

The San Francisco Call

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CHEERFUL COUNSELOR ROGERS AND MOURNFUL JUSTICE McFARLAND

SUPREME JUSTICE McFARLAND views with melancholy concern the plight of the men indicted for bribe giving by a grand jury which he alone of the seven exalted jurists in the court of last resort believes to be sitting illegally.

OH, THIS DECISION WILL BE CHANGED. THE SUPREME COURT FREQUENTLY REVERSES ITSELF. There's confidence for you! At the proper moment, predicts the Los Angeles expert, the supreme court will throw a double backhand spring, will turn itself end for end and inside out.

The cheerful optimism of Counselor Rogers but deepens by contrast the pervading gloom of the dissenting justice. The venerable McFarland sees that the times are out of joint and it is cursed spite that he alone is left to set them right.

Justice McFarland's argument turns wholly on the disputed meaning of a single word. He starts with the assumption that every possible intendment or subtlety must be construed against the course of a criminal prosecution.

The gentlemen—if they are gentlemen—who are accused of bribing public officials ought to have thought of the afflictions catalogued by the sympathetic justice before they engaged on a career that lays them open to suspicion.

THE POSTER LADIES OF SAN RAFAEL

It will not do to take too seriously the antic humor of feminine San Rafael nor even the heavenly wrath of the embattled dames of Ross Valley. The alarms and excursions that have made night hideous among the vivid redwoods of Marin may be suspected to partake of the nature of comic opera and were perhaps conceived in the tricky spirit of Ko Ko, the Japanese.

Having said so much in the way of special wonder, we are now entitled to make a little preachment. The man or woman who would debate a redwood grove, a country lane or in fine a rural landscape to the sordid purpose of advertisement is an undesirable citizen.

SUFFERING SINCERITY

M. R. HEARST adds to the gayety of the national political occasion by insisting that he is not a candidate for president and that he cannot think of conditions under which he could overcome his natural aversion to running for or after office.

I am not a candidate for the presidency on the independence league ticket or on any other ticket, and I cannot conceive of any conditions under which I would be willing to become a candidate.

If Hearst's sincerity is doubted he must blame himself. His recent speech at Jamestown was a flat repudiation of every prin-

A Big Stretch for Uncle Sam



principle on which he has traded for years. To the people of San Francisco its most striking example of insincerity was Hearst's indorsement of District Attorney Langdon after he had spent weeks and pages attacking Langdon in the Examiner.

NEW YORK PROVINCIALISM

THE New York World is still in frightful trouble about the cruise of the battleship fleet. It has visions of New York laid in ashes by European marauders bombarding and blowing up things in general.

Of course they assiduously, although with small success, seek for reasons to justify an unreasonable attitude. For instance, the World inquires:

It may be heresy to question any general statement of navy officials. It would equally be heresy for them to raise any obstacles to Mr. Roosevelt's plans for his naval parade at San Francisco.

With all this fuss and fustle, the accommodation of all but the very largest of the battleships, and the Louisiana and Connecticut can be handled with room to spare at Hunters point in San Francisco harbor.

The World is simply making a silly and discreditable appeal to local prejudice. In the New York view the whole United States lies east of the North river.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The posters that bloom in the fall, tra-la, are leading to a winter of discontent in San Rafael.

The Pennsylvania grafters who have been indicted snuffer every time they see the word San Francisco.

A million dollars a year is spent for cadies used in the mines of South Africa. That's no light tax on the industry.

In the Kabyle tribe, in northern Africa, a man divorces his wife by throwing his shoes at her. Not much different from divorce customs in this country.

country, except that after various things have been thrown there are tiresome court proceedings.

The members of the Standard oil gang may at least be glad that they got their dividends before the investigation began.

The tobacco habit, according to a correspondent of the Boston Globe, is "filthy, senseless, useless, obnoxious, selfish, wasteful, un-Christian, expensive and injurious."

Personal Mention

G. Daly, a mining man of Reno, is at the Dale.
J. B. Alexander of Seattle is at the Grand Central.
Henry Koch of Susanville is at the Grand Central.

A. Davis, a merchant of Ukiah, is at the Baltimore with Mrs. Davis.
W. H. White of San Jose is among the guests at the Grand Central.
Charles H. Laton and Mrs. Laton of Del Monte are at the St. Francis.

By The Call's Jester

IF YOU

If you were an old king and something more than seventy million people were united in pronouncing you a thief, a buccaneer, a pirate, a conscienceless rascal, a despoiler of homes and a wrecker of the morals of the land, would you still persist in proclaiming yourself a saintly, God-fearing candidate for wings and a harp?

