

The San Francisco Call

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CHARLES W. HORNICK... General Manager
ERNEST S. SIMPSON... Managing Editor

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both NEW and OLD ADDRESS in order to insure a prompt and correct

compliance with their request.

MR. TAFT presents an interesting psychological study whose conclusions might carry an instructive lesson in what might be called practical politics, using that term in no injurious sense. Conscious of his own entire honesty of purpose, the president bitterly resents any sort of hostile criticism, and this feeling on occasion lends itself to results that scarcely accord with the dignity of his office and gives

facilitous importance to people who otherwise might find themselves a prey to popular forgetfulness. It was thus with the Burton Harrison episode, where the New York congressman, having liberated on the floor of the house certain hasty remarks about the chief executive and his attorney general, found himself incontinently excluded from the light of the presidential countenance. It was solemnly announced that the president would not "receive" Mr. Harrison.

It may be, indeed, that this exclusion edict was intended to crush Harrison and obliterate him from the political map, but the actual result was to give the New Yorker a purely artificial importance which otherwise, and by his personal endeavors, he could never have compassed.

While it is easy to understand and forgive the president's resentment, the public exhibition of the sore spot is neither wise politics nor good judgment. Neither does it accord with the spirit of democracy which more and more comes to shape the course of American life. This punishment dealt on Harrison is an absurd copy of the ridiculous practices of European court etiquette. The offender against the acute sensibilities of exalted circles is denied the royal entree and may not bask in the sunlight of court favor. It is as if the king of Portugal should refuse to meet the American minister to that court because his royal highness did not approve of Mr. Gage's prehistoric boots.

Mr. Taft in other ways shows the same sort of resentment inspired by the outspoken words of the republican insurgents in congress. In fact it is understood that most of these rebellious critics are no longer on visiting terms at the White House. Yet if it shall prove that the pending railroad regulation measure comes out of congress a useful and effectual law, that result will have been due almost wholly to the work of these same insurgents, and Mr. Taft and the republican party will share the credit of this result. To the insurgents is chiefly due the making of effective provision that the interstate commerce commission shall have control of rates before they go into effect, and the burden of proof is to be placed on the transportation companies to show in advance that a proposed increase of rates is reasonable before it goes into effect. It was the fear of this provision that inspired the railroads to announce recently an advance of rates all along the line, and when this move was blocked by the president's injunction suit the companies, in a blind excess of rage, virtually declared war on the United States government. Of course the gross impolicy of this attitude very quickly became manifest, and the railroad people decided to pocket their wrath and behave.

The president then would be better advised to disregard the "language" of politics. What Mr. Harrison says or what other people may say is not important unless it is true. If it should be true its importance is not affected, but rather magnified, by the exclusion of the offenders from court circles or even by "the cut direct." The other day when the obstreperous Mr. Lawler of Los Angeles characterized James R. Garfield and Gifford Pinchot as part of a "foul flock" those gentlemen merely laughed and, indeed, were pleased to have earned Mr. Lawler's disapprobation. The first rule of the political game is "Forget it." It is Mr. Taft's ignorance of this game that has involved him in so much trouble and delivered him into the hands of men like Aldrich and Cannon, who are really hostile to the policies he hopes to embody in the law of the United States. The people know that Mr. Taft wants to do the right thing, but they doubt the wisdom of his choice of instruments.

WHAT are battleships good for? The question is not asked in joke, but is suggested by recent utterances of experts and other critics, who do not hesitate to say that these fighting monsters are not only useless, but constitute a danger to the nation that owns them. Thus Colonel Acourt Repington, the military expert of the London Times, is quoted:

Our great and costly battleships and cruisers must in time of war be stowed away safely in some distant, safe and secluded anchorage, such as Scapa Flow and Portsmouth today and Berehaven and Lough Swilly tomorrow. The North sea in time of war will be a desert of waters, insecure to both sides, open to neither, commanded by none.

Colonel Repington believes that in case of war between England and Germany these countries would have investments of some \$200,000,000 apiece locked up in battleships and stowed away in harbor or estuary, afraid to take the risks of the open sea, where they would be liable to attack by submarines, torpedoes and mines. Again, H. G. Wells, who, although not a naval expert, is gifted with a far seeing prophetic sense, writes:

I confess myself uneasily apprehensive of the quality of all our naval preparations. We go on launching these great Dreadnoughts, and I can not bring myself to believe in them. They seem to me vulnerable from the air above and the deep below, vulnerable in a shallow channel and in a fog (and the North sea is both foggy and shallow), and immensely costly.

