

The San Francisco Call

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor
CHARLES W. HORNICK, General Manager
ERNEST S. SIMPSON, Managing Editor

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A GRAVE PROBLEM FOR CANADA

RACE riots of a serious character in Vancouver, B. C., indicate a hostility of British Columbians to Asiatic immigration sufficiently violent to raise a grave problem for the home government. The trifling disturbances in San Francisco arising from the presence of Japanese in California sink into insignificance when compared with the Vancouver riots. The alliance between England and Japan makes the situation embarrassing in the extreme. Doubtless indemnity will be paid for Japanese losses through the acts of the Vancouver mob, but this is a question that far transcends the mere matter of damages.

Race feeling against Asiatic immigration in the Canadian northwest is not a new thing, although it is only recently that it has assumed the shape of violent demonstrations. The problem has been recognized as serious for some time. The Canadian dilemma was thus stated by the Toronto Globe several weeks ago:

It will serve no good purpose in the long run to appeal to the people of the Pacific coast to remember that they cannot help themselves by provincial legislation, which is certain to be disallowed at Ottawa; such a reminder of their inability to safeguard their own interests would only make them more determined to make trouble for Canada as a whole. Neither will it serve any permanently useful purpose to appeal to their loyalty in support of imperial policy; that would only have the effect of straining that loyalty to the breaking point. The only way to deal effectively with the situation, so far as present appearances warrant one in expressing an opinion, is to adopt a vigorous and progressive policy for the development of the resources of the province, and thus attract the kind of people whose presence is needed and desired. So far as this can be effected by provincial action, legislative or administrative, the province will be expected to help itself; if more is needed the people of British Columbia are more likely to secure the kind of assistance that will give to their future the character they desire if they continue to act with good sense and moderation while watching the course of events.

That kind of good advice will not do much to allay the feeling in British Columbia. We hear a great deal of the same kind of talk applied to California by some of our Eastern pro-Japanese friends, but it does not convince. One of these eastern wiseacres, speculating in similar vein about the British Columbians, expressed surprise at the hostility to any sort of immigration manifested in a province where the existing population was but one to every two square miles. This reasoning shows a total misapprehension of the problem. The very sparseness of the population in British Columbia makes the white people feel that they will be swallowed up and swept away by the Asiatic influx. They are not willing to allow British Columbia to become an exclusively Asiatic settlement.

The difficulties of the situation are fully recognized in London, and the Spectator of that city, a journal of high standing and conservative habit, remarks that notwithstanding the alliance with Japan, England will have to stand by its own people when they are "vindictive, with reason and moderation and a due regard to justice, their instinctive feeling that they can only develop their national life on the highest scale if they remain white men's countries, governed in accordance with the ethical and religious ideals of the western races."

The Canadians have for some time been impatient of imperial control, and talk about secession from the mother country has been plenty. There is a strong party in Canada that desires to set up as an independent nation. The constantly recurring clashes between imperial and colonial policies serve to promote that sentiment.

A JAPANESE BLUFF

IT seems as if Japan were carrying a chip on its shoulder. Just now its rulers are bullying China and propose to send the fire-eating Okuma to Peking by way of exasperating conditions. The trouble over the Korean boundary is regarded as serious by the Chinese government and Japanese bullying may easily go too far.

If China holds a stiff upper lip it is not in the least likely that Japan will press the matter home. The affair has mostly the appearance of a bluff. The fact is that Japan cannot afford to go to war with any power for the present. The Russian war completely exhausted the resources of the nation for the time being. That is the secret of the easy terms that the Japanese plenipotentiaries accepted in the peace of Portsmouth after making a great bluff that they would insist on a huge indemnity. Since the close of the war Japan has been visited by a famine and a financial crisis. The talk of the country going to war with any nation in the immediate future is nonsense, but the Japanese statesmen are good bluffers and take themselves very seriously. They are now trying it on China in something like the same fashion that they only recently applied to the United States. It did not work here and there is no reason why it should prove successful in China.

SMOKING ON THE STRETCARS

IN reference to the provision for smoking on the streetcars, and the fact that women often find themselves compelled to sit in the smoking compartments, a correspondent writes:

Without doubt women should avoid the smokers' part of streetcars, but they cannot always find seats in the "no smoking" part. Must they stand to oblige the selfish smoker?

Although a steady, moderate smoker, I have not smoked in or on a streetcar for 30 years and am opposed to any smoking there. I believe that even tobacco drunkards (constant smokers) can make out to live for 30 minutes (that's the full average time any one is on streetcars) without smoking.

Women make up a large part of the streetcar travel, they pay a large part of the receipts; they should be protected and the natural pride of men should accord them more respect and consideration than is shown them by smokers.

