

The San Francisco Call

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Now that "oranges and lima beans have confessed" there is less noise south of Tehachapi than at the time last summer when the state board of equalization, acting on demonstration that many of the southern tier of counties had been for years evading their just share of taxes, added a substantial increase of the assessment rolls for that region. One county was raised 100 per cent, while others were boosted some 30, 40 or 50 per cent.

The consequent uproar was tremendous and holy vituperative. Indeed, the outbreak of excited language was terrifying. The air was full of the parts of speech, like a dust storm in a Santa Ana wind off the desert. The dead cats and decayed vegetables of language were "hurled" at the heads of the state equalizers, and Jeff McIlvaine became a popular hero south of the pass.

Now it appears from the present year figures of the local assessors that all this volume of sound and fury signified nothing at all—nothing, that is, having even a remote relation to the facts. The action of the state board is completely vindicated and indorsed by the current figures of their own assessors. Los Angeles county is still shy a few figures, but that failure may be attributed to the natural modesty characteristic of that political division.

The Call congratulates the southern counties on their return to sanity and on taking up their just share of the burden of state taxation. Their prosperity is as gratifying as their uproar was absurd and unreasonable.

In view of the fashion in which the southern counties have "acknowledged the corn" it may seem hypercritical to remark that one hotel in San Francisco is still assessed at a higher valuation than the eight leading hotels in Los Angeles.

The Washington Post, which may be regarded in some sense as a semi-official organ of the administration, prints four columns of recent history with comment thereon by way of supplying an answer to the famous question, "What is T. R.'s plan?" With all the wisdom, learning and research that the Post is able to bring to bear on this fateful question the paper appears to be more muddled and more puzzled than ever. The article concludes in delphic vein:

Insurgent after insurgent comes trooping up Sagamore hill, is closeted with Colonel Roosevelt and goes his way again with a grin of satisfaction, the significance of which can not be denied. Regular republicans thus favored are those only who have to do with the affairs of New York state. None of importance from the country at large have been bidden or received. The fact can hardly be disputed that the majority of visitors that Colonel Roosevelt has received are those who have shown their enmity to the present administration. And republicans all over the country may well ask, "What does it all mean, and whither are we drifting?"

It may even be that the colonel is himself as much puzzled as the Post. He has friends in both factions of the republican party and may not wish to take sides, but where his sympathies lie need not be doubtful, for, as the Post says in a review of the evidence:

No member of the regulars has yet returned from Oyster Bay wearing the smile that won't come off, asserting with confidence that everything is all right; that he was immensely pleased with his visit, and found Roosevelt the biggest man in the country and in fighting trim. Sober-minded republican leaders who have labored for the party in season and out of season are asking themselves why. Some people have been set to thinking very seriously by this insurgent invasion of Oyster Bay and the glad hand so freely extended every opponent to the organization when he arrives on the scene.

Somebody in a current magazine has been asking himself and trying to answer the question, "Why is a millionaire?" In the course of his researches he lighted on the curious fact that a millionaire never smiles. It seems that the "regulars" are afflicted with the same gloomy disability. But it is hard on the reporters and the space writers when they are compelled to construct a theory in four columns based on smiles or their absence. It might seem as if the colonel were living in that wonderland where nothing remained of the Cheshire cat but the grin.

RHODE ISLAND'S political situation is interesting in its dirty way. The state has for years been the most corrupt pocket borough in the United States and the votes of Rhode Islanders have notoriously been for sale. The approaching retirement of Senator Aldrich will not make any change. An air of mystery prevails and back room conferences are in progress to find the right sort of successor for Aldrich. The impression seems to prevail that the choice of the machine will fall on Henry F. Lippitt, a cotton manufacturer of Providence. The part that Lippitt took in fixing the iniquitous cotton schedule in the Payne-Aldrich tariff is told by a writer in the World's Work, who says:

The cloth from which children's dresses are made is made by the Lorraine manufacturing company of Rhode Island. The cloth from which men's shirts are made is manufactured by the Manville company of Rhode Island. James R. McColl is manager of the Lorraine company. Henry F. Lippitt is president of the Manville company. The reason that the price of cotton cloth has gone up is that these two men wrote clauses into the cotton schedule of the Payne-Aldrich tariff which increased all of the duties on cotton goods and laid a tax upon the whole country for their own particular benefit and the profit of their associates.

