

The San Francisco Call

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

Address All Communications to THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
Telephone "KEARNY 86"—Ask for The Call. The Operator Will Connect You With the Department You Wish

BUSINESS OFFICE AND EDITORIAL ROOMS... Market and Third Streets
Open Until 11 o'clock Every Night in the Year

MAIN CITY BRANCH... 1651 Fillmore Street Near Post
OAKLAND OFFICE... 468 11th St. (Bacon Block) Tel. Sunset—Oakland 1082

ALAMEDA OFFICE... 1435 Park Street Telephone Alameda 559
BERKELEY OFFICE... SW. Cor. Center and Oxford Telephone Berkeley 777

CHICAGO OFFICE... 1624 Marquette Bldg. C. Geo. Krogness, Advertising Agt
NEW YORK OFFICE... 805 Brunswick Bldg. J. C. Wilberding, Advertising Agt

WASHINGTON NEWS BUREAU... Post Bldg. Ira E. Bennett, Correspondent
NEW YORK NEWS BUREAU... 516 Tribune Bldg. C. C. Carlton, Correspondent

Foreign Offices Where The Call is on File
LONDON, England... 3 Regent Street, S. W.
PARIS, France... 83 Rue Cambon
BERLIN, Germany... Unter den Linden 3

Subscription Rates
Delivered by Carrier, 20 Cents Per Week, 75 Cents Per Month, Daily and Sunday

Terms by Mail for UNITED STATES, Including Postage (Cash With Order):
DAILY CALL (Including Sunday), 1 Year \$8.00
DAILY CALL (Including Sunday), 6 Months \$4.00

FOREIGN: Daily \$1.00 Per Year Extra
Sunday \$1.15 Per Year Extra
POSTAGE Weekly \$1.00 Per Year Extra

Entered at the United States Postoffice as Second Class Matter
ALL POSTMASTERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Sample Copies Will Be Forwarded When Requested

Mail subscribers in ordering change of address should be particular to give both NEW and OLD ADDRESS in order to insure a prompt and correct compliance with their request.

On the Pacific coast at least crop reports for the current season are unusually good. The Dakotas and Minnesota are suffering from drought, but Oregon, Washington and California all report prosperous harvests.

California will surpass all previous records this year for shipments of green fruit, and the coming citrus crop promises to be a bumper. An enormous trade is being done in the shipment of vegetables, both in the green state and preserved in cans. The dried fruit market promises well, and the prune growers are having a prosperous year.

The production of crude oil advances by leaps and bounds to such a degree that the immediate demand has been outstripped, but this is simply a question of storage, because every gallon of oil will be wanted. Every day the already multifarious uses to which this product can be put are being extended. There is a great field for the chemist and the refiner here.

The bank clearings in all the important cities of California continue to show a gratifying increase as compared with last year, as will appear from the following table:

Table with 3 columns: City, First Six Months 1909, First Six Months 1910. Rows include San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, San Diego, Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, Fresno.

In further testimony bearing on the volume of trade done in San Francisco Postmaster Fisk reports receipts of the local office for the last fiscal year amounting to \$2,319,134, which is more than twice as much as the receipts in any other Pacific coast city.

In the way of the extension of facilities for transportation California has scored immense advances in the last year. The Western Pacific overland opens up new and valuable territory that hitherto has had no means of access to markets, and besides gives the older communities a new and competitive outlet. In the same relation we note the remarkable extension of electric traction for freight in the great interior valleys. The Northern Electric company, operating in the Sacramento valley, has made connection with the Central Traction company, which serves the San Joaquin valley region, contemplating extensions as far south as Fresno. These important services are reported now to have effected a traffic agreement with the Santa Fe system which will give them an outlet on San Francisco bay and direct communication with the east.

THE thriving town of Modesto, which has grown so remarkably in population and trade owing to the opening of the Stanislaus county irrigation districts feels the need of a new organic law to fit its increasing importance. The new charter which will be offered for ratification by the electorate contains some novel features of considerable interest to students of civics everywhere.

Some criticism has been offered recently in various quarters, notably by Mr. Herrin, concerning the working of the recall for the removal by popular vote of municipal officials who have proved derelict in duty. It was objected that the process was too hasty and not sufficiently safeguarded against a wave of popular passion. To be sure, this criticism was mostly academic and had only the slightest contact with actual experience. In a word, instances were altogether lacking where the recall had worked any mischief.

