

The San Francisco Call

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It is announced that the national irrigation congress in session this week in Spokane will declare an ambitious program of public improvements whose scope may be inferred from the fact that it calls for \$5,000,000 to fulfill its purposes.

For the Spoken Congress To Consider

The promoters do not seriously hope to get all they ask for, but they believe that by putting their demands high enough they will be given a great deal, not all at once, but by installments. They desire, in a word, to accustom the tax payer to thinking in billions.

All these things which the promoters want are excellent in themselves and highly desirable, but they must all be considered in the light supplied by the treasury reports of the money available and the demands for current expenses of the government.

While this tendency is responsible for much of our largely increased expenditures, the army and the navy have been the chief cause. During the fiscal year just ended we expended in preparation for war—that is, for the army, the navy and fortifications—41 per cent of our entire revenue, exclusive of postal receipts; while during the same year we expended 31 per cent of our entire revenue on account of wars we have had, a total of 72 per cent for these purposes alone.

That is to say, you can not have your cake and eat it. There is just so much money in the treasury and it can only be increased by imposing more taxes. If you desire to spend the chief part of your income on preparation for war there will remain but a moderate surplus for public improvements, and in a lean season of deficits like the present there is no surplus of any sort.

The Standpatters and the Progressives

SENATOR CUMMINS of Iowa, who may be regarded as the leader of the progressive republicans in congress, openly declares that an aggressive fight will be made for the control of the national convention of the party by the element of which he is the most important representative.

It is a declaration of war that most observers on the side lines of politics have foreseen for some time, and the real campaign in which the country is interested will be fought between the two wings of the republican party. It will be a doubtful conflict, and at present the standpatters are in control, although it is exceedingly doubtful whether they have any solid popular support.

The unanimity with which the people of the United States have approved the course of the ten republican senators who voted against the tariff bill has encouraged the progressive republicans in Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan, West Virginia, New Jersey and other states to plan to defeat the senators who now represent them.

It would be a very different senate without these men, but they are old stagers and hard to beat. If the popular support is on the side of the progressives the political talent is with the standpatters.

Note and Comment

Congress practically having kept up the tariff, the insurgents will keep up the fight. Heney is hunting in the snow topped Cascades. Thus he gives new evidence of the fact that he prefers his big game among the higher ups.

If Luther Burbank wants to add to the already overflowing measure of public gratitude, let him endeavor to supplement the spineless candor with the venomless envious. The establishment of mounted policemen on the Berkeley campus would seem to be a horse on those students who have been taking a special course in "queening."

Price of Gas In Two Cities

THEY are selling gas made from coal in Indianapolis at 60 cents per thousand feet. This is not natural gas piped from reservoirs deep in the earth, but the manufactured article, for which, in San Francisco, by the grace of the gas and electric company, we pay \$1 per thousand, and wonder at the corporation's moderation and magnanimity in not charging us more.

How Indianapolis comes to get gas for 60 cents makes an interesting bit of municipal history, as related by the Chicago Daily News, to wit: When the supply of natural gas was exhausted it was discovered that the Consumers' company, under its charter, had no right to make and sell artificial gas.

The old company which supplied the city with manufactured gas reduced its price from \$1 to 90 cents a thousand cubic feet and announced its intention of fighting the 60 cent rate as confiscatory. With the new concern in the field, however, the old company recently has met the 60 cent rate, though still insisting that the price is too low, leaving it to be inferred that at a later time the legality of the rate prescribed will be contested in court.

Of course, the cost of fuel for making artificial gas is higher in San Francisco than in Indianapolis, although not very much higher, because oil is used here as a substitute for coal.

American Trade With China

M. R. TAFT and Secretary Knox are very much in earnest about improving our trade relations with China, and the matter is of the highest importance to Pacific coast cities. The Oregonian, on the other hand, speaking from a Portland point of view, regards the potentialities of Chinese trade with America as relatively unimportant.

The German commercial bureau in the far east is an interesting device to promote German trade. This bureau is attached to the German consulate at Shanghai, and has, I am informed, eight German and about twenty Chinese employees. Several of these employees are experts on commercial matters, sent out from Germany. They travel in all parts of the empire, observing and inquiring into conditions.

