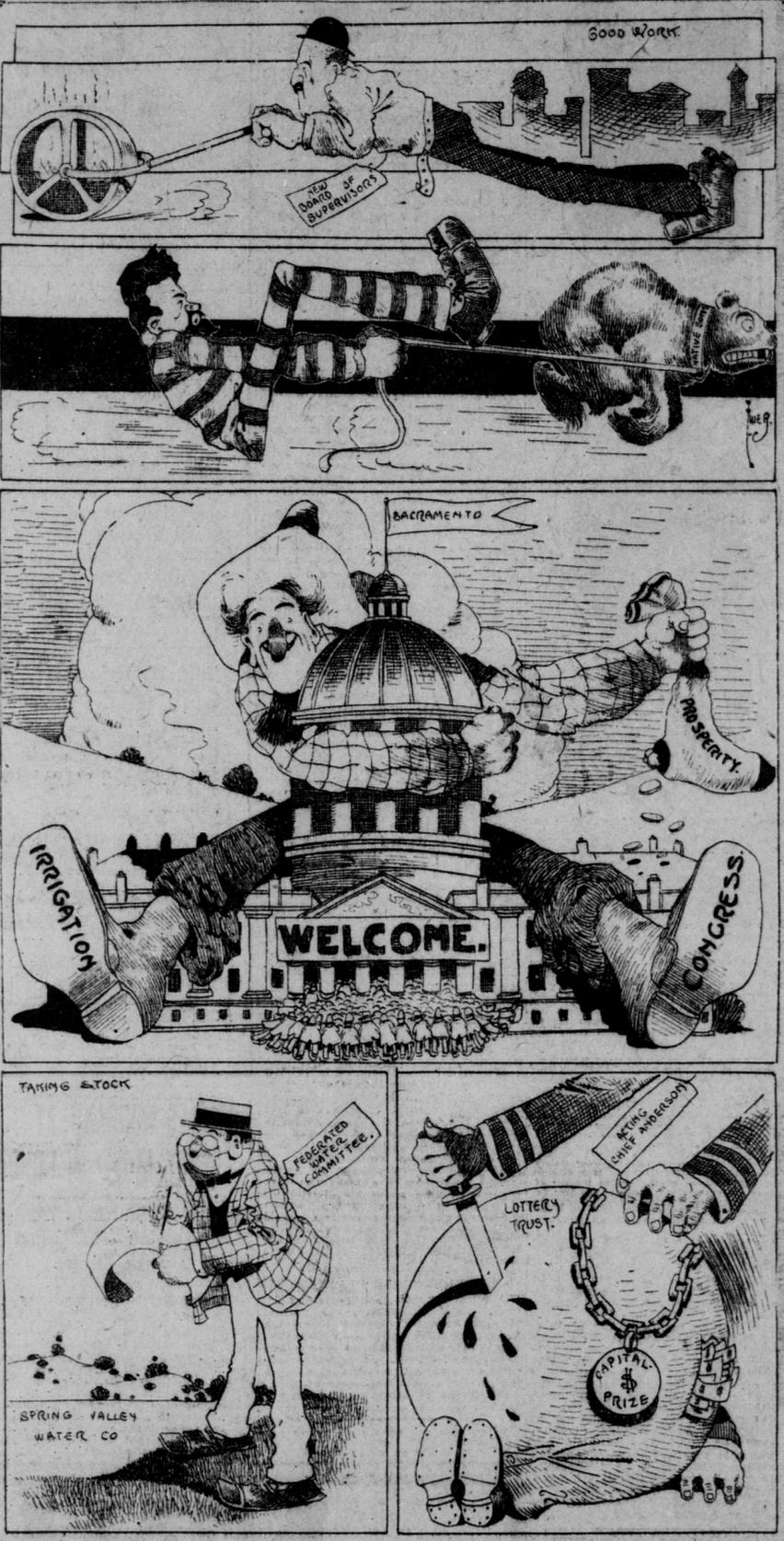


The San Francisco Call
JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor
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Cartoonist Ewer's Review of the Week's News



The Insider

Hears complaint of smoker against women who monopolize seats reserved for devotees of the weed in United Railroads' streetcars

Smoker Complains of Women Intruders A SMOKER makes heartfelt complaint to me regarding what he characterizes as the mingled inconsistency and selfishness of women. "When the new closed cars were introduced here," he says, "most of them had the eight rear seats reserved for smokers. Women objected to that, asserting not only that the smoke spread through the car, but that men gradually overstepped the bounds until they smoked in the front part as well as in the rear—and in the center of the car, too, in a few aggravated cases. Then cars were put on which had the most comfortable portion reserved for smokers. The women could not be blamed for objecting to that. To satisfy them a change was made, and the small rear compartment of the car was reserved for smokers. Now, if you please, the women crowd into that compartment to the exclusion of the men. Many is the time I get upon a car with a lighted cigar in my mouth and find the smoking compartment crowded with women, while the other part of the car has plenty of vacant seats in it. As a consequence I have to stand on the platform and smoke. Some day I am going to become real impolite, and picking out a lady of mild aspect gently but firmly ask her if she will move forward and give me her seat."

