

The San Francisco Call

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MR. CALHOUN'S TACTICS

THE un instructed spectator of the graft prosecutions might readily suppose that a high toned southern gentleman of chivalric instincts and traditions would be eager to meet and refute, if he can, the solemn indictment of a grand jury charging him with bribery. If Mr. Patrick Calhoun were that kind of gentleman it would be difficult to reconcile his course with his traditions of honor and his loud professions. Indeed, so far from vindicating the boasted chivalry of the south we find him behaving like Ruef. It is Mr. Calhoun's interpretation of noblesse oblige.

Like Ruef, Mr. Calhoun has hired a lawyer with a bad tongue and an evil temper, whose policy, so far as developed, appears to be chiefly one of personal insult and the attribution of unworthy motives to the prosecution. Mr. Calhoun's counsel is impressed with the belief that if he can put Mr. Rudolph Spreckels on trial, that will divert attention from his client. There are the customary hints about midnight conspiracies and wicked schemes to buy the United Railroads for an old song. These may serve to amuse the gallery or create an atmosphere of political prejudice, but they do not meet the charge of felony under which Mr. Calhoun rests. That charge will not be wiped out by dragging a red herring across the trail.

The Call is not concerned to defend Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. He can speak for himself and no doubt will do so; but we confess a certain surprise at the tactics employed on behalf of Mr. Calhoun. The dubious devices of the criminal lawyer do not fit the loud professions of innocence that Mr. Calhoun has so liberally distributed. The course of an honorable man, conscious of his own rectitude, would be to prove his innocence first, and then, if he could prove that unworthy motives had actuated the prosecution, he would be listened to with respect. But every moment that he evades or postpones a trial on the facts and the merits of the case he becomes himself an object of suspicion. In a word, Mr. Calhoun behaves like Ruef, exhausting the ingenuity of a battery of criminal lawyers, seeking to confuse the issue with irrelevant matters and to postpone trial.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT'S DILEMMA

IT is not flattering to American pride to see the navy department compelled to carry its coals in British or other foreign bottoms. We have coal to burn on the other side of the continent, but none for the Pacific coast, unless we can sneak it around the Horn through a hole in the law which the ingenious bureaucrats of the navy department claim to have discovered. To be sure, this is one of those cases where it may be plausibly maintained that necessity knows no law, or as little as possible.

We shall not pretend to criticize the dubious ingenuity of legal minds in a tight place, and we recognize the fact that motive power must be provided for our warships on the Pacific. The coalyards at Mare island and Bremerton must be supplied by some means, but it is a fair subject for inquiry whether there is such a real scarcity of American shipping as the navy department asserts, and, secondly, who is responsible for that lack of transportation facilities? Not impossibly, the scarcity is due to the hostile attitude that congress maintains toward the American merchant marine. This lack of merchant ships under our flag is a quite serious matter for the country, wholly apart from the commercial aspect. In case of war it would place us at a grave disadvantage.

In the meantime, we thoroughly appreciate the apologetic attitude of the navy department. If they cannot hire American ships, at least they are able to point with just pride to the fact that they are buying American coals. God is good to the navy department.

THE MILITARY CROCODILE

THE United States army is in sore trouble. The wife of a colonel of dragoons threatens to sue the secretary of war because he ordered her excluded from the West Point reservation under circumstances of ignominy. She is a person of strenuous temperament and something of a colonel herself, if the complaints of West Point bigwigs describing her behavior are to be trusted.

It is Mrs. Ayres, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Ayres, who has aroused this military storm by conducting a sort of private war with the gallant West Pointers, and her campaign is described in a series of official letters, from which we quote part of a communication addressed to the war department by Colonel H. L. Scott, superintendent of cadets, in these words:

On the day mentioned in the complaint Mrs. Ayres attacked the commandant of cadets in the area of the cadet barracks with the most opprobrious epithets and in an undignified manner. In addition to this she has written to certain New York newspapers making such outrageous attacks that the papers would not print them. Moreover, in speaking to me about writing to newspapers, criticizing officers, she declared her purpose to write whatever and to whomsoever she pleased.

