The San Francisco Call

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

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WEARING OUT THE COLONELS

IT was General Franklin Bell who said, not long ago, "There is something wrong with the army," and then left us guessing. In the absence of specifications we are consumed with bewildered conjecture and maddening inference as to the nature of this wrong. Quite possibly a solution of the public doubts and fears may be found in the general order that captain and colonel and knight in arms must all demonstrate their ability to keep the saddle for fifteen miles without falling off. This seems like cruelty to soldiers of that eminence and it raises the suspicion that only rough riders are wanted in the army.

It may be that officers of the local garrison will regard this summary test of horsemanship even as our best citizens do jury duty—something from which to be excused, if possible, and wholly out of their line. There is Colonel Biddle, for instance, who does most of his riding on a snagboat and does it to admiration. Colonel Brainard rides the garrison bakery wagon; Colonel Appel rides the ambulance and Colonel Bellinger rides the rolling deep like a horse marine. It is a sin to snatch them rudely from their peaceful vocations and set them jolting roughly on a hard bitted mount over a rocky road, chosen with malignant purpose to wear out a colonel or two and make promotion.

The army is not what it was. The veteran's lament is heard in the land. He may no longer be an officer and a farmer. There is no more of that generous rivalry between companies as to which could raise the finest potatoes. Here we have it first hand from the Army and Navy Journal:

> All that is gone, and with the company garden also has gone the company cow and the officers' cow, too. There used to be a time when the veriest shavetail who dared to get married kept a good cow. Out on the plains there was grass galore. In some western posts you could keep a cow out on public grass nearly every month in the round year. When the word came to pull up and move station there was little trouble in selling a good cow either to the troops who were coming in or to some nearby settler. In those days we could live better and cheaper and there was solid satisfaction in producing that part of the table supplies. Now, with the increase of the army since the Spanish war, there are too many officers who came from city life and are as helpless, as quartermasters and commissaries, as babes in swaddling clothes.

No more the army raises the obstreperous onion; vanished is the regimental cow in brass buttons; no longer the chickens come home to roost by bugle call, and even the army mule of accursed memory sees his finish.

The old order changes. There was once a veteran general of much fame, whose name need not be mentioned, as he had the good luck to die before the military fadmongers insisted on rough riding tests for well nourished officers. Of this veteran it was said: "On parade days I would rather be General Blank than his horse; on other days I would rather be the horse."

A NEW BOOM JUST BLOOMING

THERE are signs on the political horizon of a boom for Uncle Joe Cannon, but it is not yet clear who is manning the pumps. If there should be some suspicion that the boom is stuffed—stuffed with warm atmosphere—why, let that pass for the present. It is the way of booms. The men at the Taft pump are flooding the country with broadsheets. Cincinnati was never before the center of so much intellectual activity. It is a vulgar error to suppose that Cincinnati can produce nothing more literary than a circus poster.

The Cannon boom is modest and wears a goatee, chews a straw and carries a pitchfork, a peaceful and not warlike implement of husbandry. The Cannon boom, again, puts on no frills, proudly eats off the knife and points with pride to the tariff, the noblest work of Dingley. Let us pray.

Uncle Joe is undeniably popular, because of a certain homely humor that he cultivates and dispenses. Besides, he is a good, sound American of the best corn fed type. Nevertheless, there are doubters. Here, for instance, is the man from Missouri, who wants to be shown. Thus one finds the St. Louis Post-Dispatch complaining that Mr. Cannon is too foxy and too sparing of the comfort that St. Louis needs. We quote:

> The best that Mr. Cannon could say to the people who were hungering and thirsting for fourteen feet through the valley was that nothing was to be hoped for in any direction in congress except as a result of compromise. He had always favored river and harbor appropriations and the inference was that he would continue to do so.
>
> It is to be feared that the emotional orators who handed their guest several presidential nominations in one evening were not fully awake to the fact that Joseph G. Cannon is too old a bird to be caught with chaff. They said too much and he said too little.