If you had gone around the country with a hatchet, smashing bar rooms and tobacco stores, and had at last been sent to the workhouse for disorderly behavior, wouldn't you conclude that temperance in speech and conduct are about as necessary as temperance in smoking and drinking?

If you were a chief of police and had gruffed large amounts for years, and last had been made just a plain policeman, with no chance to pick up more than an occasional five spot, wouldn't you debate with yourself whether it wouldn't have been better, after all, to have remained poor and decent?

If you were offered a bunch of lottery tickets at 75 per cent discount would you consider them a bargain?
If you owned a streetcar line insufficiently equipped with cars, if you had breakdowns which compelled people to walk to their destination after paying their fares, wouldn't you be ashamed to collect the nickels?

TOO TRUE

"Would you like some sardines for luncheon, John, dear?"
"No; after riding home in a Market street car I couldn't eat them without feeling like a cannibal."

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE

Mrs. Upstart yesterday, and her chirography is something fearful.

CONSOLING

Young Wife—What are you so worried about, dear?
Old Husband—I have to pay my life insurance next month and I don't know exactly where the money is to come from.

Davitt's Widow Asks for Letters

EDITOR CALL: I have come to the conclusion after consultation with several of Mr. Davitt's intimate friends that the time has arrived when practical steps should be taken with a view to having an authentic life of my late husband published.

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In order to assist in making the biography complete I confidently solicit from my late husband's friends a loan of any letters or documents which they may at any time have received from him. I will undertake that all such documents entrusted to me for that purpose will be copied and returned without delay, and in making use of same, let me add that the terms of Mr. Davitt's will will be rigidly adhered to. Yours truly, MARY DAVITT, Athassel, Selchester road, Glenageary, County Dublin, September, 1907.

The Insider

Tells of laughable mistake made by Vice President Fairbanks while addressing a crowd gathered at Reno depot to greet him

Fairbanks Makes Laughable Mistake

ALTHOUGH Fairbanks is usually well posted by his assistants, he made a mistake at Reno and incidentally turned the laugh on himself. The usual crowd had gathered to meet him when the train drew in and, having but a few minutes to spare, the lean vice president lost no time in getting to his speech.

"Senator Nixon," he commenced, with the pompous air of the statesman orator, "and fellow citizens of Arizona, I—"

"Oh, h—! Get next," shouted a rude miner in the crowd. "Reno is in Nevada."

A thundergust of laughter followed the remark, and before it had subsided the train was ready to move on. Fairbanks made noble efforts to square himself with the spectators, but they laughed him out of town, the hilarity being especially pronounced when Fairbanks said he would like to shake every hand in the crowd.

"And you don't even know where we are at," said the miner.

Dr. Blue Selects the Wrong Cooks

Dr. Rupert Blue, who recently arrived in the city to take charge of the sanitary situation here, was in charge some time ago of a quarantine station on the Atlantic coast. Among others who were kept there were a number of natives of India, many different castes being among them.

He divided the lot into three bodies and appointed one man to cook for each different body. When the first meal was prepared none of the natives would eat it.

"Very well," said Dr. Blue, "if you people are so stuck up about the matter, you'll go hungry."

The next meal was also passed up in silence. All that day the natives fasted. The second day was the same. On the third day they silently moved the food aside and sat stolidly in rows.

"Look here," said the doctor, exasperated by this behavior, "what's wrong with you fellows? Why don't you eat?" There was no answer to the query and Dr. Blue, thinking the men were sulking, left them to their hunger. That night, however, he approached them again, picking out the serang—the head man—and put the question to him.

"Sahib," said the latter, "the men of different castes have been divided into three sections, yet over each section you have placed a cook belonging to another caste. We cannot eat food cooked by a man of another caste. That is why we hungered."

"Great Scott!" said the doctor, "why didn't you tell me your old castes then?"

"Sahib," came the response, "to advise you on such a little matter would be presumption on our part. We obey you."

"Go ahead and settle it among yourselves," said Dr. Blue. "Eat according to your religions—eat any way you like, but eat and don't die on my hands." The men quickly appointed their own cooks and in half an hour it took all that Dr. Blue could do to save them from gorging themselves to death.

Burlingame Has a Rival in Lagunitas

Ross Valley will no longer be able to pride itself on being the only rival to Burlingame in exclusiveness. Lagunitas, in the Marin county hills, is getting a fearsome name for superselectness among the "old residents" of that section.