Aldrich is found fixing the rubber schedule in a way to put money in his purse and now Lippitt proposes to attend personally to the cotton schedule, since his former representative feels weary of his labors.

Lippitt may be opposed for the office by Colonel Samuel P. Colt, another wealthy manufacturer of very much the same affiliations. Colonel Colt was a candidate for senator four years ago, when Wetmore was elected. It was of him and Wetmore that General Brayton, the Rhode Island boss, was quoted as saying: "We've got two fat suckers on the book and we'll play them both." Such is Rhode Island.

Send Willie Back to School

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Willie wants to work. For the last month he has eloquently, sullenly, steadfastly, sophistically, earnestly argued why he must quit school.

He insists that he already knows enough. He yearns to earn instead of learn. With a brave show of self-sacrifice, he proclaims that you have more than done your duty. In tones of voluntary martyrdom, he declares his intention to assume his share of life's responsibilities.

He has heard the call of ambition, urging him to carve his own way—to surge onward—to mount without additional guidance.

He has burst through his chrysalis of dependence—his wings are aching to flap in flight.

His present education is far beyond yours when you became captain of your career. He is setting forth with more years to his credit and is determined to prove a credit to you.

Avaunt, idle hours! Away with pampering paternalism! Farewell to soft theory! Now is the time to become practical—to plunge into the human vortex—to wrest from the rest—to take his knocks and take lesson from them, etc., etc., etc.

And you, with a fine show of sternness, have frowned and orated and lost your temper and fumed and stormed—you have preemptorily denied his demands. And all the while a sneaking glow of fool's pride has warmed your heart to think that your boy volunteers to share your burdens instead of your income.

You visualize a second Marshall Field or Edison, and inside of a fortnight you'll capitulate and casually stop at Brown's table, discuss crops, weather, tariff, baseball, the market, and incidentally refer to that "headstrong cub of yours who simply won't listen to reason (very much to your disappointment), but, ahem! fine young fellow—stalwart, eager type—you know the sort," etc., etc., etc.

If truth be known, however, Willie doesn't know enough to know he doesn't know enough. If he had sufficient brains to get along with a half trained mind he'd be clever enough to realize that he needs all the education he can acquire.

He isn't old enough to have real sense. His foresight has never gotten past his nosetip. He's merely a callow youth with a fallow judgment—experience has never plowed his mind—observation has never furrowed his brow.

He's tailor mad—the clothes fever is very virulent at his age. Spending money is, more than likely, another root of trouble.

He hears the call of the theater, and sees the lights of the cafe district. The blood of Ancestor Esau is urging him to swap his future for more musical comedy—more suits with four inch pant cuffs and a more regular supply of Turkish death sticks.

Give him full rein today and before many days he will wear the permanent check rein of handicapped incompetency.

You forget that things have been happening at the rate of a year an hour since you threw away your text books. You overlook the modern pace. You confuse the mental requirements of forty years ago with those of 1910.

It doesn't occur to you that more men graduated from colleges this spring than were turned out of academies in 1877-8-9—that we are quite used to university men in business—that there is so much available material wearing A. B. and B. S. tags, that we regard men of your degree of culture as almost illiterate.

If Willie doesn't keep on with his books, he'll be lucky if he gets a better post than book keeping.

He must meet a different competition than you faced. We're traveling at a faster gait, and the ticket that admitted you to opportunity won't pass him through the same gate. We're raising our standard every year because education is raising a better standard of men for us.

We haven't changed in our theory that action is far more important than information, but since we can afford them in our shops, in our factories, and in our offices, we naturally choose the man with the trained brain and the force to put his information into action.

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MAJOR GENERAL WOOD, who has just entered on the duties of chief of staff, is not a professional soldier in the accepted sense. He was educated as a doctor, and, although he has seen active service in command of fighting men, he is not accepted by West Pointers as one of them. It may be for this reason, that he is more receptive of ideas, some of which must appear almost treasonable to the old-fashioned martinet. The new chief of staff favors changes on these lines:

General Wood's Military Heresy

Shortening of the term of enlistment in the regular army. The organization of time expired men into a powerful reserve. A definite system of schooling for the national guardsmen, beginning with elementary lessons the first year, field maneuvers the second and concluding with battle exercises the third.

