back the silver nor run down the thieves. Fighting Bob Evans expresses his disgust in this wise:

I was deeply mortified when it was reported to me that the duke of Abruzzi and his officers had been robbed. In my general orders I took occasion to say that guests on board war vessels would not be permitted to visit the private quarters of the officers unaccompanied by a member of the staff. I have had so much experience with souvenir fiends myself that I am not at all surprised that the duke and his officers suffered from their vandalism. The American souvenir hunter will steal anything except a cellar full of water. This practice is peculiar to America. I have had receptions on board my vessel in nearly every country in the world, but in no place other than America have I ever missed anything. At Kiel, Germany, there were probably 1,000 persons present at a dance on the New York, but not so much as a pin was taken.

Let us be just, admiral. No American relic hunter ever carried away a marble pagoda like the Japanese viscount who stole the famous fane of P'ung Duk while the king of Korea was not looking. The British museum is filled with marbles stolen from Greece. Some of the best paintings in the Louvre got there by a dishonest road. Much depends upon the scale of operations. We all agree that the people who looted chamber ware of a visiting duke were mean and contemptible thieves, but if they had been strong enough to steal the smokestack, that might have pleased them better and they would have earned a certain dubious meed of admiration.

Personal Mention

J. Graham of Burma is at the Jefferson.
Edwin B. Hines of Menlo Park is registered at the Robins.
Mr. and Mrs. Crocodile of London are staying at the Fairmont.
F. C. Lusk, an attorney of Chico, is a guest at the Fairmont.
Mrs. Clara Swan Short of Los Angeles is a guest at the Palace.
G. P. Castle, a well known resident of Honolulu is at the Jefferson.
Former State Senator A. F. Jones of Oroville is at the St. Francis.
F. H. Kraft, a merchant of Wheeling, W. Va., is staying at the Hamilton.
W. H. Henderson, a wealthy brewer of Cincinnati, is a guest at the Hamilton.
C. E. Clough, a wealthy cattle and stock owner of Reno, is at the Robins.
Alfred Dolge, a wealthy lumberman of Dolgeville, is a guest at the St. Francis.
Walter B. Pollock, a mining man of Yukon, Siskiyou county, is staying at the Majestic.
Mrs. A. Emple and Miss Hazel Mayer of Los Angeles will be at the Dorchester for several days.
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Caples and Mrs. J. B. Fletcher were among the guests at the St. Francis yesterday.
Lafayette Young Jr. of Des Moines, Ia., son of Senator Young, the well known orator and politician and editor

In the Joke World

"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toddles, "what is meant by carrying concealed weapons?"
"It applies to women who have occasion to keep their tongues between their teeth," replied Toddles Sr.—Chicago News.
Griggs—The idea of your letting your wife go round saying she made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that.
Briggs—No; but I heard her telling my wife that she did her best.—Philadelphia Inquirer.
Baron R. (who has been explaining the mechanism of his new motor car to one of his tenants for over an hour.) I hope you understand it now.
Tenant—Perfectly; all except one thing.
Baron R.—And what is that?
Tenant—How it goes without a horse.—Bon Vivant.
The Des Moines Daily Capital, is registered at the Fairmont.
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Richards of Chicago are at the Hamilton. Richards is a large silverware manufacturer.
Hugo J. Wardner of Big Rapids, Mich., a visiting Shriner, who is making an extended trip of the coast, is staying at the Hamilton.

The Insider

Talks of Temperamental Jules Mersfelders and of the Henri Murger romances that occur in the studio life of San Francisco

Joullin's Second Plunge a Surprise

IN the old days, before the Jules Mersfelders began to think their temperaments were incompatible, their studio in Merchant street, at the corner of Montgomery, was considered by their bohemian friends the jolliest little place on earth. They used to entertain in happy style, just a few people at a time, and anybody who happened to come along at the psychological moment. The entertainment provided was as inspirational as the coming of the guests. I remember one occasion when there had been a trip through Chinatown and the bunch of artists, musicians and dilettanti were asked to wind up the evening in the Mersfelders studio. Amedee Joullin was one of the group who accepted the invitation. Everybody had to contribute something to the program, and Joullin dressed up like an oriental and played the tomtom. It was very funny, and so were the rest of the stunts.

It doesn't seem quite natural to think of Joullin, indolent genius that he is, stepping into matrimony again. He had been a widower a long time when he went to New York, and the rumor was wafted over the wires that he and Miss Harriet Quimby, a very beautiful San Francisco girl who was trying her luck in Gotham newspaperdom, were to wed. But the rumor as so often happens was founded upon anything but fact. Joullin returned to his old home still heart free.