Companionship of Silk and Overalls With the building of the new city many surprising anomalies are daily witnessed, one of the oddest and most unfamiliar of which is the spectacle of fashionably attired maidens of the set elect walking along our dusty streets with men who are clad in jumpers and overalls. In one case a hat covered with splashes of lime, with liberal daubs on rough shirt and heavy shoes was in evidence; but the maid did not seem to mind it in the least and tripped gayly by the side of her escort, whose manner and conversation, however, did not seem to chime well with his garb. The sight of a plaster stained workman lifting a daubed hat with Chesterfieldian grace as he parts from milady at the ferry or on a street corner is certainly one which attracts attention even in this "City of Upside Down," but the explanation is simple. With the erection of endless new buildings the need for foremen or overseers became a crying one. High wages were offered and men whose education, training and breeding had fitted them for positions of higher nomenclature forsook the office for the scaffolding. Many of them jumped at the chance to hasten the wedding; others are laying aside a nest egg for a rainy day. But so it happens that the streets show to any one who will look about him the singular sight outlined above. When the 5 o'clock whistle blows the laborer and the maiden meet and the silk and overalls promenade begins.

Astounded Indian's Art Appreciation A member of San Francisco's art fraternity had the good luck to visit Washington some weeks ago and behold the famous congressional library in all its rare and exquisite beauty. While he stood at the foot of the great staircase, lost in admiration of the noble architectural lines of the building and the harmonious loveliness of the wonderful bas-reliefs and friezes, he observed an Indian, black haired, piercing eyed and blanketed after the fashion of his ancestors, enter the vast rotunda. Walking slowly to the center of the entrance hall he advanced still farther to the staircase, placed one grimy hand gingerly upon the broad balustrade, and turning to the artist who had perceived all his actions with a lively curiosity, he opened his lips and spoke. Three words only, but it is doubtful if the wonderful library will ever echo words of greater or more unaffected appreciation. The Indian and the artist stood face to face, and the artist's eyes fell before the savage's question. He had asked simply: "Man make it?"

Carlyle Inspired Steffens to Work In a list of guests who dined with the president the other day the name of Lincoln Steffens appears. It is rumored that the president wished to see Steffens specifically for the purpose of talking over some California matters in which he is particularly interested. Steffens has always been a warm friend and admirer of the president, and as their country places at Oyster bay are near each other half hour chats between the two are not impossible. Although it is well known that Steffens is a Californian and a Berkeley boy comparatively few know that he received the first impulse toward his big work-ably begun in his keen articles on the shame of cities from that veteran of art and letters, John S. Hittell. As a Berkeley student Steffens was not one of the workers; on the contrary he trod the wide and flowery path of pleasure, only to find himself at its end conditioned in all his studies and the outlook anything but bright. At this juncture he happened to pay a visit to Hittell at his family home, and that gentleman having more than an inkling regarding the state of things, gave the young student a few reminiscences of his own boyhood struggles. In the course of the conversation Hittell remarked that he owed his first ambitions and ideals to good, hard study of the works of Thomas Carlyle, whose books had set his feet on the right path for life. Steffens, impressed, procured copies of Carlyle's works and dated his resolve for better living from that hour. He returned to the university a changed man, plunged into his studies with ardor, was graduated with honors and to this day has kept his resolves and ideals unstained. Francis J. Heney is also a disciple of the Scotch writer. In this connection it might be interesting to know what the president thinks of Carlyle.

WILD SOUTHERN JOURNALISM

THE unfortunate William Jennings Bryan is the victim of circumstances over which he has no control, the chief of these being his own tongue. He now announces that he is down and out, because, although he means well, the leaders of the democratic party are against him.

Quite possibly this renunciation has a string to it, but at the same time we cannot help remarking that Marse Henry Watterson is much to blame for "hounding" a good man, who cannot help it if his tongue runs like a mill race. We would not provoke the hot resentment that Colonel Watterson the other day visited on a brother Kentucky editor, who called him a "bolter" because of his opposition to Bryan. This is the way the meddling editor comes back:

Observing that straws are never needed to show which way the Courier-Journal's wind is blowing—that it never blows hot or cold with the same breath and always does its blowing right in the face of the son of a gun who gets in the way—we challenge the truth of the statement that its editor has an established reputation as a bolter.