General Wood does not believe in the superior efficiency of the old soldier. He prefers young blood and new blood. He does not want an army of veterans. This is military heresy of the rankest kind, and we should not be surprised to hear of General Wood's excommunication by the board of strategy that holds permanent session at every army post.

Apart from this dispute, on which a layman may not venture an opinion, there is no doubt that General Wood's plan to create a large reserve force might prove of enormous value in case of war.

THE Santa Cruz News calls attention to certain practices of the state board of pharmacy that do that body no credit. According to the News the most objectionable methods of the gumshoeman have been put to use by agents of the board. The News tells the story:

State Board of Pharmacy Methods

We can recall nothing more shameful than the actions of these spies at this end of Santa Cruz county. One of them, finding that a druggist did not keep a certain drug containing a poisonous substance, pleaded with him to send away for it to relieve his suffering. The druggist did this, and was put under arrest by the man he had succored.

Another one of these precious emissaries of the state board visited a drug store in Pacific avenue and pleaded with the proprietor to sell him a small quantity of morphine, representing that he had contracted disease while fighting for the flag in the Philippines, and was at that moment in terrible pain. Sensing that the man was a spy, and that his appeal was false, the druggist refused him. He learned later that the same man had caused the arrest of a Soquel doctor on some such false claim.

Doubtless these practices are not sanctioned by and probably are not known to members of the board, but they seem to be inseparable from the employment of a certain class of so called detectives, who need more watching than the people they are sent out to catch. Any detective who is caught setting traps of the sort described by the News should be incontinently fired. He is a worse offender than the man who illegally supplies the drugs.

The state board should have the decency to exercise some sort of supervision over its gumshoemen.

LIKE Frank Hitchcock and Ballinger, Uncle Joe Cannon takes pride in the fact that he is not "a quitter," and however admirable this quality may be in some situations it is in this instance a cause of grievous mental anguish to some of uncle's closest friends. "Sunny Jim" Sherman, for instance, and Senator Crane of Massachusetts, the Mr. Fixit of standpat politics, almost went down on their knees to beg Cannon to retire from the race for speaker of the next house. They realized that the republican party could not successfully carry the reproach of Cannonism in the coming election and that his persistence was likely to mean a democratic majority in the house of representatives. But the speaker is not "a quitter." In his recent speech at Emporia, Kan., he virtually declared that he was a candidate to succeed himself as presiding officer.

Cannon Is a Heavy Load to Carry

This irreconcilable attitude is inspired by a disposition to rule or ruin the republican party. Cannon must know perfectly well that he can not be re-elected speaker, no matter what party may have a majority in the next house. If the republicans control it will only be with the help of a strong and compact body of insurgents, who will not support Cannon under any circumstances. Nor can he count on the support of the whole body of regulars, because many of these have felt compelled by the exigencies of the political situation to pledge themselves to their constituents that they will vote against Cannon for speaker. In the circumstances Cannon is the old man of the sea riding on the back of the party. He is the load to carry in an election that promises to be close.

Answers to Queries

RIGHT AND LEFT.—C. C. B. City. Has it been definitely settled whether the human race does not use the left and the right hand with like facility?

It is quite generally accepted among scientists that primitive man was ambidextrous. This has been established by sutter drawings on bones and tusks found in the French bone caves. How the human race became almost exclusively right handed, or why so arranged physically, is still open to discussion. The theory most generally adopted is that man became right handed in those days when simple existence meant almost constant warfare. It is thought that the hand being the most vulnerable part, the left hand would naturally be used to protect it or ward off injury, while the right hand would be used offensively. In consequence, the right would become more dextrous than the left.

IMPERIAL COUNTY.—Subscriber, City. It is only recently that I heard the name "Imperial county," California, and on looking it up find this county listed in the Postal Guide, but can not find its location on the map. Is "Imperial" a new county, and if so when was it created? Where is it located and by what counties is it bounded?