The Call concurs in a general way. There is no doubt that the new streetcars in this city are very badly designed in this regard. Nominally there is a separate smoking compartment, but in fact the

Offering "Our Good Offices"



—WASHINGTON STAR.

separation is nonexistent. The doors between the compartments are never closed and perhaps cannot be kept closed, owing to the necessities of ingress and egress from a crowded car. The consequence is that the whole car is filled with tobacco smoke often of a very vile character. Cases where women have been forced to get off and walk by these abominable odors are common since these cars were introduced.

The same difficulty has been encountered in Chicago, and among the proposals for remedy is one that every third car should be devoted to smokers exclusively. If women ride on such cars they would do so with full knowledge of what was in store. On all other cars no smoking would be permitted.

If the streetcar company has any regard for the comfort of its feminine patrons something should be done to remedy the present intolerable conditions.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"It takes only half an hour to read a short story," says the editor of a popular magazine. And less than that to forget it.

Wall street has a new cotton king. He will have the usual fun trying to beat the game, and will come down with the usual moist thud.

Fish, Harahan and Harriman will come together at a railway directors' meeting on October 16. This leaves plenty of time for training.

Japan is finding out that prejudice against her coolies is not confined to Californians. Scratch a white man and you will find a strong objection to brown, black or yellow ones.

According to Governor Vardaman, it is the duty of every democrat to

yield gracefully and cheerfully to the force of the majority." That's the way a dentist talks when he makes another job with the drill.

Texas papers are speculating on what would happen if every one were allowed to kill one person. The answer is the same as to the Kilkenney cat problem.

The Chicago Tribune says that the great need of the democratic party is prudence. Queer; we were under the impression that its greatest lack was majorities.

Now that George Sterling has achieved yellow journalistic fame and has been compared to Edwin Markham, he may look for the setting of his literary sun.

The Smart Set

MRS. E. WALTON HEDGES will arrive in California about October 1 and will remain in Santa Barbara until after Christmas. Mrs. Hedges is now in Plainfield, N. J.

Mrs. Kate Shirley, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Reynolds, on Yerba Buena Island, intends to spend the winter in San Francisco.

Miss Chaffee, daughter of Major General Chaffee, is visiting Mrs. Funston at Fort Mason.

Dr. W. A. McEnery has gone to Salt Lake on business. He will return about September 18.

Miss Ethel Shorb, who is visiting with relatives in Los Angeles, will remain there until after the marriage of her cousin, Miss Watkins, which is to take place October 15.

Mrs. George Holliman intends to move from San Rafael to this city. She has a host of friends here who will be glad to welcome her back.

Colonel and Mrs. H. Hammond arrived yesterday from their home at Upper Lake and are guests at the St. Francis. They made the trip by automobile. Mrs. Hammond is an aunt of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who lately paid a visit to her aunt, preferring the charms of the ranch to the allurements of social functions.

The new Joseph B. Grant residence

at Broadway and Webster street is being finished rapidly. It will be one of the handsomest homes on the coast. The interior furnishings and fittings were designed abroad while the Grants were touring the continent.

Mrs. Fred McNear, who showed remarkable talent in the character of Mrs. Erelynn in the recent production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," at Redwood City and also at the Colonial theater, is being showered with compliments. Every day she is the recipient of bouquets and dainty notes from friends who saw her excellent work.

Mrs. Alexander H. Small and family have returned from their summer outing at Napa soda springs and are again domiciled in their beautiful new home in Berkeley. Mr. Small, who has been in the east and Canada for the last month, will return home early this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Watson have returned from Mill Valley, where they have been staying for the last two months, and are at their home, 2511 Pierce street.

Miss Winnifred Mears will leave in a few days for a short visit to her brother, Edward Mears, in Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. Emmett Rixford has returned from a two weeks' visit to Los Angeles.

Miss Edith Metcalf left yesterday for Seattle, where she will visit friends until the end of this month.

In the Joke World

He—I cannot simply cannot get close enough to you. She—Then let's go out for a ride in a Broadway car.—Life.

He—Are you good at conundrums? She—Yes.

He—Well, here is one: If I were to propose to you, what would you say?—Illustrated Bits.

Kind Lady—And are they good to you in the workhouse? Tramp—Oh, no, ma'am; they're werry cruel; they makes us wash ourselves.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

First Ladybug—That man told me to fly away home, my house is on fire and my children will burn. Second Ladybug—Probably he was Roosevelt.—New York Sun.