No doubt Colonel Watterson could find a shorter and an uglier word, but that is not the journalism of Kentucky. He has already written several miles of journalism denouncing Mr. Bryan. He calls him "the Insensate," and, like the old fashioned preacher, is already well on the way to his seventeenthly. Chiefly, the indictment lies that Mr. Bryan would not get "back to the constitution" of the fathers. We quote:

PITTSBURG RISES IN ANGER

THE worm has turned. Pittsburg at last resents with indignant clamor the whips and scorns laid on her moral character. It is the scourge of a hot gospeller from Boston that has roused the Pittsburgers to a smoky fury. This devastating scourge had two tails, one industrial and the other moral, and either might raise an ugly welt. It was declared, in effect, that the new town of Gary, Ind., would take away the steel trade, and then nothing would remain to Pittsburg but moral bankruptcy.

Evidently this thing had gone too far. The hot indignation of Pittsburg leaped to flame under the incitement of this "Puritan reprobate," as a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch calls him. Therefore, by way of retaliation, this bristling champion throws some hot shot into the unco' guid of Boston, like this:

Shades of our Scotch-Irish forefathers, whose Presbyterian discipline kept us in the straight and narrow way, what answer in true militant style would thou make to the accuser of your descendants? Are you, your descendants, worthy fathers of the faith and paragons of virtue, to be thus taunted? And by whom? By the descendants of those who stole "niggers" on the African coast and sold them to southern planters, and then with that trap board device called "New England conscience" accused their purchasers of being inhuman tyrants; who made bad rum and debauched the noble red man and now commemorate it in societies of assumed virtue; whose careers gave precedence and truth to the scarlet letter of colonial days; and down through the long lists these degenerate sons of noble sires have careered like a wild boar in a flame of fire, and whose profligacy compelled a change in the laws of the state on legitimacy and inheritance, and—but this is enough!

Alas, for the codfish aristocracy! San Francisco is on the side of Pittsburg in this frightful war. We have some sinners of our own and we are not proud of them, but we don't want them rubbed in by the snuffing pharisee.

MR. BUMBLE AND FREE SPEECH

THE town of Reno is making a ridiculous exhibition of intolerance. It is not the American spirit to send people to jail for indulging in free speech on the streets. In Reno members of the Salvation Army have been arrested and fined for speaking on the streets, and a Methodist clergyman is under arrest on a similar charge.

It is right to say that the citizens of Reno do not appear to be in sympathy with their astonishing law givers. We offer them our respectful sympathy. A wide open town, where there are gambling hells on most of the streets, makes a queer spectacle when it sends ministers of the gospel to jail for preaching on the streets. Peradventure, the men who make Reno's laws are afraid of conversion.

It may be assumed that this is some parochial freak of Mr. Bumble, who at times gets puffed up with his own importance. Like the long eared animal mentioned in the bible, he waxes fat and kicks on occasion. One who thinks with his feet will inevitably declare his independence in the same way.

As for the talkers and the speakers and the preachers, why,

let them invite a blizzard of words, as long as they don't get in the way.

THE MAN WHO GOT RESULTS

IT seems as if Mr. Harriman might have to engage a bigger man for president of the Illinois Central. For instance, if Jim Jeffries has retired from the prize ring he should make an acceptable and efficient president of a Harriman railroad. These comfortable berths would supply easy and agreeable occupation for the declining years of a champion pugilist. The only difficulty is that there are not enough champions to supply Mr. Harriman's demand.

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish is pursuing his aggressive campaign with fists and resolutions. We know that he is a good man of his hands, but we are as yet in the dark as to the tenor of his resolutions. We do know that President Harahan of the Illinois Central characterized these declarations, preambles and resolves by a short and ugly word, and in consequence got a licking. Mr. Harriman says that the one thing he asks of his employees is "results." Well, Mr. Harahan got his.

The suggestion is ventured, with some diffidence, that if Mr. Harriman would play fair with the stock market he might be able to recruit his staff from a less expensive class than the cream of pugilism. The suggestion is offered in the interests of economy and peace.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Wellman is waiting for the wind. As a rule, arctic explorers are not lacking in that respect.

It looks as if the lottery people will have to take to the country fair route with their pea and shell game.

Taft's weight must have been exaggerated, or it would have kept that Kansas train from going off the track.

Rockefeller is making more noise over the \$73,95 which he claims as mileage and witness fees than the government is over the collection of the big fine.

Kermit Roosevelt says he thinks his father should stay in the White House for four years more. Can it be that the father's wish is parent to the son's thought?