It is the Missouri measure of a statesman. If Uncle Joe would promise to allay that astonishing hunger and thirst conjured by the Post-Dispatch he would be a child of grace. But a people who would eat the wild Missouri by the yard are not readily appeased. First thing you know they will be calling Uncle Joe a "reactionary."

It is, perhaps, too early to forecast the future of this tender plant. The political boom is always most prosperous in its infancy. A new boom sweeps clean, although a little later it may be chucked out and cast into the fire like Fairbanks.

ANYTHING TO INJURE ROOSEVELT

THE violent hysterics of certain New York newspapers brought on by the forthcoming transfer of the battleship fleet to Pacific waters continue with ever increasing extravagance. Thus we find in the Sun of recent date this extraordinary editorial statement:

> He (President Roosevelt) needs it because it means that this country shall go to war. Well, go to war we doubtless shall, and as cheerfully and enthusiastically as heart of man could wish; but the people want to know first what the casus belli is which lies between this country and Japan. They want to know whether, if any exist, it is not appropriately referable to The Hague conference, if indeed it is not such as may be dealt with adequately by the simple exercise of common sense.

It seems as if the force of Rooseveltophobia could no farther go. The policy of the Sun is anything to injure Roosevelt, no matter how extravagant. It is little short of criminal to charge the president of the United States with deliberately seeking to provoke war. It presents Roosevelt to the country as a man of devilish and malevolent purpose and puts him in the class with Benedict Arnold.

When the battleship cruise was first mooted the New York papers saw in it the deep, dark politics of Machiavelli Roosevelt, who planned thereby to gain control of the California delegation to the national convention next year. When it was pointed out that this was making hard labor to convert the converted and that nobody could take away from Roosevelt the California delegation if he wanted it, then the New York papers had to invent something new. The matter is mentioned here only as proof of to what lengths certain influences in the east will go in their frenzy to injure Roosevelt. There is no means or variety of slander that is not welcome to this crowd.

In a way all this is amusing. It is ridiculous to see men like Harriman and Pierpont Morgan, who have proved their genius as financiers, making a silly exhibition of themselves by butting their heads against a stone wall in politics. It is a natural but absurd trait of the purse proud man to regard himself as invincible in all fields of endeavor.

Trying Again

NOTE AND COMMENT

Hartje proposes to reopen his divorce suit. It looks as if some men positively yearn for odium.

Jack London is off for the cannibal islands. We may look for a novel entitled "The Call of the Cook."

The name of the count that Miss Gladys Vanderbilt is to marry looks like a "pi" line from a type setting machine.

"Gooseberry" Newberry has a sort of rhythmic sound; but after the campaign is over "Lemon" Newberry will be the proper title.

The Ryanites deny that there is any barrel behind their fight. Well, the stuff has been known to come out of sacks—or even envelopes.

The mayor of Los Angeles predicts that his town will have a population of a half million by the time his term of office expires. For heaven's sake, how long a term does the mayor have in Los Angeles?

The Berkeley men who dodge jury duty on the plea that they do not want to convict a woman show more chivalry than horse sense.

With Taft in China, the president off on a bear hunt and Root in Mexico, it looks as if this country were pretty much able to run itself.

The 80 miles an hour clip struck by a runaway train the other day proves that California trains can really work up speed when given a chance.

President Roosevelt acknowledges weighing 200 pounds. Some of the trust magnates could not be convinced that he weighs less than a ton.

Personal Mention

Arthur C. Stratton of Chicago is at the Dale.

J. M. Johnston of Boise, Idaho, is at the Majestic.

Dr. A. Robles of Mexico City is a guest at the Hamlin.

Robert Tate, a merchant of Winnipeg, is at the Hamlin.

Edward Berwick of Pacific Grove is a guest at the Jefferson.

G. W. B. Katzenstein, a fruit grower of Sacramento, is at the St. Francis.

G. W. Elkins, a stock broker of Reno, and his family are at the Majestic.

J. A. Bergert and Mrs. Bergert, who are touring the state, are at the Baltimore.

W. W. Palmer, a New York stock operator, is registered at the Grand Central.

Dr. G. M. Archer is here from Redding for a short stay and is registered at the Jefferson.

