

The San Francisco Call

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PLEA OF THE PLUNDERERS

IN the courts of St. Louis there are now on trial some bribery charges, the outcome of municipal dishonesty in that city. There, as here, the defendants take refuge behind allegations of prejudice. In St. Louis they say it is the jurors that are prejudiced. Here they find fault with one judge after another. Nothing will please them unless they are permitted to choose their own ministers of law. The state of mind that inspires the general sense, whether of judges or jurors, whether in Missouri or in Pennsylvania or California or elsewhere, is thus described in the St. Louis Republic:

While prejudice against defendants can exist only to a very small extent, the community is controlled by a determination, shown in the verdicts of average juries, to enforce law in cases of crime against public rights as rigorously as in cases where only private rights have been violated. This is so generally true that in the average community in Missouri, or in any one of the surrounding states, those who are guilty of such crimes have little hope of escape where the average jury has the evidence fully presented by an earnest prosecutor. It appeared in Harrisburg the other day that this is as true in Pennsylvania as it is in Missouri. It is true in New York as it is in Texas.

In other words, there is a rooted prejudice in the minds of honest men in favor of the ten commandments and their enforcement. What the defendants are seeking with so much diligence is a judge who has no such prejudice.

Municipal graft has been for years a prosperous and even fashionable industry, much applauded of the unthinking and the vulgar. But now the St. Louis grafters and the Pennsylvania boddlers and the San Francisco bribe givers complain that their business has much declined in popularity, and they have concluded that it is all a personal matter. It is as if a burglar complained of a popular prejudice against house breaking and came begging to be tried by one of his own kind, and swearing that he was being robbed of his constitutional rights.

DARGIE'S STUFFED CONSCIENCE

THE organ that serves Dargie in place of a conscience is deeply grieved. Its moral sense is outraged and under its strenuous prompting he cries aloud, "Hypocrisy is no excuse for infamy." Talks like a real conscience, does it not? But the peculiarity of the Dargie conscience is that it most resembles a lively horse. He never rides it himself, but lets it out for hire.

Thus when Dargie lays down the law that "hypocrisy is no excuse for infamy" he is not beating his breast in repentance for his own sins, but is submitting his patient beast of burden to Patrick Calhoun's stick. Let us listen for a moment to the Dargie lively conscience:

Subterfuge, trickery, sharp practice, irregular method, unfair dealing and departure from the paths prescribed by legislatures and the experience of the ages are not only contrary to the fundamental principles of justice, but are degrading to the courts and a reproach to those who engage in them.

This is the homage that Dargie pays to virtue. Most people might suppose that the Dargie conscience was scolding Ruff and Henry Ach in all this, and certainly he hits them pretty hard. The beast is a fine kicker, more dangerous to his friends than his enemies.

"Bad acts," says the Dargie moralist, "are not justified by good motives, and it frequently happens that the claim of virtuous intent is merely a hypocritical pretense to excuse the employment of criminal agencies and devices to obtain a nefarious end."

Well, well; we seem to remember a notable passage in Ruff's affidavit, where he swears that all his bribes were taken with virtuous intent and for the good of the city. There was good graft and bad graft, and his was all good. Ruff will do well to keep away from the heels of Dargie's beast.

Again, when this great moral engine is turned on "the mercenary shysters who are following a piratical flag" it seems as if the description might be resented by the expensive legal retinue in the service of Ruff, Calhoun et al. Once more he returns to the charge, at so much per line:

In their hands the law is not an instrumentality for ascertaining the truth and vindicating the right, but of suppressing the truth, promoting the sinister designs and wreaking the revenges of a coarse grasped predatory millionaire.

The plain man might be forgiven for supposing that Dargie was describing a corporation lawyer employed to defend a franchise thief. Indeed, we can not congratulate Mr. Calhoun on his bargain. A stuffed conscience does not know its best friends.

IMPROVED STREETCAR SERVICE

WITHOUT regard to the grave matters at issue between the "higher ups" of the United Railroads and the people, and considering only the operating side of that corporation, it is a fact of much importance to San Francisco that at last we have something like a streetcar service. After two years of more or less patient waiting the people of this city are now getting something more than delay and annoyance and peril for their nickels. The car service is, in the main, no longer uncertain, slow and freakish; for the most part it is reasonably dependable, reasonably adequate to the public needs. No longer can it be said that San Francisco has the worst streetcar system in the world. It may not be the best, but it is pretty good and getting better.

The credit for this tardy change is due to General Black, who was summoned here for the purpose of repairing the damage wrought to the United Railroads by calamity, by stupid blundering of administration and by foolish policies. Mr. Black brought with him a high reputation as a streetcar traffic expert and as a brilliant

The Silent Places



INNOCUOUS DESUETUDE AT THE HAGUE—THE DOVE HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS



THE WORLD HEARS LITTLE OF THE PANAMA CANAL—IS ANYBODY ON THE JOB?