However, Modesto proposes to meet any objections of this sort that might be raised and will place restrictions about the use of this means of discipline for officials. A Modesto dispatch describes the innovation thus:

Among these is a new form of the recall, which is calculated to eliminate, as far as possible, the personal equation from the issue upon which the recall may be invoked. According to the new plan the electors first vote on whether or not the official in question shall be recalled. If the voters decide against him, a subsequent election is held to choose his successor. In this way the political trick of clouding the issue by putting up a number of weak or undesirable opponents is made impossible.

According to this plan the Modesto people will avoid the confusing complication of holding a recall vote and an election to choose a new man for the office at the same operation. The method eliminates a confusion of issues and confines the test to taking a popular verdict on the record of the man under question.

The recall is simply a rod in pickle. It is very rarely used anywhere in practice, but its moral effect is always felt. It is a reserve power, used only in extreme cases, but it helps to "keep them honest."

Moreover, in spite of the academic objections of the professional politicians, to whom it is extremely distasteful, this reserve power placed in the hands of the electoral body is in the way to become a permanent feature of municipal government in America.

THE Christian Science Monitor discusses in a philosophic vein that curious disregard for public sentiment which forms a prominent trait of Secretary Ballinger's character. Ballinger shows a disposition to dispense with the services of those of his subordinates who do not please him, regardless of their services in a public way, and with slight consideration for public opinion on such matters. It is like this:

He seems to object to Mr. Newell, who, he is reported to say, is "unbusinesslike." Mr. Ballinger, we trust, will not allow this adjective to have the same dreadful significance that another, "academic," has when used by other statesmen that he is misunderstood. If Mr. Newell is so unbusinesslike that he is not fitted to perform his duties, no doubt Mr. Ballinger will see to it that the public service shall not suffer thereby. But here, again, the public has an impression that Mr. Newell is a good public officer, and is asking why, if Mr. Ballinger is so very much in the right, as he says that he is, does he adopt an attitude half belligerent, half regretful. We have intimated before that the people

feel that Mr. Ballinger is overzealous in his own behalf and not enough so in certain other directions.

At the head of the reclamation service for some twenty years, Director Newell has made an admirable record, but for some reason he does not please Ballinger, and in one way or another the management of the work has been taken away from him. In fact, it is a lesson in the devious ways of politics that Ballinger has given the country in effecting his purpose to punish Newell without seeming to do so.

An army engineer with no experience in reclamation or irrigation is put over Newell, and a commission of other engineers, similarly inexperienced, is appointed to supervise the service. These engineers are now engaged in learning the business at the public expense in order that Ballinger may gratify his desire to punish Director Newell.

MASSACHUSETTS was long ago committed to the policy of a state system of highways of the same character as that which Governor Gillett proposes for California. The Massachusetts system is far more extensive than that designed by the governor for this state, and, when completed, will cover some 800 miles. The people of Massachusetts are so well pleased with the results that the project is certain to be fulfilled. The cost runs about \$10,000 a mile, which is about the sum that similar highways in this state are costing for construction. Some particulars of the nature of the work are thus given:

On much of the new road that the highway commission is constructing this season, both macadam and gravel, bituminous binder is being used. As a rule the commission requires the use of a heavy asphaltic oil which makes a surface that wears a long time even under heavy automobile travel. This works well on both the stone roads and on those with gravel surface, and has also given good results on roads made of sand.

Specifications in California follow very much the same lines. The use of crude oil for surfacing is everywhere accepted nowadays as essential for the preservation of macadam roads. It is the only substance that supplies a defense against the powerful suction exerted by the wheels of an automobile.

The road machine has come to stay and its use is extending every day, and more so even in the country districts than in the cities.