If I were lord high admiral of England at war I would not fight the things. I would as soon put to sea in St. Paul's cathedral.

If I were fighting Germany I would stow half of them away in the Clyde and half in the Bristol channel, and take the good men out of them and fight Germany's kindred folly with mines and torpedoes and destroyers and airships and submarines.

With airships and submarines in the way of being perfected it is not unlikely that the military world is on the eve of another step in evolution like that which in medieval times put the knight in armor out of business. Confronted with gunpowder his ponderous armor became not only useless but dangerous to himself. It is

No Royal Road Except to Failure

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Nothing worth while can be done in haste. The root determines the fruit. Things which last are of slow and patient growth.

The mushroom is in full maturity long before the oak has pressed through the ground; but the same tree drops a century of its acorns upon the very soil where a thousand generations of mushrooms have leaped to life and died and disappeared from sight.

A quick start is almost always a quick finish. Digging foundations is hard, mean, uninteresting, blistering toil, but, when well done, over with for all time thereafter. A strong wall can't stand on a weak base—the greater its height, the more secure and careful must be the underlying work.

Half of the winning lies in a cautious beginning. You must know how to stay after you land. Arrival means nothing without the survival. Accident may put you where you don't deserve to reach, but chance can't keep you at the top—that's where all the strong men are.

They paid for every step of the way with their courage and with their wit—they denied themselves ease and continued when they were fatigued—they resisted the lure of pastime and of luxury—they were trained to remain.

They matched themselves against opponent after opponent—they earned their position.

The more you're out of their class, the sooner they'll hurl you back to yours. They've studied success in the school of experience—

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sufficiently clear now that a battleship fleet could not go into action without a mask or screen of swift torpedo boats and destroyers, and the most important fighting would perhaps be done by the smaller craft.

THE office of the state superintendent of public instruction sends out the news—not altogether new—that the size of American families shows a remarkable decline, and this condition is attributed to the high cost of living. It is not alone that children are few but that in a great number of cases married couples have no children. The conclusions are based on the school census returns for Sacramento, but there is reason to believe that in a general way they are true of other cities in California.

Perhaps in a greater or less degree the same thing is true all over America as far as the native population is concerned. Up to a certain point the tendency is commendable. People should not bring children into the world unless they are able to support them. Beyond that point the tendency is wholly injurious to the individual and to the commonwealth. But it does not seem that argument is of much avail one way or the other.

At the root of the matter, of course, lies the desire to live in cities, and this is so strong that people refuse absolutely to do anything that might trench upon their means of livelihood in town. They can not afford to have a large family, or perhaps any family, because they prefer working on a meager salary in the city to going out in the country, where living is cheap and plentiful. They fear the isolation, the lack of society and conveniences.

The Call believes that in the irrigated farms of California a solution of this problem will be found. Where farms are cut up into twenty acre tracts, each capable of supporting a family in comfort and plenty, the people will be enabled to enjoy a sufficient share of the conveniences and amusements of town life to compensate them for their exile from the electric lights. The cost of living will not bother them at all and children will grow up about their knees.

LESLIE M. SHAW, once a cabinet officer and now a leftover politician, appears to have degenerated into a garrulous and absurd old age, and, like most of his tribe, is preaching the gospel of standpatism and subservience to the special interests that have been permitted to shape the tariff to fatten their own greed. Personally Mr. Shaw is a man of no importance, but he may serve the purpose of a horrible example to illustrate the sort of reasoning that standpaters are compelled to accept as their only defense.

Speaking at Chicago on Saturday, Mr. Shaw is reported to have "scored the insurgents" in a fine old fashioned political way that should drive this stiffnecked generation in confusion from the field, or at least might have that result if they were afraid of ghosts. As champion of the standpaters Mr. Shaw declared loudly that "the people can't make the tariff. It would be as wise to expect the stock holders to run a railroad."

Because the people can not adjust the details of the tariff Mr. Shaw and the standpaters want the whole business turned over to the special interests affected thereby without regard to the rights of the great body of consumers. This is what happened with the Payne tariff, and this is what the standpaters want to perpetuate. Nobody proposes that the people as a body shall make the tariff in detail, but the insurgents want that instrument framed on the knowledge and conclusions of impartial and nonpolitical experts sitting as a tribunal of investigation. The standpaters, on the other hand, want to keep tariff making wholly in the domain of politics, where bargains at the expense of the people are made the price of fat campaign contributions.