At a recent meeting in this city, attended by consular representatives stationed in China and addressed by Young Kwai, a Chinese diplomat and merchant, the speaker said: "China wants American commerce and the United States can get it by going after it. Catalogues and drummers do not do much good. Resident agents are needed. We want manufactured products—wheat, flour, cotton goods, railroad machinery."

In considering this utterance the Oregonian quotes the unfortunate experience of James J. Hill with his trans-Pacific steamships built and operated to promote trade with Asiatic markets and compares the inferior buying capacity of the Chinese with the home market. All that is true in a measure, but it chiefly proves that in the past our efforts in this field have not been well directed.

Debts of American Cities

THE Wall Street Journal gives a comparative table of the bonded debt of the chief American cities, which shows that San Francisco, as compared with sister municipalities of like standing, has pursued a careful and conservative course. New York city is the extravagant member of the family, and from its settled policy appears to be headed straight for bankruptcy.

Table with 5 columns: CITIES, Net Debt January 1, 1909, Net Debt January 1, 1899, Debt Per Capita, 1909, Debt Per Capita, 1899. Rows include New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, New Orleans.

Since the date of this table San Francisco has increased its bonded debt by a considerable sum and it now totals \$12,131,300. We shall have to add to this total a large investment when the city installs a municipal water supply, but that expenditure will take care of itself and belongs in a wholly different category from debt incurred for buildings and other public improvements that return no direct revenue to the city treasury.

Queer Robberies in Vienna

During the close season partridges were freely sold in Vienna, and there have been extensive thefts of eggs. The detectives noticed that peasant women frequently visited the capital, and that on these visits they invariably wore the national costume and carried babies. The watchful detectives satisfied themselves that while some of the infants cried lustily enough the others were suspiciously quiet.

Respectful of Fashion

A Vienna contemporary, describing Richard Strauss, says he is a modern musician. He loves surprises and his appearance is the first of these he indulges in on one. The musician of our imagination clings to the traditions as portrayed in Murger's "Boheme" as to long hair, flowing cravat and garments out of harmony with the decrees of fashion. Strauss is respectful of the presence of fashion. His coat, of the conventional cut, fits him perfectly. His mustache shows evidence of care, and he wears no artist curls. His hair forms a big lump in the back and seems to have run away from the high forehead area. Bright, modest, attractive, any of these terms would describe his eyes. Two long furrows lead to the thin lips, under which the bony chin protrudes.

SAN FRANCISCO AS IT WAS IN '47

Sixty-two Years Ago When The City Had a Total Population of 459

[A copy of the Daily Revue, published in St. Louis on February 12, 1848, has been sent to The Call by C. A. Dunkel of that city. Among its contents is the following article on San Francisco as it was in August, 1847.]

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In view of the great and growing importance of the town of San Francisco (Yerba Buena), situated on the great bay of the same name, we have condensed a few statistics from a copy of the Californian of last August. The town site, as recently surveyed, embraces an extent of one and a half square miles. It is regularly laid out, being intersected by streets from 60 to 80 feet in width. The squares are divided into lots of from 16 1/2 varas (the Spanish yard, of about 33 inches) front and 50 deep to 100 varas square. The smaller and more valuable of these lots are those situated between high and low water mark. Part of these lots were sold in July last, at auction, and brought from \$50 to \$600. The established prices of the 50 and 100 vara lots are \$12 and \$25.

San Francisco, last August, contained 459 souls—of whom 375 were whites, four-fifths of these being under 40 years of age. Some idea of the composition of the white population may be gathered from the following statement as to the nativity of the larger portion: English, 22; Germans, 27; Irish, 14; Scotch, 14; born in the United States, 228; Californians, 89.

Thirty-two of these last mentioned being Californians proper, it will be seen that about three-fifths of the whole number of emigrants are from the United States. We do not give the Indians, Sandwich Islanders, negroes, etc.; neither is mention made of the regiment of New York volunteers.

Of the white population, there are 89 who can neither read nor write; but when we learn that there are 83 children under 10 years of age, and only one teacher—the fact will not be wondered at. Previously to the 1st of April, 1847, there had been erected in the town 79 buildings, nearly all of which were erected within the two years immediately preceding that date. From the 1st of April to the 1st of August there were raised 78 buildings! It appears, then, by a comparison of the above two statements, that there had been erected within five months, as many buildings as were erected in all the years previous.

This is an increase which may well challenge the banks of our own rivers, and this is, as it were, but the first footprint of the Americans.