THE DREAMER
My Uncle Jim, he's got himself a seven acre patch.
The house has lost its chimney an' there ain't no door to latch.
But Uncle Jim, he says that patience is the thing that wins.
An' so he's sittin' down to wait until the luck begins.
He says that Henry Hudson could have made a fortune great—
For some one if he'd been the worth of New York real estate.
His relatives would now be livin' in the highest style.
If Henry'd had the foresight to invest an' wait awhile.
Old Christopher Columbus should have managed his affairs.
In such a manner as to leave vast acres to his heirs.
But Chris, though most successful in discoverin' new spots,
Ne'er thought of subdividin' 'em an' sellin' 'em as lots.
So Uncle Jim, he spends his time a-sittin' 'im in the shade.
He doesn't worry even if the taxes aren't paid.
Some day they'll have his picture framed in an ancestral hall.
So what's the use of workin' now, when profits is so small?
—Washington Star.

THE QUICK, HARD ANSWER
"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "will that dog bite me?"
"That's what I'm waiting to see. If

he cares anything about his home, he will."—Washington Star.

FRED W. SHARON, one of the owners of the Palace hotel, returned from a trip abroad Saturday, and is staying at the Palace. He took his first view of the hotel yesterday when Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Senator Newlands of Nevada showed him through the house. Sharon was in Europe last winter when the house was opened.

VICTOR REITER, maître d'hotel of the Palace hotel, returned yesterday from a three weeks' sojourn in the southern part of the state. He visited the large hotels of Los Angeles, the Potter of Santa Barbara, and the Hotel del Coronado at San Diego. He reports that the hotels of the south have all had an exceptionally good season.

JOHN S. TANNER, assistant manager of the hotel Stewart, returned from a vacation spent in Yosemite valley, yesterday, and is once more at the helm.

KENYON WARREN, a businessman of Pasadena, returned from a trip to the orient yesterday and took apartments at the Palace.

N. H. FALK, a capitalist of Arcata, came down from his ranch yesterday by automobile with Mrs. Falk. They had a pleasant journey.

BERT L. FARMER, candidate for the republican nomination for lieutenant governor, is making his headquarters at the Palace.

A. G. SPALDING of San Diego, who is a candidate for the United States senate, is at the Palace with Mrs. Spalding.

RAY JACKSON of Kansas City and J. M. Hutcherson of Berkeley are among the recent arrivals at the Manx.

GENERAL W. A. KOBBE, United States army, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.

LOUIS GUNDELINGER, a merchant of Fresno, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.

E. S. HOYT, an attorney of Los Angeles, is in town on business, and is registered at the Palace.

CONGRESSMAN W. F. ENGLEBRIGHT of Nevada City is at the Palace with Mrs. Englebright.

JOSEPH GUNDELINGER, a manufacturer of New York, is registered at the St. Francis.

J. J. VON DOHLEN, a mining man from British Columbia, is staying at the St. Francis.

PATMASTER R. NICHOLSON of the United States navy is registered at the Fairmont.

L. P. ST. CLAIR, an oil operator of Bakersfield, is a guest at the Stewart.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

ROADS in Massachusetts and California

THE DREAMER

THE QUICK, HARD ANSWER

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

What He Can't and Can Do



feel that Mr. Ballinger is overzealous in his own behalf and not enough so in certain other directions.

At the head of the reclamation service for some twenty years, Director Newell has made an admirable record, but for some reason he does not please Ballinger, and in one way or another the management of the work has been taken away from him. In fact, it is a lesson in the devious ways of politics that Ballinger has given the country in effecting his purpose to punish Newell without seeming to do so.

An army engineer with no experience in reclamation or irrigation is put over Newell, and a commission of other engineers, similarly inexperienced, is appointed to supervise the service. These engineers are now engaged in learning the business at the public expense in order that Ballinger may gratify his desire to punish Director Newell.

MASSACHUSETTS was long ago committed to the policy of a state system of highways of the same character as that which Governor Gillett proposes for California. The Massachusetts system is far more extensive than that designed by the governor for this state, and, when completed, will cover some 800 miles. The people of Massachusetts are so well pleased with the results that the project is certain to be fulfilled. The cost runs about \$10,000 a mile, which is about the sum that similar highways in this state are costing for construction. Some particulars of the nature of the work are thus given:

On much of the new road that the highway commission is constructing this season, both macadam and gravel, bituminous binder is being used. As a rule the commission requires the use of a heavy asphaltic oil which makes a surface that wears a long time even under heavy automobile travel. This works well on both the stone roads and on those with gravel surface, and has also given good results on roads made of sand.