G. E. Belott, a stationery manufacturer of Columbus, O., is registered at the Dorchester.

Senator C. A. Belshaw of Antioch registered at the Fairmont yesterday.

J. W. Peart, a merchant from Arbuckle, who is doing the season's buying, is at the Baltimore.

A. B. Hill of the William Hill company, bankers of Petaluma, is registered at the St. Francis.

L. W. Mason, Mrs. Mason and Miss Hazel Mason of San Diego are among the guests at the Jefferson.

V. B. Leonard, the discoverer of rich mining claims at Fairview, is at the St. James, accompanied by Mrs. Leonard.

J. A. Sanderson and R. W. Lomax of London and E. C. Nosworthy of Montreal are tourists at the Fairmont.

A. H. Ahlf, a supervisor of Colusa county, is at the St. James. He is attending the Grand Masonic lodge meeting.

L. A. Spitzer, county assessor of San Jose, who is attending the Grand Masonic lodge here, is a guest at the Grand Central.

E. P. Gole, a merchant of Portland, and his mother, Mrs. O. C. Gilson of San Diego, are spending a few days together at the Hamlin.

By The Call's Jester

SYMPATHETIC

"I shall die if you persist in refusing me," said the count dramatically.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Miss Hotty Millyuns. "Well, I'll speak to the cook and see that you get something to eat."

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GOOD TO THE DUCK

"Yes," said the hunter, "that duck must have been a hundred yards from me. I let both barrels fly—"

"And then—"

"Well, I let the duck fly, too."

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WOULD NEED IT

Barber—A little tonic, sir?

Customer—No, but I expect I'll need one after I see the check.

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SOBBY MAUDIE

Mother—Did you have a good time at the matinee, Maudie?

Maudie—Be-e-autiful, but I'll never speak to Ethel again. I lost my handkerchief, and she wouldn't let me have hers, and I cried all over my new silk waist.

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NOT LIKE LEMUEL

Si Medders—What does Lemuel say in his letter, ma?

Mrs. Medders—He wants some more money—joined one of them frat things with a jingly furrin name to it. He sez the fellers rushed him fer a month, whatever that is.

Si—Well, you can depend on it, Lemuel didn't do no rushin' onless he's changed a whole lot. W. J. W.

Answers to Queries

WILL—A., Oakland: Form is not much regarded in wills and a very simple and informal document will be sustained where the writing relied on has been executed in conformity to statute and shows upon its face a declaration by the testator that the same is his will. The statute requires that the will shall be in writing, shall be signed by the testator and attested by two or more subscribing witnesses, who, at the testator's request, affix their signatures in his presence. In this state a person must draw up a holographic will which must be wholly in the handwriting of the testator. Such does not need to be witnessed. There is always safety in having a will drawn up by a competent attorney.

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POKER—A. S., Merced, Cal.: The law of poker as to the draw is as follows: "When the players are ready to draw the cards must be given from the top of the pack, without it having either been cut or shuffled since the deal. The player to the left—the age—has the first say. A player can draw any number of cards he wants from one to five after discarding from his original hand the cards he does not want. The dealer discards and helps himself in his turn announcing how many cards he takes."

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PUBLIC UTILITIES—S. M., Santa Maria, Cal.: An individual who desires "information, pro and con" about public utilities, possibly for a debate, should read up periodical literature and make himself wise. This department does not furnish material for debates.

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WATER AND FISH—W. S., Quartz, Cal.: If you have a body of water weighing 100 pounds and place therein a live fish weighing 10 pounds the weight will be increased by 10 pounds as much as if you placed a 10 pound stone in the water.

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MILDEW AND BLACK ROT—M., Merced, Cal. Black rot is a disease that causes the stock of the grapevine to become black. Mildew is another disease that affects grapevines.