There can be no better evidence of the advantages and capabilities for improvement of the place than this single fact. Center of the finest harbor on the Pacific, and seconded by the enterprise and intelligence of its hardy citizens, San Francisco is destined to become the great commercial emporium of the north Pacific coast.

Answers to Queries

SCAB—Reader, City. What is the correct definition of a scab as the term is used by labor organizations?

The dictionary definition is: "A name for a workman who works for lower wages than are fixed by the trades unions; also applied to one who takes the place of a workman on strike." Recently in a court of England the following was given as the definition of "scab": "A scab is to his trade what a traitor is to his country, and though both may be useful in troublesome times they are detested by all when there comes a time of peace, so when help is needed the scab is the last to contribute assistance and the first to grasp the benefit he never labored to secure. He cares only for himself; he sees not beyond the extent of a day and for a monetary appropriation. He would betray friends, family and country; in short, he is a traitor on a small scale who first sells the journeyman and is himself afterward sold by the one who employed him until he is at last despoiled by both and deserted by all. He is an enemy to himself, to the present age and to all posterity."

LHASSA—Subscriber, City. In an article on the opening to the public of the Yildiz Kiosk by the young Turks, I read that "the unveiling of Yildiz Kiosk is something like the unveiling of Lhasa." What is the latter?

Lhasa is the capital of Tibet, on the Danzing, 11,910 feet above sea level, noted for the convents in and near it, composing the ecclesiastical establishments of the dalai lama, whose personal residence is in a convent on the adjacent Botala. It is the headquarters of the hierarchy of lamas, who by means of the dalai lamas exercise priestly (Buddhist) control over nearly all of Mongolia as well as Tibet. The temples are resplendent with gold and precious stones. Prior to 1890 only two Europeans had visited the place, one in 1811 and the other in 1846. It was afterward opened to outsiders, and that was called the unveiling.

ALIEN—W. N. City. Can an alien who has declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States vote in any state or territory?

In Arkansas, Alabama, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas and Wisconsin an alien who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States is entitled to vote after he has been a resident for a period varying from three months to one year. In California only full fledged American citizens, natives or naturalized, can vote.

QUOTATION—A. S. Santa Clara, Cal. What is the quotation in which are the words "Compound for sins we have" and who wrote it? The quotation is: Compound for sins they are inclined to By damning those they have no mind to. It is from "Hudibras," by Butler, part 1.

WIRELESS—Subscriber, City. How far did Marconi send wireless messages in his first experiments in 1895 or 1896?

About 200 feet. Four years later messages were sent and received to and from points 200 miles apart.

PER CENT—S. City. Is it possible for a man in business to make 100 per cent on his outlay? It is.

The Insider

Repeats the story of a yellow dog that attacked himself to a boy, watched at his bedside until he died, and then, aware of the dislike of others, silently slunk away

Mongrel Cur Turns Dislike to Respect HE was just "dog"—a plain, scraggly little cur, but withal saucy and bright, and the ferocity with which the diminutive canine attacked the passing streetcar attracted the laughing attention of all who witnessed the desperate onslaught.

"I never see a little cur like that," remarked Dr. H. S. Warren, "but my heart soft of takes on a very kindly feeling for him and I'll tell you why. I was practicing up in Siskiyou county and one night when returning from a far distant call met in the Pullman smoker a well known bench show judge—Payne, if my memory serves me right as to the name. I may be mistaken about the name, but I can never forget that meeting. Very naturally the conversation drifted to dogs. We talked thoroughbreds and finally something was said about the wonderful bond of friendship that always seems to exist between the small boy and the dog. Here is what he told me:

"I have always hated a mongrel, whether dog, horse or any other animal. I guess it was born in me. I wouldn't have any animal for any purpose unless it was a thoroughbred.

"When my little boy was about 5 years old he came home one day with a yellow mongrel cur at his heels. I was not home and my wife, knowing my dislike for such creatures, tried to drive the dog away, but he kept coming back, and finally she gave it up and let the dog and boy play in the yard until I came home.

"When I got home I was disgusted to find the outcast on my front steps and immediately drove him into the street. The child had already formed a strong attachment for the dog, which was apparently reciprocated, for as soon as the little fellow began to cry at losing his playmate the dog came back.

