

The San Francisco Call

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An Object Lesson



The Smart Set

THE announcement of the engagement of Miss Christine Judah and Harold Heffron was the delightful surprise which awaited the guests at the informal dance given by the Misses Jeannette and Marlon Wright last night at their home in Scott street, at which Miss Judah was the guest of honor.

HEARST'S SPITE AGAINST DISTRICT ATTORNEY LANGDON AND MAYOR TAYLOR

A GAIN William R. Hearst is playing the polecat in San Francisco's public affairs. He has done it before—often; he may be depended upon to do it always. It's the nature of the beast.

One of the remarkable features of the graft prosecution has been that Hearst and the Examiner stayed good so long. It has been all the more remarkable because of the unquestionable and undenied compact between Harriman and Hearst looking to the overthrow of Roosevelt and Roosevelt policies—a pact to which Hearst was moved by his mania for office, and Harriman by fear and dislike of the man in the White House.

As long as Hearst had hopes of being able to handle Langdon there was nothing too good for him to print about the district attorney; as soon as he found that Langdon was no man's man and, least of all, his man, Hearst began to throw mud and make faces at the former object of his praise.

And ever since Langdon refused flatly to let Hearst handle him the Examiner has been carping at the entire prosecution. Pretty soon, in all probability, it will be attacking it as openly as it attacks anything.

Hearst professes to be amused at the selection of a poet, but his amusement is obviously hard labor. He indulges his readers with two columns of bubbling humor, like this:

The dear doctor, who is also a lawyer, with his poetry prominently to the fore, has an idea of appointing a poet for chief of police, and the contest is said to be very close between Joaquin Miller and Black Bart, the P O 8, with Iva D. Coolbrith as a possibility.

The Call's readers may well be spared any more of this clumsy stuff. So much of it is quoted here to show the animus, the pitiful spite. This is, we submit, an unworthy, a contemptible fashion in which to treat an honest endeavor to free San Francisco from her troubles.

Mayor Taylor and the public will not worry over Hearst's mean minded course. They are well used to that sort of thing from him, and, as The Call has had occasion to say, abuse from Hearst and the Examiner is equivalent to a certificate of worth and uprightness.

As for District Attorney Langdon, thus far the Examiner has not quite dared to attack him directly. Only by innuendo and without the use of names has it charged him with conceit and bad motives. The downright abuse will come later.

After all the booming and boosting the Langdon political balloon has been punctured and the large mouth, mule faced district attorney finds himself without a party to reanimate him for the job which he has permitted F. J. Heney to sensationally fill.

The withdrawal of the independence league from the coming municipal election leaves Langdon politically abandoned. He is like a man up a tree, surrounded by howling wolves. As soon as he went back on the people who made him he was left to his own resources and immediately went all to pieces, like a house of cards built on a sand drift.

Let us separate from this ridiculous muddle of confused metaphor and abusive epithets one sentence: "HAD LANGDON REMAINED WITH HIS FRIENDS HE WOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE GREAT POLITICAL POWERS OF THE STATE."

What, this large mouth, this mule face! But mouths and faces

are not measured against a man if he opens them to promote Hearst's greed for power.

Hearst's enmity, whether open or half concealed, will not injure Mayor Taylor, will not injure Langdon. The motive sticks out like a sore thumb. It would be amusing if it were not so mean and pitiful.

HARD WORK GETTING UP A WAR

THERE are wars and rumors of wars and nobody a penny the worse. Here on the windy scarp of the Presidio warriors in blue and gold are hurling defiance and hot lead at the enemy, ably personated by a derelict barrel.

Secretary Metcalf is much distressed because he is suspected of warlike intentions. When he summoned his trusty fleet around him he meant nothing more serious than to promote the social average of Piedmont on the Heights.

Richmond Pearson Hobson has unsheathed his gory tongue once more, with great slaughter. He captured a reporter at Dallas the other day, and, after binding and gagging his victim, talked like this: "War between Japan and the United States is inevitable."

Next there came a Japanese admiral blowing furiously from out the near west or the far east—please yourself about geography—who said the American navy men were of no particular use, except to man a dancing party.

Mr. Robert Devlin was accused of writing a harsh and inflammatory letter to Police Commissioner Hagerty about the Japanese. On inquiry it appeared that the letter was a polite request for an extract from the police commission's minutes and was no more inflammatory than a cold chunk of yesterday's mush.

NO SERVILE CLASS FOR CALIFORNIA

A CERTAIN Ezra A. Cook has journeyed hither all the way from Chicago to promote a movement in favor of permitting Chinese immigration. We imagine that Mr. Cook will have his journey for his pains and nothing more.

It is not too much to say that any man who seeks to promote Chinese or any form of Asiatic immigration is a disloyal American. He desires to introduce a purely servile labor of aliens, who must always continue aliens.

This policy of greed is shortsighted and defeats its own purpose. Producers who fill up the country with Asiatic labor destroy their own market. All this is old and proved experience in California, although it may seem new to Chicago.

Personal Mention

Marion DeVries of New York is at the Fairmont. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bradshaw of Los Angeles are at the Hamlin. E. Dessivich, a retired Denver architect, is staying at the Hamlin.

In the Joke World

There was one other thing which I wished to ask the man of the remote future about. "Tell me," quoth I, "do women vote in your day?" "No," replied he, "they don't."

Gossip in Railway Circles

VIRGIL G. Bogus, chief engineer of the Western Pacific, has begun work laying track in the vicinity of Marysville, and Gould's rails crossed those of the Southern Pacific at that point last Tuesday.

Answers to Queries

PEDRO—T. M. Richmond, Cal. "Four handed game of pedro, partners all cards out. Bidder bids 3. During discard a player discards the deuce. At the end of the game the bidder claims 'nicks' and 'callings' these being three spot claims low on account of its being the lowest card out. How is that? Ans.—The low saves itself. The three spot was low. If the card discarded had been a pedro, 10 spot or to it, it would be the low. The player that holds the low counts it, so it cannot make any difference to the bidder. Should a player discard a pedro, 10 spot or jack, the bidder can claim it, as he might take it during the play and the game gives it to him on account of its being discarded. The deuce having been discarded, the three spot or next lowest was low."