

The San Francisco Call

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THE NAVY FOR A PLAYTHING

WE have no idea how much importance is to be attached to the reports that the navy department is considering measures to strengthen the Pacific fleet by sending battleships to this coast.

What is the Atlantic fleet doing at the present moment? The most important squadron is engaged on a continuous performance in the way of vaudeville as a sideshow for the Jamestown exposition, and this is kept up regardless of the urgent need of the training only to be had on a cruise.

The American navy is not a plaything nor yet an appanage of royal state. It is something like the man and his gun. You don't often need it, but when you do, you want it awful bad and just as quick.

The outlying possessions of the United States are all in the Pacific, with the exception of Porto Rico. There is here the wide flung battle line that includes Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines.

There is here the danger of entanglement with Japan. We have no quarrel and expect none with powers that front the Atlantic. The future wars will be fought on the Pacific, and it is not the part of wisdom to ignore that condition.

FARMER ROOSEVELT'S VACATION

FARMER ROOSEVELT has a new barn at Sagamore hill. He has just got in his hay crop. If the eastern summer could mitigate its biting rigors he would go in swimming.

Secretary Loeb and his typewriters—male and female he created them—have been put on a reservation three miles away. Newspapermen are kept off the grounds, and the White House bulldog, which can climb a tree on occasion, prowls at large in threatening vigil.

All's quiet on Sagamore hill as long as Colonel Roosevelt is quiet.

Crosby S. Noyes, editor of the Washington Star, has seen a great deal of the president. In a recent address to the national editorial association at Jamestown he drew a parallel between the strenuous lives of Captain John Smith and Theodore Roosevelt.

His concluding remarks about Roosevelt are to the point. To quote: "The newspapermen have no quarrel with the president. There is some friction between them, but no rupture, and Secretary Loeb dispenses the White House news with tact and intelligence."

And whether Mr. Roosevelt is elected by acclamation for a third term, or rules by deputy in the shape of a president designated by him, or whether, after an interval of four years, he shall again take the presidency, he will receive the cordial support of the press in all his great efforts for the public good and the national welfare.

At the same time the press will reserve the right to "fearlessly and truthfully" criticize his acts when they are inconsiderate and unjust.

The newspapers have nothing to ask of him but fair treatment. They will not be unduly elated if he pats them on the back, and their equanimity will not be greatly disturbed should he give them the cold shoulder.

They hold themselves to be ordained preachers, as well as Mr. Roosevelt, and they will keep their pulpits for all time, for presidents may come and presidents may go, but the press, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever.

After all, Theodore Roosevelt is a good deal of a boy yet, as well as a most masterful president!

We hope the president may enjoy his rest; enjoy it like a boy. Besides, there are others who need a rest. He keeps us all busy. Mr. Harriman would like some vacation himself. He is weary of being treated like a hunted animal.

Besides, there are other people who want a chance to put a word in edgewise. It is related that on a recent strenuous day at Jamestown a dozen fiery southern orators, including the celebrated John Temple Graves, were reluctantly squelched and compelled to bottle up their eloquence, because the president occupied all the time there was. Fourteen Georgia mayors had to eat their own speeches. There was much suppressed language.

California sends greeting to Farmer Roosevelt and trusts he will never have any lumps in his mashed potatoes, because he is the white headed boy.

A SERMON ON ETHICS OF JOURNALISM

THERE is sorrow, complicated with anger, in the Fairbanks camp, and these emotions find voluminous expression in the Indianapolis News, a newspaper of ability and standing, said to be owned by Vice President Fairbanks.

It is not long since a writer in Collier's gave to the world a rasping review of the Fairbanks' career, and the manner of this publication supplies the text for a sermon on the ethics of journalism by the News.

We quote: "The story might have been proved to be false, and it was too 'good' to lose. So the malignant slander is blazoned to the nation in the hope that it would be believed. A full and careful inquiry might have revealed the truth, but apparently the truth was not wanted."

So we have this interesting little illustration of what our great and good friends mean by journalistic ethics. In the future we shall know better than we did before just what weight to give to the statements made by the great "national weekly." When it makes charges against men or communities we shall ever be haunted by the suspicion that they are entirely unsupported by

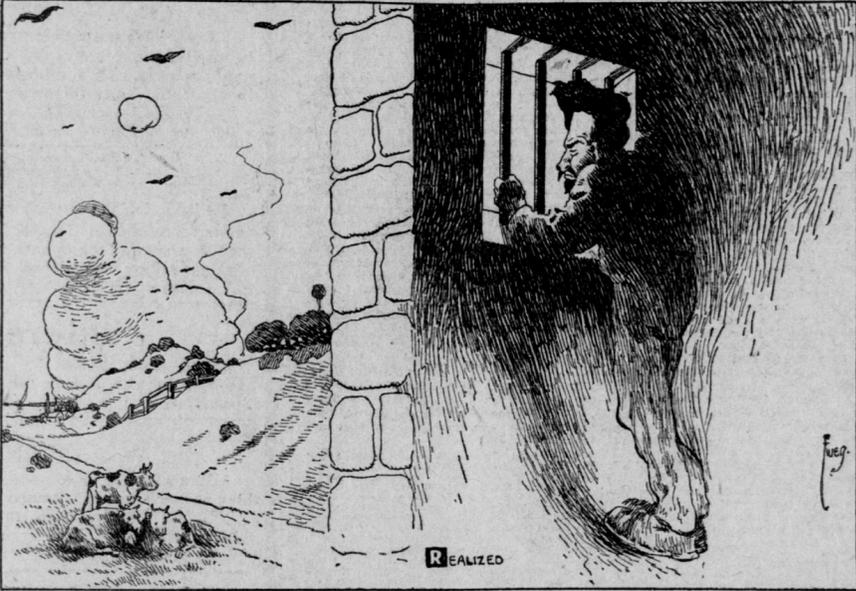
Cartoonist Ewer's Review of the Week's News