The Insider

Depicts the Alarm of a School Teacher When She Was Pursued by a Blacksmith, and Tells of the First Steamer Whistle Heard Here

Annie Couldn't Go, But Father Could A YOUNG but somewhat corpulent teacher in the public schools was on her way to her classroom early the other morning and happened to glance in at the door of a blacksmith's shop as she passed. She saw the glowing forge, the heated interior, the shoes and nails and other appurtenances of the trade, but she also beheld a large, black haired, leather aproned man who in the act of swinging a hammer over his head emitted a sort of yell at the sight of her and started at racing speed toward the door. The frightened teacher waited for no more, but also started down the street at her best gait, which she made more rapid than her bulk would indicate her capable of. After a block or so it became apparent that the blacksmith was gaining and the crowd that had collected quickly from everywhere to watch the outcome of the exciting race cheered the teacher on. Suddenly she turned a corner and found herself in a quiet street, and oh, horrors! she heard the heavy breathing of the blacksmith close behind. With one last, desperate effort and a sort of dazed wonder that even in the face of all the stories of footpads she had heard a murder could be committed in the city in broad daylight, she gained the shelter of some steps in an empty flat near by and sank down on them prepared to die. The blacksmith rushed on her and seizing her by the shoulder said in a voice hoarse with disgust:

"You blamed fool! What you scared of? I want to tell yer my girl Annie ain't comin' to school today. That's all."

Pioneer Whistle Is Heard on the Bay The sound of the steam whistles which wake the echoes every hour on San Francisco bay is reminiscent of a time when the first steam whistle that ever startled the town sounded over the bay and hills. Yerba Buena then claimed 32 houses scattered all the way from Brown's hotel to Washerwoman's bay, and the grand army of the United States which occupied the recently gained territory of California was comprised of two dragoons whom General Phil Kearny had brought with him on his trip across the continent. Solemnly and punctually the two solitary dragoons answered roll call each day until one morning the peaceful quiet of the Presidio was broken by the sharp, short blast of a steam whistle. All was excitement in a moment, and when an instant later the steamer California, carrying mail from Panama to Astoria, hove into view around the promontory where rose the old Spanish fort with its bronze cannon the two dragoons shouted for pure joy. That was in February of '49, and that steam whistle of the California was but the precursor of the scores which 58 years later were to pass through the Golden gate daily, almost unnoticed and unheard.

Southern Pacific's First Locomotive The "Governor Stanford," the original locomotive of the Southern Pacific, is at Leland Stanford university. Known formerly as No. 1, the old locomotive is an eight wheel engine with cylinders 18 by 22, and was built in Philadelphia. It has seen good service on what was known as the Sacramento Valley railroad, which then extended only to Auburn. It cost $125,000 to get the old engine around the Horn to begin its service in '63. The "C. P. Huntington" is another old engine of similar style. It is still running with a compressed air paint spraying outfit over the western division of the Southern Pacific.

The Smart Set

AN engagement of great interest here is that of Miss Marie Berger and Charles Sutro, which is being announced to their closest friends this week. The news has long been expected, for Mr. Sutro's admiration for the pretty southern girl was well known, even before she left San Francisco for Europe last December. It was thought that they might announce their engagement then, but Miss Berger decided to wait until she returned from abroad. She sailed from New York at Christmas time with Mrs. Charles O. Alexander of this city, who is an old friend. They spent the winter months on the Riviera and went on to France, England and Germany in the spring, returning only a short time ago.

Miss Berger and Mr. Sutro then made their engagement known, and arrangements for the wedding are already under way. It is to be one of next month's events and will take place very quietly in Miss Berger's home in southern California. The Berger family is well known there and Miss Marie, who has paid many visits to San Francisco, has warm friends in both places. She is a graceful, slender girl, with dark eyes and masses of rich brown hair.

Mr. Sutro belongs to the old California family of that name, being a son of the late Gustave Sutro. He is popular in business and club circles here and it is with much regret that his friends learn that after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Sutro will make their home in the southern part of the state.