PORTUGAL AFTER 9 DAYS OF HECTIC CELEBRITY, HAS BEEN LOST IN THE SHUFFLE AGAIN



INDIANAPOLIS—ALL BUSINESS AND SOCIAL ACTIVITIES ARE SUSPENDED WHILE THE OFFSPRING OF THE STATE'S FIRST CITIZEN HOVERS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH



BERLIN—THE KAISER HAS RESOLVED TO HOLD HIS TONGUE UNTIL HE BURSTS



COL. STEWART PHOTOGRAPHED ON ARRIVAL AT HIS NEW POST



INNOVATION IN LOCAL COURT PROCEDURE—ATTORNEYS MAY BE ORDERED TO ARGUE ALL MOTIONS IN THE DEAF AND DUMB DIALECT



SINCE THE GRAY BOYS KNOCKED OFF WORK TELEGRAPH HILL MAKES CYPRESS LAWN LOOK LIKE AN ANARCHISTS' RALLY



THE MUSIC IS MUTE AT THE PARK BANDSTAND NOTHING HEARD BUT THE IDLE PRATTLE OF PICKNICKERS

Red Tape Record

A red tape record has been established by the French colonial department, says the Paris Matin. Some 18 months ago the governor of Martinique found that he needed some pins and a corker in his office. He sent for the secretary and asked him to get them. The secretary pointed out that any such expenditure must be sanctioned by the ministry of the colonies. The governor accordingly telegraphed to Paris: "Please send at once 1 1/2 lbs. of pins and two corkers." The minister sent the telegram to the accountant's department "for approximate estimate of the outlay to be incurred." The chief accountant noted that in his opinion the expense would be excessive, observing that his office did not use so many pins even for the most elaborate dresses. So he sent the telegram and the note to the director of the political department, who drew up a long and on the whole favorable report of the governor's character and thought that the request for the pins was reasonable if they were not purchased at an exorbitant figure.

The dossier went next to the commission of purchases, which was divided as to whether the pins should be bought by private contract or otherwise. They finally decided on the former and returned the dossier to the political department, which sent it back to the accountants, who passed it on to the minister, who thought the purchase should not be made by private contract, and sent it back to the accountants, who transferred it to the political department, who handed it on to the commission of purchases, which decided that the private contract was not the best method and sent the dossier back to the minister via the political department and the accountants. Then the minister sanctioned the expenditure, and after more journeying the dossier returned to the commission of purchases, which was given a free hand. By this time the governor's telegram had been traveling for 14 months and was buried in the midst of 2,427 documents concerning it, while the pins in the handle were nearly as numerous as those the governor needed.

Haunt of a Bibulous Poet

Whether or not Ben Jonson ever drank sack and made merry at the Shoe Lane inn, which has so long been known by his name, it is quite certain that the old poet had a very favorite haunt at the Devil's tavern, close by in Fleet street. There for many a year the jovial, rollicking despot used to preside over the meetings of the Apollo club, where quaint rules of his own devising were cut on a black marble slab placed above the fireplace, and whose riotous feasts were celebrated "with laughing, leaping, dancing jests and songs." Another haunt of the bibulous poet was the Mermaid tavern, in Cheapside, where says Fuller, "many were the wit combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, who two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war." Beaumont, who was also of the company of wits, wrote to Jonson, "What things have we seen done at the Mermaid!"—Westminster Gazette.

Prosperity in Australia

The latest number of the Australasian Review of Reviews has a statement concerning the year of "abundant prosperity" which the commonwealth has enjoyed. The last half year's returns in the states show tremendous increases. Victoria's half year ended with a total revenue of \$4,125,903. This was an increase of \$69,348 as compared with the same period in the previous year. The revenue for New South Wales for the last half year was \$7,191,978, an increase of \$627,193. South Australia's receipts for the half year were £1,670,822. These amounts are in excess of the treasurer's estimates.

The Insider

Laments with who's who promoter, unfortunate question that may limit the success of his venture because it touches femininity

Who's Who Venture Is Given Setback

THERE have been several attempts made in the past by various persons to make a list of the real who's who in California. The efforts were abortive, probably for the reason that no one is quite sure who is who in California. If kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple worth than sangre azul, then, of course, the list of who's who might include the city directory, minus a few people now under the ban of the law.

However, another attempt is being made to make a true catalogue of California's who's who. A few carefully selected citizens have received blanks from this daring separator of the elect from the nonelect, cordially inviting them to fill out the spaces for name, date of birth, descendant of, religion, career, occupation, honors, etc. The only drawback to the success of the who's who catalogue seems to be in one of the required replies. "Children—date of birth."