The Mersfelders weren't at two then. They were the life of the Sequoia gatherings at Copp's and it was only a short time before the historic April 18 that they had agreed to go their separate ways. Mrs. Mersfelder retained the Merchant street studio and went on painting Chinese children and portraits of other little ones and Jules fitted up a studio in Market street. He had just moved into the Ralston house in Pine street and started in to paint pictures for an exhibition when the fire saved him the trouble of packing up the masterpieces. His latest location is over the bay. Jules, by the way, is a San Francisco boy, but the late Mrs. Mersfelder, now Mrs. Joullin, is from Chicago. Their marriage was one of those romances of art life, as the Joullin union is a romance of the earthquake. I don't think even her most intimate friends out here knew that "Lou" stood for "Lucy Wilcox" in Mrs. Mersfelder's name until the dispatches mentioned it in the late marriage notice. It was like Delmas having to go to New York for us to discover that "D. M." stood for Delphin Michel.

Charlie Dickman's Fond Adventures

We do not have to go back to Henri Murger for our romances of bohemia these days. They live themselves among us, and though they may lack the picturesque background of Paris and the Mimi-Muzette type of tale, there is yet in them material for novels with the artistic atmosphere. The Mersfelder-Joullin marriage is one of these artistic semibohemian romances. Another quite as deeply interesting is the love story of Charlie Dickman, the liberty loving artist who found matrimonial ties galling after some years of trial, yet who, when freed by the courts from one charming woman with musical tastes, lost little time in finding another wife, equally charming and also musical.

Julien Gordon's Literary Success

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who dropped inconspicuously into town the other day in the course of a tour she is taking in the interest of her muse, is of sufficient celebrity for the Sequoians to have offered her the utmost of their hospitality. She has written a number of successful novels since her "Diplomat's Diary" set the reading world to guessing who "Julien Gordon" was, 17 years ago. The astute diplomat of the diary turned out to be a society woman well known abroad and in New York and Washington society, Mrs. Julia Grinnell Storror Cruger. It was Mrs. Cruger, by the way, who when she was asked in what manner she would prefer to die, said that her choice would be to be kissed to death. When she was pointed out to John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) as the author of that saying that amiable lady responded, "Well, she'll never realize her desire."

In Railway Circles

SOME months ago the railroads in this city brought to the attention of the public through the medium of this paper the necessity of catering to the Alaska trade. It was pointed out that something should be done to secure a part of \$30,000,000 expended annually by the people in Alaska for supplies. It was shown that Seattle practically had a monopoly of this trade and that if San Francisco merchants tried they would be able to cut into that monopoly. The matter was taken up by the business organizations and an effort made to induce ship owners to send a vessel direct to Nome. This was finally done, and the sailing of the Indiana straight for Nome heavily laden shows that San Francisco's business is coming to Seattle, but what it means also that the transcontinental lines will help supply what is consumed in Alaska and that a large proportion of that \$30,000,000 will find its home here. The Indiana took 400 steerage passengers and 160 first class passengers, besides 5,000 tons of freight, and the fact that rail and ship could be got together, as in China basin, made the freight transfer cheaper and easier. On July 3 the Indiana will sail again for Nome, and 14 carloads of beer and several carloads of canned milk are en route to this city for that vessel. In the past all this transcontinental business would have been shipped to Seattle, but what interests San Francisco people most is that millions of dollars will be spent in this city for supplies for the northern mines.

R. A. Worthington, vice president and general manager of the Wheeling and Lake Erie, also of the Wabash, Pittsburg terminal and the West Side belt railroad, is in the state visiting his relatives at Sacramento, Worthington's There is a possibility that Miss Dorothy will come to California a little later to join her father, Colonel Draper, who has a cottage in Mill Valley, but she may wait until later in the season and accompany her mother and Miss Elsa here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Goodman and Miss Ruth Goodman of Napa, who are well known here, will be early in the week to San Diego for a visit of a fortnight's duration.

Mrs. V. G. Bogue is entertaining her brother, John Alden, who arrived here yesterday from his home in Rochester, N. Y., for a visit.

Conditions in California

The California Promotion committee wired the following to its eastern bureau in New York city yesterday:

California temperatures for the past twenty-four hours:
Eureka.....Minimum 54.....Maximum 58
San Francisco.....Minimum 54.....Maximum 58
San Diego.....Minimum 60.....Maximum 68

San Francisco building permits for June 6:
Permanent.....12.....Value.....\$73,000
Alterations.....3.....Value.....\$73,000

San Francisco bank clearings for week ended June 6, 1907.....\$4,227,305.00
Same period during 1906.....\$3,954,174.54
Los Angeles bank clearings for week ended June 6, 1907.....\$1,324,144.00
Same period during 1906.....\$1,324,144.00
Oakland bank clearings.....\$1,324,144.00
There is great scarcity of farm labor in the Fresno district. The shortage includes foremen and experienced hands.

The pressed brick facing of the 16 story Whitall building in San Francisco was completed today. Remaining work will be rushed and the building will be ready for occupancy about the middle of October.