"To make a long story short the boy begged so hard that I had to let him keep the dog. For the next year that cur was the bane of my existence. Whenever I caught sight of him I was enraged that my boy could think so much of a mongrel. The dog knew that I was anything but friendly toward him and kept out of my sight as much as possible. Then my boy fell sick. For many weeks he lay in his bed so white and still, his face drawn by pain and suffering. All this time the dog stationed himself under the child's bed and you could not have driven him from the room even if you had the heart to. He even refused to leave for his meals and my wife carried his food in with the child's.

"Finally one night the doctor told us what we already knew—that the end was near. All that night my wife and I sat beside our only child and watched the spark of life slowly flickering and fading from view. The dog was forgotten by us, but he was there.

"In the early morning, when it was all over, I went out on the front porch and sat on the steps. While I was sitting there the dog came quietly out of the house, walked past me down the steps and out of the garden into the street. I was just barely aware of the fact that the dog had left. In a few hours, however, I suddenly thought of the dog and I wanted him. I never wanted a dog so much in my life as I did that one, but he was not to be found. I organized the boys of the neighborhood in searching parties. I hired men for the purpose and in the next few weeks there was what I think must have been the most thorough search for a dog ever made, but all to no purpose. The dog was never found.

"Well, sir, since then, while I still love high bred dogs, the softest spot in my heart is reserved for yellow curs, and whenever I see one abused or mistreated there is a fight right there."

Publisher Declines to Exploit His Race

It is not safe, exactly, to ask a well known publisher of large and imposing presence if he has been racing recently in the park. He is an ardent automobilist, but of the cautious variety. He does not believe in rapid locomotion and has been known to run clear out to the ocean when he intended to lunch at the Olympic club, just so as to have room to turn around.

About two weeks ago he was out in the park, jogging along at a slow, steady gait, when he noticed a motorcycle ahead of him.

The presence of the motorcycle irritated him. He increased his speed, but the motorcycle still kept ahead of him.

"I'll beat that motorcycle if I burst a tire," he muttered to himself, and he let out a yard or two of speed.

But the motorcyclist was game, and he caught up to the man of print and passed him.

All his fighting blood was up. "You want to race, do you?" he inquired of the motorcyclist.

"No," said the man. "Oh, yes, you do," and the publisher threw her wide open and made about 50 miles an hour.

He stood up in his car and waited for the man to catch up, meanwhile waving his hand defiantly at the motorcycle man.

But the latter was in the same mood. Up he came. "Haven't you had enough?" cried the publisher. "I'll go another heat. Line up!"

"You are under arrest!" shouted the motorcyclist. "I am the speed officer. How dare you challenge me to race? I like your nerve."

"Publish that story?" cried the publisher. "I do not see how it will interest anybody."

Child Loses Excuse For Birth and Cries

The ambitious mothers of the city of Alameda have been causing the teachers of that place much annoyance since the schools reopened. They have in many instances persistently endeavored to get their 4 and 5 year old youngsters enrolled, whereas the law demands that they should have reached the mature age of six summers. The teachers have finally insisted that each child must present a written statement from his home stating the exact date of his birth.

The other day a little fellow appeared at one of the primary grades and had scarcely reached the school before he burst into most piteous weeping. When asked what the trouble was he replied: "Oh, teacher, I've lost my excuse for being born."

He was comforted by the assurance that many of his elders were in the same fix.

SONNETS OF A PERFORMER

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

VII IT makes me weary, sometimes, when a lot of bums line up to mace me for a drink, Claming acquaintance just because they think I'll be too politic to show I'm hot; There's not a stiff, there's not a ragged sot In town but feels that he can safely link His arm in mine, and, though he be the pink Of trampdom, dare I shake him? I guess not. You see, the beggar's "regular"; his vote May be depended on when things look glum, And if I snubbed him for his dirty coat, He'd tell a bum, who'd tell another bum, And all the votes of quite a little crowd Would go to punish me for getting proud.

VIII THAT'S the deep place where most reformers drown— They seem to think the only votes worth while Are gentlemen's, and so, in shining tile And faultless frock, they swagger through the town, Wasting their time on friends, but looking down On men whose clothes are not the latest style. Say, is it any wonder that they rile The humble laborer on whom they frown? It may be that some votes are changed in clubs Over the festive highball, but the slick Campaigner haunts the booze joint, where he rubs His elbow with the lad that wields a pick; His cultivated taste may yearn for cream De menthe, but he is wise—he orders "steam."