It is for this reason that the Shaw tribe is so bitterly hostile to the creation of an impartial tariff commission whose members would not be dependent for their political existence on "the fat" fried out of tariff beneficiaries.

ALL IN THE GAME
Edyth—"Have you heard the latest?"
Mayme—"Don't know. Let's hear it."
Edyth—"Fred says his father threatens to disinherit him if he marries me."
Mayme—"Fudge! That's merely a bluff to make you think his father has money."—Chicago News.

HIS PRIDE—HER DUST
"Your marriage to this plebeian American heiress, my son," said the countess de Broque, "will humble our ancestral pride in the dust."
"That's all right, mother," rejoined the titled son. "She has agreed to furnish the dust."—Chicago News.

JOYS OF SCORCHING
"I suppose you will soon be giving up your motor and getting an airship?"
"Not at all," replied Mr. Chuggings. "There's no fun in going away up there and frightening a few eagles."—Washington Star.

Never Touched Him
Quackly—By the bye, have you got \$10 about you that you don't need for a few days?
Smackly—I have—but I might need it some time. —Chicago News.

HOW IT HAPPENED
"How did that Parisian duelist happen to hurt his antagonist so seriously?"
"Same old story. Didn't know it was loaded."—Washington Star.

Green Tamalpais, starward swung,
Brown hill and harbor isle,
O winding rivers, inland flung
Where sea lured valleys smile,
I see you from the waters wide,
I see you watch and wait
The wandering sail, the running tide,
That win the Golden gate.
I see you watch and wait, as when
In quest of Monterey,
Swart old Don Gaspar and his men
Looked on you first, that day;
I see you watch in mist and sun,
As when the Spaniard bore,
In from the sea, his galleon
Where ship sailed ne'er before.
Footsteps amany trod since then
The old Franciscan trail—
Since swart Don Gaspar and his men
Since Juan de Ayala's sail.
From every trail, from every sea,
With eager hearts elate,
They wandered with what gods there be
To seek the Golden gate.

THE GOLDEN GATE
By JOHN S. MCGROARTY
Far from gates of dawn they came,
And far from lands of morn,
From out the distant sunset's flame,
And 'round the stormy Horn,
And all the roads, 'twas there they met,
Where bay to ocean spills,
And there the wanderer's tents were set
On thrice the seven hills.
The brown robed padres pray no more
In gowl and sandal shoon,
When falls on golden sea and shore
The silver of the moon.
The Argo's rotted keel is laid
Deep in the harbor's waves,
And they who wrought and they who prayed
Sleep long in silent graves.
Yet, as of old, the running tide
Thrills through the Golden gate,
The rivers seek the ocean wide,
The brown hills watch and wait.
The stars on Tamalpais gleam,
The lights flash out to sea,
And this is still the wanderer's dream
Where'er his path may be.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

HORSE'S TEETH—Tom, City. How is the age of a horse ascertained by its teeth?
Every horse has six teeth above and below. Before 2 years he sheds the middle teeth. At 3 years he sheds one more on either side of the central teeth. At 4 he sheds the two corner and last of the fore teeth. Between 4 and 5 years the horse cuts the under tusks. At 5 he will cut the upper tusks, at which time his mouth will be complete. At 6 the grooves and hollows begin to fill up a little; at 7 the grooves are well high filled up, except the corner teeth, leaving little brown spots where the dark brown hollows formerly were. At 8 the whole of the hollows and grooves are filled up. At 9 there is often seen a small bill to the outside corner teeth; the point of the tusk is worn off and the part that was concave begins to fill up and becomes rounded; the squares of the central teeth begin to disappear and the gums leave them small and narrow at the top.
THE CABINET—J. R. San Anselmo. Who are the members of President Taft's cabinet?
The following, given in the order of succession to the presidency on May 30: Secretary of state, Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania; secretary of the treasury, Franklin MacVeagh of Illinois; secretary of war, Jacob M. Dickinson of Tennessee; attorney general, George W. Wickersham of New York; postmaster general, Frank H. Hitchcock of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, George Von Lengerke Meyer of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, Richard A. Ballinger of Washington; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson of Iowa, and secretary of commerce and labor, Charles Nagel of Missouri.
SEEDLESS DATES—Subscriber, City. Are seedless dates of a choice quality as those that grow with seed? Where are the seedless growers?
A writer on this subject says: "Seedless dates have been growing in California and Arizona for many years and in Mexico even longer, but when so propagated more than half of the trees are males, and of those remaining not more than one in ten produces good fruit. When 100 trees are set out 10 per cent will yield edible dates and of these not more than four or five trees will be of choice quality."