The bank's attaché, caught with the goods on him, surrendered the money and made full confession. "I just can't help it," he explained. "I've been a paying teller for years."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Young Ostrich—Good morning, auntie. Haven't seen you for some time. Auntie Ostrich—Goodness! How the young ones to grow! I remember you when your neck wasn't eight inches long and you hadn't sense enough to bury your head in the sand.—Puck.

"I hope he'll reform when you are married." "I don't." "Why, he spends every cent he earns!" "I know it, but he spends it on me."—Houston Post.

Decrease in the Almond and Raisin Trade

CONSUL D. R. BIRCH of Malaga summarizes the raisin and almond trade of that Spanish district for the last season as follows: One-third less almonds were marketed to American buyers during the year just closed than were sold in 1905. This was due to the shorter crop and higher selling price. Although the sales to the United States of muscatel raisins fell short by 26,000 boxes, as compared with the previous year, yet the tables show the rather remarkable circumstance that the value of the 1906 sales was \$17,482 in excess of the previous season. Two violent rainstorms in September, which destroyed one-half the raisin crop, caused a considerable rise in the selling price, which continually increased as the season advanced.

Personal Mention

- Frank A. Cressey of Modesto is at the Dale.
W. A. Law or St. Paul is at the St. James.
F. D. Kanik of Pittsburg is at the Hamlin.
Charles Egan of Phoenix is at the Majestic.
E. G. Cooper of Sacramento is at the Imperial.
Charles Brooks of Los Angeles is at the Savoy.
James Ogden of Bakersfield is at the St. James.
James Turney is a guest at the Savoy from Denver.
J. J. Hausman of San Anselmo is at the Grand Central.
Le Roy Hagner is at the Imperial from Cincinnati, O.
A. C. Thompson of Ridgway, Pa., is a guest at the St. James.
F. W. Adams and Mrs. Adams of Denver are at the Fairmont.
L. B. Doe registered at the Dale yesterday from Nevada City.
W. C. Anderson of San Jose registered at the Imperial yesterday.
C. Hebler registered at the Majestic yesterday from Los Angeles.
W. A. Howes of Los Angeles registered at the Savoy yesterday.
Dr. Alfred Lauder and Mrs. Lauder are at the St. Francis from Goldfield.
G. K. Coleman arrived from Eureka yesterday and registered at the Dale.
J. H. Hannah of Fresno and R. B. Rankin of St. Louis are at the Jefferson.
D. W. Edwards and Charles J. Sadler of Reno arrived at the Jefferson yesterday.
Frank T. Ford of Butte, secretary of the Montana rifle association, is at the Hamlin.
E. Balliff and Mrs. Balliff are guests at the Baltimore. They are from Cruen, Turkey.
Joseph MacDonald, owner of oil properties at Santa Maria, is a guest at the Hamlin.
A. L. Langley of Butte, Mont., is at the Hamlin. He is accompanied by Mrs. Langley.
Mrs. W. P. Lett of Riverside and Miss E. M. Wilkes of Los Angeles are at the Majestic.
F. W. Leadbetter, accompanied by Mrs. Leadbetter, is at the Fairmont from Portland.
A. A. Towle of Los Angeles is at the Baltimore. He is accompanied by his wife and family.
J. W. Winton of Los Angeles is at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Winton.
Francis M. Hartman of Tucson and J. E. Hicks, a mining man of Fairview, Nev., are at the St. Francis.
Two women were being shown through the state hospital for the insane. As they entered a ward one turned to the other and said, "I wonder if that clock is right?"
An inmate standing near overheard her, and instantly replied, "Great Scott, no! It wouldn't be here if it was!"—Lippincott's.

- Little Bo Peep lost her sheep, But did not shed a tear; 'Och, fudge with the sheep," said little Bo Peep. "I still have my Teddy bear!"—Chicago News.
MODJESKA—O. S. City. Helena Modjeska, the actress, was born in Cracow, Austria, October 12, 1844.
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The Insider

Tells how Chief Forester Pinchot silences all who fail to agree with him by feeding them to a state where they can hardly thank him

Feeds Disputants to Talkless State GIFFORD PINCHOT, head of the forestry bureau in Washington, has an unusual and interesting personality, combined with the manners and savoir faire of a diplomat. He has a sort of a white marble palace in Washington, whose fittings and environment make for a reproduction of the cool, restful beauty of the forest, for the welfare of whose denizens Mr. Pinchot gives up the best part of his days. When any one differs from Mr. Pinchot on material questions concerning the preservation of the forest monarchs, Mr. Pinchot goes about solving the difficulty in a delicate and charmingly diplomatic manner. He invites the differer to his marble palace, sits him down to a dinner intelligible only to the epicurean palate, and when the hour arrives that the chef's gastronomic marvels have been done full justice to there are no differers left—only a pair of turtle doves beaming at each other across an expanse of gleaming mahogany.