It is announced that through the

Personal Mention

- J. H. Banta of Syracuse is at the St. Francis.
Charles L. Craft of Denver is at the Majestic.
G. R. Rife of Petaluma is at the St. James.
H. B. Bruce and Mrs. Bruce of Reno are at the Hamilton.
W. S. Cunningham is at the St. James from Fresno.
J. Black of Big Pine is at the Jefferson with his family.
R. J. Stone, a Goldfield mining operator, is at the Imperial.
J. W. Risley and Mrs. Risley of Pinole are at the Jefferson.
George J. Baldwin is a guest at the Fairmont from Savannah, Ga.
Marcel Dubois and Maurice Chataud of Paris are at the St. Francis.
J. H. Schade and Mrs. Schade of Sacramento are at the Fairmont.
M. C. Glenn and Mrs. Glenn of Sacramento are guests at the Baltimore.
J. Castrera, registered at the St. James yesterday from Los Angeles.
Raymond Benjamin and Mrs. Benjamin are at the Jefferson, from Napa.
Dr. C. G. and Mrs. Kenyon of San Francisco are at the Majestic annex.
H. F. Tourtelot, a jewelry manufacturer of Providence, is at the Majestic.
Miss Blanche Mosher and Mrs. E. T. Mosher of La Junta, Colo., are at the Hamilton.
George H. Roos and Mrs. Roos have taken permanent apartments at the Fairmont.
W. McCormick of San Jose and Frank M. Higgins of New York are at the Savoy.
W. W. Chapin and Mrs. Chapin registered at the Fairmont yesterday from Sacramento.
A. L. Sayre and Mrs. Sayre, Donald Logan and Miss Julia Sayre of Fresno are at the Dorchester.
W. F. Knox, director of the California state bank at Sacramento and owner of northern lumber interests, is at the Imperial.
Mrs. Edgar S. de Wolfe and her daughter, Miss Winifred Shaughnessy, have returned to the Imperial from a four-months' trip abroad.
Mrs. John H. McEwen and Miss Lucia McEwen, Kennedy and Norman and Donald McEwen of Nashville, and Gerald Sheeley of Los Angeles compose a party at the Baltimore.

Answers to Queries

- SHIPS LOGS—S. City. Officers of ships do not sell the logs of their vessels. For that reason such are not on the market.
MILK—O. S. City. One cubic foot of milk weighs 64 pounds. A cubic foot is 1,728 cubic inches and a gallon contains 231 inches.
BUILDINGS—J. C. City. For the information you desire relative to class A buildings and buildings of concrete you will have to communicate with the board of public works.
SCHOOL DATA—Subscriber, city. For such information as you desire about the location of public schools in the United States, you will have to address a communication to the statistical division of the United States board of education, Washington, D. C.
THE ESSEX—W. F. K. City. The Essex was a United States frigate of 22 guns. It was in command of Captain Porter. In February, 1814, it was surprised in the port of Valparaiso by the appearance of two British men of war, the Phoebe, 28 guns, and the Cherub, 22 guns. March 28 of that year the Essex set sail for the open sea and was at once attacked by the enemy. After a desperate battle, in which two-thirds of the crew of the Essex were either killed or wounded, including every officer but one, and the vessel practically a wreck, Captain Porter surrendered.
Orderly Officer—Any complaints?
Raw Recruit—Yes, sir; I can't stand this 'ere Irish stew.
Orderly Officer—Not stand Irish stew? Ridiculous! Lord Wolseley made many a hearty meal of it in the Crimea.
Raw Recruit—I desay, sir; but the meat would be fresh and good then.
It's a long time since the Crutchen was. You can't expect the meat to keep all them years.—Tilt-Pits.

In the Joke World

- Johnny—Me grandmother died and left me some money.
Tommy—Huh! Mine died and let me go to a ball game.—New York Sun.
Pluto was boasting of his three-headed dog.
"Have you told Roosevelt?" they asked.
Herewith is feared to be dubbed a faker.—New York Sun.
"My husband is troubled with a buzzing noise in his ears; what would you advise?"
"I would advise him to go to the seashore for a month or two."
"But he can't get away."
"Then you go."—Houston Post.
Josh M. A. Long—I tell you, trusts are getting to be terrible things in this country.
Gutz Dunn—Sure thing. Why there's that horrible trust that Stinnes has formed. It's outrageous. He won't sell a single share of it.—Florida Times-Union.
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Conditions in California

The California Promotion committee wired the following to its eastern bureau in New York city on Saturday:
California temperatures for the last 24 hours:
Eureka.....Minimum.....42 Maximum.....56
San Francisco.....Minimum.....54 Maximum.....69
San Diego.....Minimum.....64 Maximum.....76
San Francisco building permits for the week ending Saturday noon, August 31:
Permanent.....114 Value.....\$175,000
Alterations.....41 Value.....\$4,700
Apple growing is rapidly advancing in importance in Tulare county. The apples in the district around Bakers are found to bring fancy prices in the market, and large acreages are being put in in orchards.
Contracts are let for the central exchange building of the Home telephone company, at Grant avenue and Hattie place, San Francisco. This will be a seven story steel frame structure, 52x130. The building will be constructed by the contractor.