She has never, to my knowledge, publicly criticized me personally, and this is mentioned to show that I am not actuated in writing this letter by any personal pique; but she did not hesitate to denounce General Mills last year, I am told, on the hotel porch so recklessly as to call forth a rebuke from the manager of the hotel.

Colonel Scott is grievously perplexed. He suggests that even should he exclude the lady from the reservation she may effect a lodgment in a neighboring village, and from that secure retreat, perhaps, make faces at him across the fence. Besides the resources of a nimble tongue the terrified colonel and superintendent fears, as he says, that Mrs. Ayres will "continue her undignified clamor in the press." No wonder the army is afeared.

From this double barreled warfare our gallant soldiers shrink. An army with banners turns tail before a woman's tongue and the air is full of adjectives more dreadful than bayonets. Colonel

Isn't It Peculiar?—No. 6



Ayres is a distinguished cavalry officer, a close friend of General Leonard Wood and of President Roosevelt. Mrs. Ayres is a Fairfax of Virginia. There are all the elements of an inspiring scrap. Colonel Ayres explains that his wife seeks reparation before a civil rather than a military tribunal, by his advice, and he explains that years ago a major general—not otherwise identified—told him that as for a court martial he might as well be tried by "crocodiles." This contribution to the current flood of animal literature he explains by the remark that a military court would be composed of such officers as to make the result "a brace game."

These are dreadful things to say about the army and its constituted authorities. To the mere civilian they might seem subversive of discipline, and Colonel Ayres may be called to account if he has not been misquoted. Willy, nilly, he may be dragged before the villainous crocodiles.

A social and military episode of this character would not be complete without its black conspiracy. In this instance it appears under the alias of a "cabal." It is related, in all seriousness, that eminent West Pointers have engaged in this hideous cabal to down Colonel Ayres and Mrs. Ayres because of his friendship with General Wood, who is not popular at West Point.

We do not know much about this, and, indeed, we share the wholesome fear that inspires the prevailing activity of the United States army, but in the capacity of a rank outsider we should like some further information about the habits of the military crocodile. It is a species not yet classified in the nature books and worthy the attention of Theodore Roosevelt.

OUR SCATTERED FLEETS

AN excitable statesman of the middle west makes a loud call for a hundred battleships with which to sweep the wide Pacific clear of heathen fleets and their sneaking allies, whether these be British or German or the Lord knows what. We shall not need so many. Probably, we shall not need any battleships on the Pacific. At present we have none.

We are aware that this is a delicate subject. Portentous brows wrinkle in Washington when naval policy for the Pacific is mentioned. The subject is obscure or, at least, obscured by the solemn make believe of diplomacy. If one asks why there are no American battleships on the Pacific the answer is given that if we should send such a fleet to those waters Japan might regard it as an unfriendly act. By keeping nothing but cruisers and gunboats on the Pacific we present an example of international politeness to the world. It would be unfriendly to gather here a fleet capable of meeting the Japanese on equal terms.

It would be even more friendly to have no fleet of any sort on the Pacific. That policy would save us a lot of money, and we should be in no danger of losing the fleet we now have in case of war. The situation is not simple and some of the complications that must be considered were pointed out not long ago by Captain Mahan, the greatest living authority on sea power. On that occasion Captain Mahan said:

It seems to me reasonable to assume that the government, under a president who has knowledge of military principles, and advisers such as the general board, over which Admiral Dewey presides, would reason to send three battleships to the Philippines would be to put ourselves exactly in the position in which Japan caught Russia; with a navy in the aggregate superior, divided into two parts individually inferior to the Japanese navy. Should such a misfortune as war arise with any power able to reach eastern waters sooner than we, our proposed Philippine fleet would represent that of Port Arthur, and to the Atlantic fleet, if sent subsequently, would be assigned the role of Rejostevsky. I do not, of course, say that exactly similar results would follow, but only that the situation we should needlessly have created would be the same. \* \* \* The question is one chiefly of naval superiority. For that object, in the present proportions of our navy, the three battleships here are thrice as efficient as they would be in Manila.

The reasoning is good as far as it goes, but does not go far enough. If it is bad policy to divide your forces by keeping some battleships on the Pacific and some on the Atlantic, the same reasoning applies to maintaining any sort of fleet on the Pacific. The situation is admittedly difficult, but the reasoning that we get from the powers that be is neither convincing nor satisfying.