Specifications in California follow very much the same lines. The use of crude oil for surfacing is everywhere accepted nowadays as essential for the preservation of macadam roads. It is the only substance that supplies a defense against the powerful suction exerted by the wheels of an automobile.

The road machine has come to stay and its use is extending every day, and more so even in the country districts than in the cities.

THE DREAMER

THE QUICK, HARD ANSWER

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

The Insider

Tells how one heavy weight Bohemian took on flesh, while his brother's avoirdupois shrank until their combined weight was just the same as it was before the change.

"Peg Top Brothers" A. RILEY and C. H. Ed Hardin, "the peg top brothers," will probably out-

weigh any other two men in California. Riley, the younger, used to be the "big brother" of the family. A scale that only registered up to 400 pounds was as useless, in his case, as a doughnut that has lost its tire. Ed tipped the wagon scale at about 100 pounds less, in ring costume.

Things have changed. Ed went to one of the family cattle ranches in Nevada, bossed the ranch, went to the state senate and put no limit on his diet. Riley went to the Hardin ranch in Mendocino county. He became a mountain climber. He wore trails waist deep—and wagon wide—on his daily tramps among the peaks. He hunted deer, got them, too, and ate the hearty rations of a canary. He lost a hundred pounds. Ed, over on the Nevada ranch, lived the easy life. He employed the best cook in Nevada, and never gave him a day off. He gained a hundred pounds.

The other day he came back to town. So did Riley. Presto! Their friends made the amazing discovery that the Hardin brothers had changed places—and probably clothes. Their club fellows changed their names. Thus the fat one is still "Riley" and the "skinny" brother is "Ed."

Despite the vast change in each brother, the combined weight of the two has not varied 16 ounces from the original 750 pounds. But the change was too deep for Monte Rio, where the brothers have gone to the Bohemian midsummer jinks. Two of the natives saw the brothers crowding one of the streets, and one remarked: "Lordy, they're the two biggest guys I ever saw in my life!"

"Rats!" said the other, "You oughter see the Hardin brothers who used to come up here to the jinks. These guys couldn't hold a candle to fatties like them."

Overalls Worn With Broadcloth and Gloves He stood on the main deck of the broad gauge ferry boat the other morning and created a mild sensation among the passengers without raising his hand. He was unmistakably a man of position and means. He was faultlessly clothed from the crown of his head down to his waist. He wore a silk hat, a long frock coat of black broadcloth, a flawless white waistcoat, dark gloves and—blue overalls! He didn't look like an eccentric, and, plainly, he didn't care to be mistaken for one. When the crowd of smiling passengers grew thicker about him he reached out in desperation, pulled the nearest man close to him and explained in a confidential tone that could be overheard by about 200 persons:

"Please don't laugh," he begged; "please don't think I'm crazy, or trying to win a bet, or paying off an election loss. I'm not crazy, nor am I trying to steal the prerogative of the king of England and set a new fashion in men's clothes. I'm a perfectly sane member of the Chicago board of trade, coming for a visit to my married daughter, who lives in San Francisco.

"It was terribly hot on the train. Soon after leaving Ogden I crawled out of my berth and went after a drink of water. The train halted at some dinky station. I had left the small incandescent burning in my berth. Some hobo saw my trousers lying unprotected. He slit the flimsy window screen and hoisted out the trousers, containing my purse. We had left the station several miles behind when I returned to my berth and discovered the loss. I wired on to Reno to the agent to meet the train with a pair of trousers, and had to sit in a corner of the smoking compartment until we reached there late next afternoon. The idiot of an agent sent aboard a pair of overalls. You would have done just what I did—jumped into 'em quick. Honest, I'm not batty. Thank you for listening."

Mt. Shasta Climber Many San Franciscans have climbed Mount Shasta during the last two months and have written their names in the book of fame which is tucked inside the monument on the very loftiest peak. The climb is described as a little harder than in former years because the ice encountered after one gets above Thumb rock is unusually slippery. A rope can be used to advantage in working one's way up through North glacier. Parties ride up to Horse camp, sleep a few hours and begin the trying ascent of the white mountain about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Blue goggles are worn to protect the eyes from the dazzling reflection and faces are covered with soot to save them from the blistering effect of light thrown back from glistening snow. The climb is a severe strain upon the hardiest. The best part of the trip is that, after one has enjoyed the view from the summit, he sits on a sack behind a guide and slides down almost to Horse camp in fewer minutes than he was hours in climbing up. It is a wonderful toboggan. I met a friend who had just returned from Sisson.