Imperial county was formed out of the eastern part of San Diego county, and was created a county August 15, 1907, with El Centro as the county seat. It is the fifty-eighth county created in the state. Bounded on the north by Riverside county, on the east by Arizona, on the south by Lower California, and on the west by San Diego county, its area is 4,140 square miles.

LIFE AND LIMB.—Subscriber, City. In reading the amendments to the constitution of the United States I saw in article V: "No shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice in jeopardy of life or limb." What is meant by "or limb"?

The first part means that an individual once placed on trial on a charge of felony that carries with it the penalty of death, if acquitted, can not be tried again for the same crime. The latter portion, "or limb," is a survival of the old English law of the days of barbarous punishments, when, as a penalty for a crime, the arms or legs might be broken.

CLOVER.—K. R., Oakland. Received a four leaf clover on the back of which is a letter, one on each leaf, and these are "W. L. T. Y." What do these letters mean?

With love to you.

RECRUIT.—Subscriber. Is a recruit in the army the equal of a private?

A recruit is lower than a private, for he has to learn what a private already knows. He is taught orders and drilling and can not appear in dress parade, company drill or go on guard duty. It usually takes three months to fit him for the privileges of a private. Then he takes up his duties with the rest.

KHAKI.—A Subscriber, Georgetown. How is the word "khaki" pronounced, and what does it mean?

Khaki, also written khakoe, is pronounced ka-ke with the sound of a as in arm and of e as in even. It is from the Hindoo and means dusty or dust colored. The name is applied to cloth, ordinary to a new brownish cotton cloth, used in making uniforms for the Anglo-Indian army.

CATS.—Reader, Alameda. Is it true that cats in the country can be made to stay in the house by clipping some of its hairs?

It is said that a cat in the country can be kept at home by clipping out the hairs from the interior of its ears. These long hairs serve to keep out the drops of dew that fall from the leaves and grasses. When the hairs are removed the cat will stay at home rather than claw the water out of its ears.

MAD AS A MARCH HARE.—E. R., Oakland. Why do we use the expression "mad as a March hare"?

It is often written as you have it in your query, but it should be "mad as a marsh hare." The "Apophthegms of Erasmus" a writer 1467-1536, wrote that "hares are wilder in marshes than elsewhere, because of their greater flatness and the absence of hedges and cover," and from this came the expression quoted.

BIBLE.—Subscriber, Idaho. When and where was the first American edition of the bible printed? In Boston, 1752.

In the Art World

By Margaret Marshall Doyle

A genuine treat to picture lovers is the exhibition now being held at the Vickery, Atkins & Torrey galleries in Sutter street of 15 of the late canvases of Oliver Hall, the eminent English landscape artist. Hall's paintings are very rare, even in his home country, as he paints more for pleasure than profit, spending most of his time in his country seat at Cumberland. Once a year he generally sends a few of his efforts to a modest little art store out of the beaten track in London. There they are literally snapped up, many of his strongest scenes having been recently among the first purchases made for the new art gallery and museum in South Africa that is receiving worldwide attention.

If only for the difference in style, in tone and treatment, to say nothing of the face of the landscape itself, these pictures would be worth seeing. They are handled in a dark rich, quiet key that is half of their charm. Blended with this warmth is always a sky swept with gray and silver clouds, true to the English and Scottish settings Hall loves to depict. Among the scenes shown are one or two French canvases, striking a totally different key to the majority of the paintings shown, the best of which is, perhaps, a large painting of the Scotch fens. This study of the marsh land is the most striking of the number, if only for the effect of the sun breaking through the silver gray clouds, touching them with a faint pink glow, more delicate in tint than the patch of blue sky showing through a widening rift. A silver river, rush bordered, with an old boat landing, forms the foreground of the picture, and a solitary human figure is at rest by the anchored boat, the one living thing in a vast expanse of lonely landscape.

"Evening Mists Athwart the Fells, Cumberland," is another set study of the fens, with a wonderful red glow in the western sky brightening the whole somber face of the countryside. Of this painting some critic remarked on first seeing it: "It looks as if Hall stuck to tradition in the lower half of the canvas and then broke-out for himself in the upper half."