Verse Current in the Press of the Nation

THE LORDLY CLERK OF THE SWELL HOTEL

IN journeyings oft through many a clime
I've scanned the ways of the truly great,
But the greatest man in the tide of time,
Without whose nod the world scarce moves,
Is the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.
If you're spangled o'er with jewels rare,
And clothed in fashion's latest vogue,
And scatter your coin with a reckless air,
You're always welcomed by the eagle eye
Of the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.
But if modestly garbed in plainer style,
You approach the throne in an humble way,
And are exceeding glad if once in a while,
You catch the eye or your questions are heard
By the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.
While he showers his smiles on the rich and the proud,
You patiently wait in the far background,
Till his regal highness served all the crowd,
And you modestly ask for letters from home
Of the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.
And scarcely deigning a glance at you,
Nor looking at all through letters or mail,
He answers quickly, and impatiently, too,
"There's nothing at all in the lot for you,
Does the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.
And so you patiently wait for letters from home,
Asking day after day for the expected word,
And wonder why they never will come,
Feeling ashamed so often to trouble or bore
The lordly clerk of the swell hotel.
But when your journey is o'er and you hail
Your return to friends in the dear old home,
You write to the big hotel to please remail
The messages of love that never were found
By the lordly clerk of the swell hotel.
—David M. Johnson, in New York Sun.

A SPRING SONG

Oh, to be, to be
A glad green tree,
With the wind through its branches blowing,
And the fragrant wine
Of a youth divine
From root to crown overflowing.
When the primal dawn
Of the earth drew on
There sprang from the world's gray ether
You elm and an oak—
With one pulse they woke
And mingled their songs together.
Do you hear the sigh
When the spring is nigh?
O love, when the days grow longer
Does the fiery thrill
Of the old life still
Make the new sweet bond seem stronger?
—Ada Foster Murray.

The Smart Set

PRETTY wedding, with unusual and attractive surroundings, was that of Miss Helen Bradbury Carter and Howard Beck Cutting, which was celebrated at noon yesterday at "Pechowa," the country place of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Carter, at Lagunitas in Marin county. It is a beautiful spot in the redwoods and it was decided that the ceremony should take place out of doors. Rev. Dr. Jewett, formerly of Redwood City, was the officiating clergyman, he having performed the same office for the parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cutting.

Miss Carter was a charming bride in a gown of white embroidered silk. She had no attendants and only relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Cutting have gone to Yosemite for their honeymoon and will visit southern California before returning here. After September they will live in Mill Valley, where the groom has recently built a house.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and her daughters, Miss Dora Clover and Miss Beatrice Clover, who went abroad recently, are at the Hotel Alexandra in London. They will be joined there shortly by Captain Clover, who has just returned to Washington after a brief trip to this coast.

Mrs. William H. Crocker left on Monday for a brief eastern trip. Admiral Kempff and Miss Cornelia Kempff left yesterday for a fortnight's stay in Yosemite.

Miss Stella McCalla came up last week from Santa Barbara for a brief stay. Mrs. McCalla, who spent a fortnight here, has gone south again.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, who recently returned from an eastern trip, will spend the fourth of July holidays as the guests of the Herrins at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, the latter of whom has recently returned from a brief visit to Santa Barbara, spent the week end in San Jose.

Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Miss Jeanette Wright and Miss Marion Wright have returned to town after a sojourn at Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding (the latter was formerly Miss Mary Folger) are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the arrival of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wood (formerly Miss Romola Bigelow) of this city, who are spending the winter and spring in Santa Barbara, are rejoicing in the advent of a son, born last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney have returned from a trip to Yosemite valley.

Douglas Alexander, the young son of Mrs. C. O. Alexander, has been quite ill again and had to undergo the mastoid operation last week. Only a few months ago this operation was performed, but some complications made it necessary to repeat it, which has been very successful, and he is getting along well. During his mother's absence in Europe, he has been staying at Burlingame with his aunt, Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chickering and Miss Patty Chickering left last week for Europe. As they are going for rest and change they will take one of the slower steamers across to avoid the summer crowds, and after several months spent in leisurely traveling about the continent will return to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wotkyns, who had been guests for the past fortnight at Menlo, Mrs. Wotkyns having come

Personal Mention

John Parrott Jr. of San Mateo is at the Palace. G. W. Sears of Springfield, Mo., is at the Hamilton.