"Hightoned" those without the magic pale call the owners of the picturesque bungalows that nestle among the big sequoias and glossy bays of the canyon; and if you have ever lived in a provincial neighborhood you know how nearly that adjective is allied to something warmer in the rustics' dictionary.

The people of wealth and position who have established country homes in Lagunitas, christening them by odd and oftentimes inappropriate titles, keep very closely to themselves, emulating the Upper Thirteen of San Rafael and the Sacred Eleven of Ross Valley. To rent their bungalows to an outsider during the owners' nonoccupancy, when the winter's gayeties recall them to town, would be sacrilege.

Rather would the aristocratic owners permit the field mice, spiders, snakes and 'coons to play ball with their best china and ravage their rugs and portieres. Say "Rent?" to a Lagunitas bungalow owner and see his eyes bulge and emit sparks and his hair stand up.

Francisco two months ago, but went straight to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams' luxurious camp in the forest near McCloud, where they have been ever since. Mr. and Mrs. Williams came down to the city with Mrs. Steele and are again in their home in Pacific avenue, where they expect to be for some months at least.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses de Young reached home last night after spending several months abroad and will soon occupy their residence in California street. It is expected that Miss Kathleen will make her debut this year, probably at a tea at her own home.

One of Santa Barbara's society girls, Miss Constance Delaney, has been spending two or three weeks here. She is now the guest of old friends in Mill Valley, and will not return to the southern city until early in October.

Berkeley's social and artistic circles are welcoming back Charles Dutton, who returned from three months in Europe a few days ago. Dutton, whose trip was purely for pleasure, picked up some curious and interesting things in his wanderings, which will be shown to his friends at an informal house warming early next week. His studio is a favorite gathering place for Berkeley's clever people.

A bridge party is to be given tomorrow afternoon by Mrs. George M. Pinchard in her home in San Rafael. About eight tables will be played, many of the guests going from this side of the bay.

After a fortnight's visit to Byron Springs Miss Winifred Mears will return to her home in this city today.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve and their three children and Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker left San Francisco last week and will spend a month in the east. They are in Europe and in Utica with kinspeople, but will visit New York before returning.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele and her daughter, Miss Myrtle, have returned from two years of leisurely travel in Europe and will reopen their Berkeley home this week. Miss Steele will take a prominent part in the winter's merry making, both here and across the bay. She and her mother left New York for San Francisco.

LA FOLLETTE—Subscriber, Murphy's Camp, Cal. La Follette, ex-governor of Wisconsin, was born in Primrose, Dane county, Wisconsin, June 14, 1855. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

Answers to Queries

AUSTRALIAN WHITEWASH—R. E. G. City. The following are the recipes for whitewash that are known as the "Australian government whitewash" and are furnished by the agricultural department of Queensland:

No. 1—Twenty pounds of unslaked lime, 9 pounds of common salt and half a pound of alum. Slake the lime with boiling water until the consistency of the wash is similar to this cream. To increase its antiseptic properties add half a pint of crude carbolic acid to each bucketful of wash.

No. 2—To half a bucket of lime add two handfuls of common salt and two ounces of better still, soft soap in the proportion of two pounds to 50 gallons of wash. Slake slowly, stirring all the time. This quantity will make two bucketfuls of wash which possesses the properties of being adhesive and insecticidal by rain.

No. 3—Slake lime with water and add soft-soap to produce the thickness of this cream. To each gallon add one ounce of salt and two ounces of brown sugar dissolved in water. The germicidal value of Nos. 2 and 3 can be increased by the addition of a quarter pound of chloride of lime to every 20 gallons of wash. Before applying the wash to woodwork, metal or stone structures, precaution should be taken to clean the surface of foreign matter, thereby increasing the benefits of the solution. Care should also be taken to bring all crevices under the influence of the antiseptic.

POKER DICE—Subscriber, Oakland, Cal. Hoyle lays down the rule that in poker dice the six is the highest and the one, under that rule, the player who threw three sixes and two aces beats the one who threw three aces and two sixes.

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Conditions in California

The California Promotion committee wired the following to its eastern bureau in New York city yesterday:

California temperatures for the last 24 hours:

Eureka Minimum.....54 Maximum.....58
San Francisco..... Minimum.....54 Maximum.....60
San Diego..... Minimum.....54 Maximum.....70

Lumber receipts at San Francisco during the week \$1,000,000.
Construction has commenced on the new street railway in Redlands. The line will extend from east to west throughout the city. The work will be pushed to early completion.

Installation of the steel work has been completed on the Keyman-Wall building, which occupies the site of the old Grand opera house, in Mission street near Third, San Francisco. The building will be 110x275 and five stories in height.