"I climbed Mount Shasta, but I got pretty badly blistered," he told me. "Your face doesn't show it," I assured him. "Of course not," he answered. "My face was protected by soot. In coasting down the slide I slipped off the sack."

Man in Glass House The adage about stone throwing by people who live in glass houses has long been a mere figure of speech. But it is no longer a simple simile in San Francisco. You will find the man who actually lives in a glass house in the south side of California street, between Polk and Van Ness avenue. You couldn't tell where his windows ended and his walls began except for the fact that the wall portion is painted on the inside, while the windows are left paintless. In fact, the glass house man has his residence in the large show window of a building occupied after the fire by one of the big art and china ware firms. The building is now occupied for other purposes. The janitor and café taker found no convenient room in which he might set up his bedstead and family portraits. There was the huge show window vacant and inviting. To be sure the clear crystal of its gigantic panes made it just a little public, but privacy could be won at the expense of a couple of coats of paint. He started to paint the windows on the outside, but, remembering that his privacy would then be at the mercy of the small boy using a jackknife as a paint scraper, he swung his brush on the inner side of the glass. Two artistic spaces he chalked off and within these the paint brush did not go. These were the windows. Curtains were hung in front of these windows and the man was ready to move into his glass house. He says that he has the snuggest bedroom in town. His only complaint is that his front walls must remain bare because he can't drive nails in them on which to hang pictures.

CARRIE NATION HOME FAILS FOR LACK OF WIVES OF SOTS By MARY ASHE MILLER

CARRIE NATION'S Home for the former they have become Drunkards' Wives has proved a failure through lack of inmates, a telegraphic dispatch informs us.

How do you suppose its founder feels? Should she rejoice and be glad or should she have hurt, discouraged feelings? Is the failure a triumph for the lady who wielded the hatchet in that the supply of drunkards is lessened? Do drunkards not marry? Or must we attribute the closing of the "home" to that elastic, elusive, lovable quantity, "a woman's heart?" There are undoubtedly fewer drunkards than formerly. Gentlemen of quality, history relates, used to go to bed with their brains fuzzy-wuzzy. Nowadays a man of any class who becomes intoxicated habitually is not a social favorite, to put it mildly.

More than that, he is discredited in a professional or business way. He doesn't get clients or patients or customers, and it is a hard struggle for him to maintain his position if he is an employee.

Men still drink, of course, but the sentiment of the times is against excess. Whether this is due to Christian influence, moral principles, hygienic rules, money getting desires, ambition or just plain common sense, it will take a cleverer person than I to say, and I do not believe the answer can be concrete.

That the available supply of drunkards' wives is lessened through the unmarried state of the bibulous ones may be believed also. Women are more contemplative and wary about marriage

If a man is known to drink too much, he is not apt to find a girl very ready to marry him until he has taken a prolonged tour on the water wagon. And if he acquires the habit of drunkenness after he marries, it is an exceptional case if the wife such a bargain to read meditatively such advertisements as "Divorces, \$12; cheap and easy." Then she tries matrimony again, or goes home to mother, or to work.

That I am inclined to believe, is the most frequent answer to the drunkard's wife problem. As to a "woman's heart"—that will be found to keep many women silent under stress of poverty and hateful conditions. Sometimes it is only pride that makes them suffer, but even in these matters of fact days there are women who pray and cling to the hope for better times—happier times—who have not lost faith in the man who may drink from any one of a hundred reasons, each more pathetic than the other.

No woman with an atom of real love or respect for her husband could bring herself to go to a Carrie Nation Home for Drunkards' Wives. Personally, I am wondering what the qualifications for admission must have been. How could you prove that your husband was a real drunkard and not just "one of the boys" occasionally? A frivolous man tells me that an infallible sign of drunkenness is to insist upon kissing the bar tender good-night—but must that be a habit to make him a drunkard?

I don't think I believe in that home anyway. I am glad it failed for a great many reasons. I hate to see people branded as anything—it seems no narrowing.