W. G. Wallace and wife of New York are at the Hamilton. Charles E. Fredericks of Los Angeles is at the Savoy.

F. B. Chandler and wife of Vacaville are at the Majestic. W. G. Wallace and wife of Stockton are at the Fairmont.

Philip V. Mighels, the writer, is registered at the Hamilton. G. F. Johnson, a merchant of Portland, Or., is at the Baltimore.

H. Wallace, wife and son of Salt Lake will be at the Majestic for several days. W. A. Fry and J. C. Trafton, jewelers of Providence, R. I., are at the Baltimore.

H. K. Wood, a manufacturer of shoes at Piqua, Ohio, and Mrs. Wood are at the Fairmont. Henry Hercourt, prominent in business circles in Fresno, is registered at the Baltimore.

Thomas Hughes, prominent in oil circles at Los Angeles, and his wife are at the St. Francis. Joseph H. Boyd, prominent in business circles in Spokane, with his wife and daughter are at the Majestic.

George H. Lewis of New York, with his wife and daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Grace, are at the Dorchester. James W. Neill of Butte Mont., and Mrs. Neill, of Sacramento, both heavily interested in mining properties on the coast, are at the St. Francis.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Hamilton yesterday were G. W. Sears of Springfield, Mo., and Captain C. F. Tappan, an automobile manufacturer of New York.

Mrs. Walter S. Sample and family from Washington, D. C., arrived yesterday at the St. Francis. Mr. Sample has been in the city for some months representing the James Stewart company, contractors of New York and London.

Gossip in Railroad Circles

The operating officials of the Southern Pacific deny the allegation that they intended to cast any reflections on the residents of Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, Menlo Park, Palo Alto and San Jose, or to classify them as "dead ends" by putting a funeral car on the Saturday evening run and the early Sunday morning run of the regular trains to San Jose.

They declare that the sole reason for its use was to accommodate the traffic on the days in question, owing to the enormous number of people who want to attend the birthday party of Fred Swanton at Santa Cruz.

It is understood that the railway company has received several indignant communications from residents of Burlingame and Belmont, and a stout literary gentleman, who spends his Sundays at Belmont, has threatened to abandon the use of the line if he is to be subjected to the remarks of rude small boys who haw out as he is gazing out of the window at the green hills. "There is a nice looking dead one," Frank Fabens regrets that any patron of the Southern Pacific, especially a poet, should be subjected to so grievous an indignity, and in explanation he said:

"There was such a demand for coaches on those two days that we put into commission anything that we could lay our hands upon. Now there is really nothing objectionable in the funeral car. It is painted a nice bright and cheerful color on the outside. It is well upholstered and has fine, large windows. Only a person of a sensitive nature, as I take the poet who lives at Belmont, is could find fault with the car. It is not likely to happen again. Fred Swanton's birthday comes only once a year, and then it should be remembered that on that day we put on two extra trains to San Jose, and that also accounted for the shortage in cars and the use of the funeral car." "The funeral coach will not again be used for the conveyance of lives

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: San Francisco, Minimum 59, Maximum 85; San Diego, Minimum 56, Maximum 74. San Francisco building permits for June 18: Alterations, 12, Value, \$38,000; New buildings, 3, Value, 10,975. At a recent wool sale of the spring product in Cloverdale, Sonoma county, 150,000 pounds of 24 1/2 cents were sold. It is estimated that the wool clip in this part of California will total over a million pounds this year. Work has commenced on the Kavanagh building, at the southwest corner of Geary street and Grant avenue, San Francisco. The foundation is well along and the steel contract has been let. The structure will cost \$150,000. The big reinforced concrete structure for the Barron estate, now under construction at Geary and Taylor streets, San Francisco, has risen to the sixth story. The building will be nine stories in height, occupying a ground space 128x138. It will be known as the Hotel Bellevue, and no expense will be spared to make it one of the finest hotels in the west. The building will cost \$700,000, and \$200,000 will be spent on the furnishing. It is to be ready in September.