That in a measure is true of all of the artist's work, and perhaps is just that which gives it its strange, compelling charm. There is a blending in all his paintings of the curious, old fashioned methods with the breadth and spirit of the plains, and the boldness and sureness of the modern brush. This dual effect is found in each of his canvases, among the best of which are "Nymbter Common," an autumn pasture land; "Reminiscences of Old France," "A Yorkshire Stream" and "In the Mountains." The latter is a remarkable study of hills of deepest blue, so blue as at first to seem almost an exaggeration compared with those of our own country. But it is true to the mountainous regions of Scotland, with a high altitude that lends a new effect to the entire setting. Remarkable, against these hills, is the thin line of vaporous smoke from the fire in the nearer woods, and the darkly threatening sky overhead that suggests one of the coming storms of late autumn.

The exhibition will continue for a fortnight and later in the year 10 more particularly remarkable as being the work of the painter since passing his ninety-fourth birthday. Harpigniez is the last of the famous Barbizon group left, which fact alone would bring him fame, quite apart from the wonderful work he is constantly turning out from his Parisian studio.

Fame is continually coming to California through her artist colony, the latest to have won distinction for himself and his native city being Chester Beach, the talented sculptor. For a recent group by him, modeled in his New York studio, he was awarded the grand prix de Rome, one of the highest honors that could be bestowed upon him. Beach spends almost all his time in his New York studio, seldom visiting this coast. In a couple of years, however, it is expected, he will return here and settle himself in a permanent studio.

A prize was also given Clara McCheeny of this city for her "Portrait of an Old Lady," hung in the water-color and pastel exhibition recently closed in St. Louis. This artist has her studio for the present in New York, but contemplates returning to California after a couple of years spent in European travel and study.

Blendon Campbell will not return to this city for some time, as a number of important commissions to execute in New York and Massachusetts. At present he is engaged in putting in place some interior decorations in the Orsoga hotel, New York. Upon the completion of this task he will return to Rockford, Mass., where he will spend the late summer in his studio.

- PERSONS IN THE NEWS
GEORGE WINGFIELD of Nevada, who has been seriously ill at the St. Francis hotel, is recovering rapidly. He appeared in the hotel lobby yesterday afternoon for the first time in many days.
ORME WILSON, a society man and millionaire of New York, is at the Fairmont. He is accompanied by his wife and the two are touring the west.
BERT L. FARMER, candidate for nomination as lieutenant governor on the republican ticket, who lives in Los Angeles, is registered at the Palace.
WILLIAM H. PARRY, a real estate dealer of Seattle, registered at the St. Francis yesterday.
GENERAL MOSES HALLECK, a wealthy mining man of Denver, Colo., is at the Fairmont.
ROBERT E. BOND, one of the leading business-men of Honolulu, is at the Fairmont.
MRS. C. B. HALL, a prominent society woman of Santa Barbara, is at the Palace.
A. T. COLLINS of New York, representing eastern cotton mills, is at the Turpin.
M. A. ELLIOT, a railroadman from Ogden, is at the Dale.
MISS H. ALBEE of Palo Alto is at the Belmont.
M. FANIAS of Mexico City arrived in San Francisco yesterday and registered at the St. Francis.
J. ANDERSON, in the packing business at Sacramento, is at the Turpin.
L. W. SHEPARD, a lumber dealer of Sacramento, is at the Fairmont.
J. A. BURGESS, a mining man of Tonopah, Nev., is at the St. Francis.
DR. C. V. THOMPSON, a physician of Pescadero, is at the Belmont.
E. B. WICKS, a capitalist of Salt Lake City, is at the Fairmont.
W. S. SHEPARD, a publisher from Long Beach, is at the Colonial.
W. T. BAILEY, a shoe manufacturer at Duluth, is at the Colonial.
J. S. JACKSON of Yreka and Mrs. Jackson are at the Belmont.
B. C. WOODS, a real estate man of Modesto, is at the Stanford.
T. E. GREGORY, a rancher of Winters, is at the Stanford.
M. D. DUTCHER, a merchant of Livermore, is at the Dale.