CUPID'S SUCCESSOR ON LOVERS LANE, MT. TAMALPAIS



THE DUMA IS DISSOLVED



REALIZED



Gossip in Railroad Circles

C. R. ROBINSON of the passenger department of the Southern Pacific has won for himself the name of a diplomat of "the first class." It appears that his department had asked the operating department for 20 cars to accommodate the members of St. Charles parish, who enjoyed an outing to Sunset park yesterday.

F. Shoup of the passenger department of the Southern Pacific has just returned from an overland trip to Eureka. Shoup is confident that this will be the scenic line of the state and will be the "Mecca" for sportsmen. He declares that there is not a beast that walks the field or a bird that soars in the air that cannot be shot easily within walking distance from the scenic line.

"I rode 110 miles in a stage from Sherwood, the terminus of the railway, to Elinor," he said yesterday, "and though I have been in most beautiful parts of the state, never did I realize what wonderful mountain scenery there can be seen in the county of Humboldt. Snow clad peaks, lovely valleys, turbulent streams from whose bosom trout leaped several feet in the air and then sank back in their own element with a sigh at not having been caught."

"The switchman," said a railroad official, "is a man who is not only a good switchman but a good boy. Well, you cannot do that with a switchman. If you fire a switchman he will walk to the next terminal and beg again with the same company, and if he is a good switchman a yard master is always glad to get him. We had a switchman in our employ once who was always getting fired. At one terminal he would be plain Jones. When he got fired and moved on to the next terminal he would give his name in as Jones. His name was finally discovered, and when he was fired for imposing on the company he remarked: 'Well, what's the use of being a Welshman if you can't spell your name in more ways than one.'"

The lumbermen of Shasta county are saying unkind things about the Southern Pacific and are raising their voices in the general howl for cars. They go even further and declare that the Southern Pacific discriminates against the lumbermen of Shasta in favor of the lumbermen who ship from Portland.

July 3 a special train will leave this city with 125 Elks bound for Philadelphia, where will be held the annual convention of that order. On the same day a train will leave Reno with the Elks from that section of the country. There will be 125 on board.

The Monterey, Fresno and Eastern is making active preparations for building and has ordered about 6,000 tons of rails for immediate delivery at Monterey, from which point construction is to begin.

F. W. Thompson, general agent of the Rock Island-Frisco lines, is expected in the city today from Los Angeles.

Edward Chambers, assistant freight traffic manager of the Santa Fe, left with his family yesterday for Del Monte and will today leave there for Los Angeles.

Verse Current in the Press of the Nation

HIGH DIPLOMACY
THERE is war among the nations. There is rage across the foam. In St. Petersburg and Paris, London and Madrid and Rome.

For the Kaiser's Speck von Sternburg Stole a march upon the rest When he taught the Roosevelt children How to ride and hurdle best.

No doubt cables now are hissing Bearing questions rude and blunt, Saying: "Bryce, you chump, get busy! Can't you teach the kids a stunt?"

While to Jusserand instructions For the honor of his flag Make the frenzied call to duty: "Mon dieu! Teach l'enfants ze tag!"

Hence the diplomats are thinking That their lot is rather blue, Not alone to play with Roosevelt, But to teach the youngsters too. —McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

A LULLABY
Rock a bye baby on grandmother's knee, Grandma will swing you to rest; Off to the land of the sugar plum tree, Nestle on grandmother's breast; Mother has gone to her club, baby dear, Close now your pretty blue eyes; Grandma will watch you and care for you here

While mamma works hard for a prize, Mamma is playing at bridge, baby dear; Grandma will rock you to sleep; Hush, little one, you have nothing to fear.

Grandma her vigil will keep, Grandma is near you, so travel away, And sail on the wonderful sea; Go where the fairies are always at play Your mamma has left you to me. —Detroit Free Press.

THE HYPOCRITE
When Celia said that for her sake I must not take my heart must break, I straightway drew the line— Yet not so much for Celia's sake As secretly for mine.

By grace of her I'm full of wit, And so the grape—what matters it? I gave it up because I won A wine thereby so rare; My exodus from vineyards none Has yielded to compare! I left it off because I won The sparkling of her hair!

By grace of her I feel my worth Immortal on a mortal earth. And Celia meantime loves to laud My exodus from vineyards none Has yielded to compare! I left it off because I won The sparkling of her hair!