When one pater familias of social standing who received the sheep and goats divider's request blank exhibited it within the bosom of his family and was skimmed by several pairs of feminine eyes there was a chorus of: "Now, papa, you musn't fill this out. We won't have it. We aren't royalties to have our ages trumpeted from the housetops. Don't you dare—and the fleet coming, too."

This particular clause seems to constitute a fatal defect toward the success of the catalogue of blue bloods.

Offers to Convey Message to Hell

"Trotter is quite a little bit slangy," said a man who attended one of the evangelist's recent meetings, "but I don't think he is quite so much of an original as Sam Jones was in the pulpit. I was at one of the revival meetings held by Sam Jones some years ago, and in the midst of his sermon a man arose and went out. He was nearly to the door when Jones spied him. "You're on the way to hell!" cried the evangelist. "At that the fellow turned, and, 'All right,' he said, 'have you any messages to send your friends?'"

Sagebrush Parson Will Lecture Here

George Wharton James, an authority on the Arizona Indians and on the old California missions, is the original of "The Sagebrush Parson" in Alice Ward Bailey's book of that name. There are still a few old miners left in Nevada who recall the "parson" and are willing to swear to the truth of the incidents related in the novel. The D. P. I., the secret society presided over by one Barker in the story, was a genuine organization. James is not averse to telling the story of his initiation in the society. As the tale goes the lawyer who was presiding officer called on the "parson" to tell him he had been made a member of the D. P. I.'s. "I was not aware that any one had proposed my name for membership," said James ("Vaughan" in Mrs. Bailey's book). "I have not done anything here. In England I was an F. R. H. S., F. R. A. S., F. R. M. S., F. G. W. and M. V. I."

"I don't know that the D. P. I. has any member quite so distinguished," said Barker, as he held out the certificate.

The young Englishman read: "Elected a member of the Damn Phool Infirmary."

As the frisky spirits of the town (Eureka, Nev.) considered that the new member must be a prevaricator of a No. 1 talent they decided to give him a leather medal, which they did. Mr. James has preserved the medal, which is inscribed:

"To the Rev. George Wharton James, F. R. H. S., F. R. A. S., F. R. M. S., F. G. S., M. V. I., Champion Liar, from the Sazerac Lying Club."

The Smart Set

THIS being the first Thursday of the month, the usual full dress parades will take place at the Presidio at 5 o'clock. It will be watched by the ladies of the post and by a score or more of the city's society maids and matrons, who always enjoy the occasion as much as the service folk do. After the review various informal teas will be in order, and almost every group in officers' row will have its house of guests.

Mrs. Claude Smith left San Francisco with the Dutton party last Saturday, and will go straight to her home in Ithaca, N. Y. Mr. Smith was summoned to the east on business a fortnight ago, and will join his wife en route. Mrs. Smith was Miss Bessie Wilson, once prominent in society here, and has been much entertained by old friends during this visit.

A jolly party will leave Palo Alto this week for a stay of three months at Camp Curry near the Yosemite valley. In the party will be Mr. and Mrs. David Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Brown, Miss Mary Chappell, Edward Balsbaugh, Claude Morton, Luther du Bois and John Thurston.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Sawyer will close their pretty flat in Broadway this week and move to Piedmont, where they have engaged a delightful house for the summer.

Among the many San Franciscans who will spend the spring months at the Peninsula hotel are the Thomas Eastlands, who have engaged a suite there, and will give up their town house soon.

William Huff is building a delightful home in San Mateo, and hopes to have it ready for occupancy by early June. He will have as his house guest this summer William King of this city.

Harry Bates returned to town a few days ago, after a visit of several weeks in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Suro will move to Piedmont about May 1 and plan a stay of some years in the neighboring towns. The Suros have had a handsome house in Union street for several winters, spending the summers in Mill Valley. Their new home is the Beach Soule house in Piedmont, which is considered one of the most attractive residences in all Alameda county.

Miss Helen Jones, who returned recently from a visit to Miss Dorothy Quincy Van Sicken in Alameda, is now the guest of Miss Elena Brewer in Burlingame. The Jones family will be in Ross Valley soon for the summer.

That the summer season has really

Conditions in California

The California Promotion committees wired to its eastern bureau yesterday as follows: California temperatures for the last 24 hours:

Table with 4 columns: Location, Minimum, Maximum, and another column. Rows include Eureka, San Francisco, San Jose, and San Diego.

San Francisco postoffice receipts during March, \$186,904.92; for March, 1907, \$180,884.10, a gain this year of 3 1/2 per cent.

Orange tree planting along the Sacramento river in Glenn county is being extensively carried on.

A start has been made on the Adams estate building, at the northeast corner of Kearny and Sutter streets, San Francisco. It is to be a 10 story, class A, 60x70 foot structure, costing about \$250,000. For the facing the first two stories will be adorned with ornamental castiron and the remainder with glazed pressed brick and terra cotta.