Mr. Sutro's mother and sister are in New York, en route to San Francisco, after several years in Europe. They will return to California in time for the wedding.

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About 60 guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. H. H. Hart in her pretty Palo Alto home yesterday, for an afternoon of bridge. Her guest of honor was Mrs. Charles R. Warren, who was Miss Claudine Cotton before her marriage a few weeks ago.

The house was elaborately decorated with pink hydrangeas and asparagus fern, and the tea tables were bright with carnations of the same pink tint. Many of Mrs. Hart's guests brought their sewing bags, preferring an afternoon of conversation to the fascinating game, and later both players and needle women united for tea and ices, which were served in the big dining room and on the adjoining porch. Mr. and Mrs. Warren will make their home in Palo Alto, and the latter could not have had a pleasanter introduction to its society women.

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Miss Helene Robson was hostess on Monday afternoon at an informal tea, to which about 40 guests were bidden. The wide drawing rooms and hall of the charming Robson home were decorated with white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves for this event, and the late afternoon was delightfully spent in chatting and tea drinking.

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The Shreve house in San Mateo has been taken for the winter by Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, who reached California from New York a few weeks ago. They have already taken possession of their new home, and have been superintending some alterations there. In a day or two Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury will leave again for New York, returning early in November with their three small children, who have been left in the eastern city with Mrs. Pillsbury's mother, Mrs. Taylor.

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The ladies and officers of Mare Island turned out en masse yesterday morning to say goodby to charming Mrs. Lyon, who sailed for Honolulu on the Siberia in the afternoon. The commandant and his wife have made many warm friends during their two years at the yard, and these are sorry to see them go. Mrs. Lyon was laden with books, flowers and farewell presents as she stepped on board the tug. A farewell salute was fired from the navy yard guns in her honor, the band immediately afterward playing until the tug started. Admiral Lyon accompanied his wife to the steamer and will join her in Honolulu in two or three months.

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Other passengers on the Siberia were Dr. and Mrs. Paul Janiss and their son, Harold, who came up from Los Angeles a day or two ago. They plan to spend a year in the orient and in Europe, crossing from England to New York next September, where their son will begin his course at Princeton college. Dr. and Mrs. Janiss will return to California after a few weeks spent there with kinspeople.

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After three months spent in traveling in the central and southern parts of the state, Miss Sarah Spooner and Mrs. O. M. Locke are again at Del Monte, where they have established themselves comfortably for the winter. Their recent trip took them through the Yosemite valley and to some of the less visited regions near Yosemite.

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The ladies of the Forum club had a real treat yesterday, when Henry Payot gave them an interesting talk on "Venice." Mr. Payot, who knows his ground thoroughly and has a decidedly fresh viewpoint when speaking of European life and civics, held his audience's attention from the first to the last word. A generous provision for guests had been made, and the assembly room of the California club was well filled.

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Captain and Mrs. Guy Scott, who was Miss Leila Voorhies, are again settled in New York, where they expect to be for the winter and spring. They returned a week ago from a long visit to Captain Scott's parents, Senator and Mrs. Scott, in Washington, D. C.

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Several small affairs will be given this week to welcome back Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, who has just returned to San Francisco after a visit of several months in the east. Mrs. Bancroft is the guest of her son, Philip Bancroft, at his home in Broadway.

Conditions in California

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

California temperatures for the last 24 hours:

Eureka	Minimum.....52	Maximum.....58
San Francisco	Minimum.....52	Maximum.....62
San Diego	Minimum.....58	Maximum.....70

Total value of imports at San Francisco for the last month, $4,506,396.

The cantaloupe growers of Brawley, in Imperial county, Cal., sent 209 carloads of cantaloupes to market this season, at a net return of $702.93 per car. There were 23 growers and the net profit to each was $6,387.82. The total amount received was $146,919.86.

The steel work is finished on the Electric building, at Second and Natoma streets, San Francisco. This is a six story class A structure, 49x75 feet. The exterior, of sandstone and pressed brick, will be finished in two weeks, and by the middle of November the building will be ready for occupancy.