TIPS—L. M. N. In a game of whist there were two prizes. Three tied on the high score. How should the winner be decided?
By having the winners play another game or toss a coin for the prize.
REPORT—Lodge member, City. Which of the following is preferable? "I report favorable on the petition" or "I report favorably on the petition"?
The latter.
HANDS—Tom, City. How does a horseman ascertain the height of a horse by "bands high"?
A hand high is a measure equal to the breadth of a hand, about 4 inches.
PAPRIKA—L. San Jose. What is paprika made of?
It is a condiment obtained from a variety of the garden pepper, capsicum annum, red pepper.
POISON OAK—W. B. C. Niles. Is there any preparation that will render one immune from poison oak? What is best to relieve one who has been attacked by the poison?
There are preparations for both to be had from druggists.
ROUBIGNE—Subscriber, Newark. In what work of fiction is the character of Julie de Roubigne to be found?
She is the heroine of Henry MacKenzie's novel, "Julie de Roubigne."
UNIVERSITY—A. E. E. City. Where can I obtain information about the number of units requisite for admission to the University of California as to certain studies?
Write to the recorder of the university.
WILSON—Subscriber, City. Under how many presidents has James Wilson, the incumbent secretary of agriculture, served?
Three, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft.
TERRITORIES—T. B. City. What are the territories and the districts of the American union?
Territories, New Mexico, Arizona and Hawaii; districts, Columbia and Alaska.
TRADE DOLLAR—Subscriber, City. When was the trade dollar substituted for "the dollar of our daddies"?
By the act of February 12, 1873.
KISMET—Subscriber, City. What is "kismet"?
It is an oriental word, and means destiny or fate.
FOOTBALL—A. N. B. Cayucos, Cal. Has football been forbidden by the University of California?
No.
TAX—T. S. Soledad. While in Contra Costa paid \$2 poll tax. Now that I am in Humboldt county am asked to pay another poll tax of \$2. Have the authorities the right to make such a demand?
It is probable that the Humboldt authorities want road tax from you.
LARGEST GUN—E. H. B. Berkeley. Which is the largest gun in the world?
It is claimed that the 16 inch gun constructed for the United States is the largest.
PERSONS IN THE NEWS
PRINCESS POMARE of Tahiti, the daughter of the late queen and the most blue blooded of all south sea royally, arrived yesterday on the liner Mariposa. The princess is not only of royal blood, but she is wealthy and has considerable talent as a musician. She is on her way to France to meet her brother, Prince Pomare, who will escort her to Scotland and later on a tour through continental Europe. The princess expects to be away from her island home for about two years.
T. H. KRUTSCHMIDT, son of Julius Kruttschmidt, vice president of the Harriman system of railroads, returned yesterday from Tucson, Ariz., where he has been for several months for his health. He is at the St. Francis with A. F. Talcott.
J. C. RUNNELS, vice president and general counsel of the Pullman sleeping car company at Chicago, is at the Palace with his wife and daughter. They are making a tour of the coast in a private car.
E. E. CALVIN, vice president and general manager of the Western Pacific railroad, left yesterday for a trip of inspection over the road.
MRS. GEORGE M. BURNHAM, Miss Cordelia Burnham, Agnes M. Noonan and Leonora M. Noonan are registered at the St. Francis from Los Angeles.
C. H. LEVY, vice president and general manager of the Western Pacific railroad, left yesterday for a trip of inspection over the road.
A. F. LUEMING, a prominent brewer of Milwaukee, is at the Palace with Mrs. Lueming.
W. D. LYSNER, governor of the province of Gibeon, N. Z., is a guest at the Marx.
ROSS E. ROWELL, United States marine corps, is registered at the St. Francis.
M. S. LARSEN of this city is stopping at the Colonial.
H. E. GRADY of Sacramento is at the Turpin.