Writer Rocks in Treetop to Think In the Atlantic Monthly for August is Mary Austin's latest and remarkable story, "The Walking Woman." This tale is one of several which will see publication in book form this fall, and in beauty of diction and interest of plot, as well as in a rather daring disregard of conventional ideas, is said to surpass even her last well known book, "The Flock." Mrs. Austin writes her singularly charming tales amid such odd and fantastic surroundings as would be worthy of Peter Pan or a hamadryad. She has a place at Carmel, Monterey county, long the resort of writers and painters, and in originality of conception and security of retreat Mrs. Austin's writing den is unique. The tops of three tall pines are lashed together in such a way as to create a sort of bird cage, with sides and roof of thick pine needle screens. Access is gained by a ladder and a sort of cozy corner is made where Mrs. Austin can sit and swing and think, undisturbed save by the endless roar of the ocean surging at her feet. Much of her best work has been done here, suspended between heaven and earth, like a bird absolutely free from intrusion or disturbance. The following story is told of Mrs. Austin, and its truth is vouched for. A friend meeting her recently asked: "Well, what are you doing? What have you done this year?" to which Mrs. Austin replied, "Oh, nothing much; in fact, nothing at all." "Nothing!" echoed her husband, who had overheard the question. "Don't believe it. She has written a play, two long stories, several short ones, a book and a number of articles." If Mrs. Austin calls all this "nothing," how must she regard work—real work?

Clears Record by Motion to Adjourn I was talking a few days ago about some old time actors, and the name of the late Sam Wetherell, for many years a prominent figure in local theatrical circles, was mentioned. That brought to mind the fact that Sam was elected to the state legislature in 1875. His friends sent him because he was a good fellow.

He was in the lower house, but for two months he never opened his mouth in the legislative chamber and when put on a committee he never served. One afternoon he entered the hall and the assembly had many important matters to consider. Suddenly Wetherell arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, I move you that the house do now adjourn." Before the speaker put the motion he sidetracked parliamentary rules long enough to remind Wetherell that there was a great deal of business to be disposed of. "Mr. Speaker," said Sam, "I may withdraw my motion, but before I can do so I desire to make an explanation. I have been censured by the papers of the city I have the honor to represent and my feelings are hurt. The papers charge that I have not done anything since I have been in the house, not even made a motion to adjourn. Mr. Speaker, I will withdraw my motion if you will give me the tip when it is time to adjourn, and will then renew the motion, for I do not want a stain upon my record." Sam waited until he got his cue, then he arose, renewed his motion, and made a most eloquent appeal to his fellow assemblymen to stand by him in the hour of his distress and save his reputation. The motion was carried without a dissenting voice. That was Sam's last legislative act, for he was taken sick next day and when he recovered the senate and house had adjourned sine die.

Countless Stories Told of Mansfield Every man and woman I meet has something to tell me about Richard Mansfield. Whether an allusion to his wonderful Baron Chevrial, his hero in "The Scarlet Letter," his propensity for making curtain speeches, his kindness of heart and generosity manifested in the "let-not-the-right-hand-know-what-the-left-hand-doeth" way, or his leading ladies, from Beatrice Cameron, whom he married, to our own little Katie Best (Katherine Gray), who was one of those accusing him of brutality. The passing procession of his leading ladies has become a newspaper joke. A part of the trouble lay in the fact that women do not take kindly to playing in dramas where a man has the best parts. On one occasion I remember the leading lady was so noticeably inefficient that the management went to Mansfield and suggested that a change would be an improvement. "But if I dismiss her," he said, "you know what the result will be." "What do you mean?" asked the manager. "Why, it will be said that I was cruelly unjust, that I hounded her out of the company, and the outcome will be sufficient notoriety to make a star out of her. And haven't we stars enough in the country already?"

Dog Was Ignorant of His Own Value Long before Mansfield had gained his great reputation he was introduced to a manager by an actor who was one of his friends. "This is Dick Mansfield," said the friend, "a character actor, and really not such a fool as he looks." "And that," added Mansfield to his friend's introduction, "is neither the only nor the greatest difference between me and my friend." A story that frequently has been told of him is about one of his New York experiences, not, however, a greenroom tale. He was going to his theater one night when his auto ran into a little bull terrier and threw him to one side of the street. His chauffeur stopped the machine and the dog's owner, an old chap, with ire in his eye, came up to remonstrate with the reckless driver. Mansfield very courteously made his apologies. "Your dog," he said, "ran in front of the car so suddenly that the accident was unavoidable." "That dog was worth \$500," said the canine's owner. "Well," replied the actor, "evidently he didn't know it."

Answers to Queries

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