I wonder would she take amiss Confession of my wickedness? —Witter Byner, in the Reader.

Personal Mention
C. E. Lord of Los Angeles is at the Savoy. G. M. Roden of New York is at the Savoy. John J. McGau of Boston is at the Hamilton. E. A. Moore of Chicago is at the Majestic. E. C. Murray of New York is at the Jefferson. H. G. Cannon of Goldfield is at the St. Francis. Lester W. Gray of Los Angeles is at the Fairmont. J. B. Allen and wife of Los Gatos are at the Palace. Herman Theune of New York is at the Dorchester. M. M. Sommerfeld of Tampa, Fla., is at the Baltimore. Colonel F. W. Sumner of Berkeley is at the Baltimore. Bertrand Collins of Seattle, Wash., is at the Fairmont. J. D. McKenzie of Chelmahe, Mexico, is at the Palace. Joe D. Bidde, a rancher from Hanford, is at the Jefferson. A. L. Dullekson and wife of Fallon, Nev., are at the Hamlin. P. S. Hammerclag and wife of New York are at the Jefferson. L. C. McGarey and S. A. McDonald of Rhyolite are at the St. Francis. W. F. Altrath and bride of this city are registered at the Dorchester. J. A. Roach and wife of Los Angeles are at the Hamlin for a few days. Dr. McNutt, wife and daughter of New York are at the Majestic annex. F. A. Bristol and wife of Johannesburg, South Africa, are at the Majestic. J. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson and two sons from Belmont are registered at the Hamlin. G. P. Crafts and wife and Miss Pauline Crafts of Manchester, N. H., are at the St. Francis. J. B. Martin and wife, Miss Josephine W. Martin, and Miss Sadie Harmon of Los Angeles, who are touring the state, are at the Jefferson.

It is understood that Dartmouth college will soon have a new gymnasium as a result of the \$300,000 bequest to the college by Thomas P. Salter of New York.

Conditions in California
The California Promotion committee wired the following to its eastern bureau in New York yesterday: California temperatures for the past 24 hours: San Francisco...No wires. San Francisco...Minimum 50...Maximum 58. San Diego...No wires. San Francisco building permits for June 22: Permanent...6...Value...\$20,000. Alterations...2...Value...1,200. Tulare county peaches make an especially fine crop this year, the best bringing \$70 a ton. Several canning associations are buying large tracts of land and planting them in peaches. Steel for the new nine story, class A, Clunie building at the corner of California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, has arrived and is being put up. This building will cost \$250,000. One large brick manufacturing firm is sending 200,000 brick a day to buildings in course of construction in San Francisco. This is a heavy increase over previous conditions. Other firms are showing an equal proportionate increase.

the evidence, or at least that they were published on the strength of a merely one-sided investigation. We shall wonder whether all its accusations—and it is very free with them—are wholly baseless. We shall know that the "national weekly" does not feel under the slightest obligation to give the victims of its venom any chance to speak in their own defense prior to being pilloried before the world as rascals.

The doctrine is sound as far as it goes, but we lack specifications. Wherein did the writer in Collier's misrepresent the facts? The burden of the article was that Fairbanks keeps busy stuffing public opinion in Indiana by means of his control of the local press, and that the vice president was very close to the big corporations and trusts. We should be glad of proof that these charges are false. The further charge that Mr. Fairbanks trains with the "reactionaries"—we use the term in no injurious sense—will scarcely, we imagine, be disputed.

THE SUN WORKS BOTH WAYS

IN the east they blame the cold weather and the biting rigors of June on the sunspots. In California the hot weather is attributed to the same convenient cause. The versatility of the sun is amazing. He blows hot and cold in the same breath.

It is, doubtless, a sense of justice to the sun that arouses an ancient astronomer of the east to his defense with a new theory of the weather that places the responsibility on other shoulders. It is the planets and their malign influences that are really to blame. It is the celebrated Dr. Alexander Hamilton Laidlaw of New York who propounds the theory that holds the sun blameless, like this:

At the present time six planets, of which the earth is one, all moving around the sun at nearly the same angle, are pulling the heat from a narrow portion of the solar disk. They are all, so to speak, warring with one another—the usual polarization of light has gone all awry. As a result, neither the earth nor any one of the planets is getting the weather that it should have. By fall the planets will have separated and seasonable weather will return.

This congestion of malicious planets pulling and hauling at the defenseless sun makes it blazing hot in California and urges the unseasonable blizzard on its bitter way to search the eastern marrow. 'Tis a dirty trick 't faith.

Dr. Laidlaw adds that the government forecasters are ignorant of the true business of prophecy, fuddling the future with incompetent and irrelevant methods. Indeed, we had feared as much. Dr. Laidlaw offers for their enlightenment the example of Chapman, whose almanacs predicted not only the weather but likewise the approach of earthquakes and pestilences. Incidentally, Dr. Laidlaw throws out, as a sort of obiter dictum in prophecy, that we are going to have a war next year. Doubtless, these uncomfortable planets are breeding more trouble.