

The San Francisco Call

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Delivered by Carrier, 20 Cents Per Week, 75 Cents Per Month, Daily and Sunday Single Copies, 5 Cents

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

DAILY CALL—By Single Month, 75c; SUNDAY CALL, 1 Year, \$2.50; WEEKLY CALL, 1 Year, \$1.00

FOREIGN: Daily, \$4.00 Per Year Extra; Sunday, \$4.15 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

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A Chip of the Old Block



It should be gratifying to all those who have entertained the hope that effective measures would be taken to save the fur seal industry of the Alaskan islands to hear that Mr. Taft has reversed the order of Secretary Nagel permitting the killing of seals this season on the Pribilofs.

Reversal of Nagel Order on Seal Killing

Mr. Hornaday demonstrated by citations from the records of congress in the hearings on the Dixon bill that it was the intention and the understanding of legislators and the president that seal killing on the islands should cease for a period of years in order, in the first place, to permit the herd an opportunity to recover something of its former strength, and secondly, by way of preliminary to diplomatic negotiations with England, Japan and Russia, to put limits to the destructive practice of pelagic sealing.

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The Censorship in Palo Alto

The aim of this class of literature is supposed to combine instruction with entertainment—a certain emphasis being laid on the former element. These works belong to the class described as "improving" and are sometimes recommended as the safest remedy for a wet Sunday.

Indeed, the somewhat erratic idiosyncrasy—that sounds like a good word for it—of library boards in other places than Palo Alto has become matter of current debate in more than one neighborhood.

Two great concurrent movements are advancing the prosperity and wealth of California by leaps and bounds. These are the development of the oil industry and the extension of irrigation systems planned on a scientific scale.

Adding Millions to Taxable Values

Although Stanislaus county was formerly one of the leaders in grain production, and still has 82,500 acres in wheat, 130,050 in barley and 17,010 in oats, there are 71,169 acres in alfalfa, 9,350 acres in trees and 7,620 acres in grapes.

Traveling a little farther south we find that in Kern county the oil industry has added \$7,000,000 to the assessment roll for the current year. The same things are true, or will be true, of other counties that are making an intelligent use of their resources.

HENRY WAS GONE, BUT NOT MISSED

"Uncle Hughie" Tells An Amusing Tale of Old Railwayman

"UNCLE HUGHIE," as he is known in railroad circles up and down the coast, occasionally is found in a reminiscent mood. During those moods he tells of some unusually amusing happenings.

"I remember when I was in the auditing department of the road back in '86," he started in yesterday. "There were two old men in that office whose desks were within three feet of each other. Now, 'Bill,' as we older men called him (the office boys called him 'Whiskers'), always minded his own business.

"Despite his age he was able to accomplish more work than the ordinary man. He did his work and paid no attention to those around him. What I was coming to when I started to tell the story about 'Bill' and the other old fellow, happened in the office one morning when Henry returned from a six months' vacation. Every one in the office came up to Henry and shook him by the hand, telling him how glad they were to see him back. After nearly every one in the office had greeted him, 'Bill' arose, walked over to Henry's desk, took him by the hand, and said:

"Going away, Henry? I notice every one is saying goodbye to you and I thought I would wish you a pleasant journey."

"And to think," chuckled Uncle Hughie, "that old Henry had just returned from a six months' trip, and the man at the next desk hadn't known even of his absence."

Two appointments were announced by the traffic department of the Western Pacific yesterday. C. R. Miller, formerly with the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake road at Los Angeles, was appointed general baggage agent, with headquarters at the ferry building, and Walter B. Townsend received the appointment of district freight and passenger agent, with headquarters at Oakland.

Since the Western Pacific began to do a freight business Townsend has been traveling passenger agent, and his record has been so good that yesterday's promotion is the result. E. L. Lomax, passenger traffic manager, and C. M. Levey, second vice president in charge of traffic, left early yesterday morning for an inspection trip over the road as far as Salt Lake City. They will return the latter part of the week.

E. E. Calvin, vice president and general manager of the Southern Pacific, who has been in the southern part of the state for several days, is expected to return in a day or so.

Ballasting on the Oregon and Washington line has progressed so far that trains on the Grays Harbor branch probably will be placed in operation by August 15.

According to the regular monthly report of the relief department of the Pennsylvania lines, issued yesterday, \$188,110 was paid to the members during the month of June. The total payment of the relief fund since its establishment in 1889 amounts to \$28,658,000.

The Salt Lake route passenger department has just issued a handsome descriptive folder of Yellowstone park scenes. The trip to the park over this route from Los Angeles is said to be one of the most beautiful scenic trips in the west.

Walter J. Moore has been promoted to the chief clerkship of the general department of the New York Central lines, under Vice President Daly.

The British consul at Salina Cruz, the Pacific terminus of the Tehuantepec railway, states that the freight carried over the Mexican isthmus route in 1909 reached nearly 1,000,000 tons. The Pan-American railway, connecting with the Tehuantepec line, handled of 1909 1,000,000 pounds of coffee, 8,500,000 pounds of wool, 75 per cent of which went to London and Hamburg.

Advices from Mexico City are to the effect that the National lines have placed an order for new equipment amounting to \$4,000,000. It calls for 20 Mallet articulated compound locomotives, mail, baggage and express cars and 3,200 freight cars.

AMBITIONS

I do not know what can be done with my perplexing little son. What fine profession or vocation will suit his wandering inclination.

Another day his longings are to be a chauffeur on a car; Next day he's careful to explain. He's bound to run a railroad train.

Tomorrow it is likely he'll be a surgeon, a statesman, a lawyer, or, if he can not reach to that, A limber circus acrobat.

At other times, above them all, He puts the art of playing ball; Again, no fortune will content His wish till he is president.

He'd be a jockey or a clown Or else a statesman's renown; But nothing long can give him joy— Still, that is being just a boy.

—Chicago News.

The Insider

Tells how James Lieb left his beloved city of San Francisco to assume new duties in Chicago, and how he came back after tarrying for two long, dirty days.

Maitre d'Hotel Is True San Franciscan

IT is not likely that James Lieb, maitre d'hotel of the St. Francis, will soon wish to make a pilgrimage to the middle west or the Atlantic border. He made one recently, when an inviting position was offered him as maitre of the new La Salle hotel in Chicago. He remained just about long enough to have his baggage checked to its proper destination and then checked back again to his old stamping ground.

Lieb is one of the best known men in his profession. He came to this country about 20 years ago, after having served an apprenticeship in the finest cafes of Berlin and Paris. The Waldorf was quick to recognize his merit, and when that house opened in New York Lieb was one of the captains in the main dining room.

James Woods, manager of the St. Francis, met Lieb at the Waldorf, and when he came west to take charge of the hostelry in Union square he persuaded Lieb to come with him as maitre d'hotel. That was five years ago.

Recently the wanderlust crept surreptitiously into Lieb's soul, and he answered the call of the La Salle management in Chicago. The picture painted by the astute bonifaces of the Windy City was very tempting. Lieb listened to the call. Waiters around the hotel and cafes of the town will tell you that no man is more beloved by his men than the subject of this little story. Lieb had built up a perfect organization. In fact, when he was about to depart his associates gathered together in a downtown cafe and presented him a beautiful gold watch and fob. Victor Hirtzler, chief of the St. Francis, made the address of bon voyage, and he wept real tears. There is no doubt that Lieb had the friendship of his assistants and he went away regretted.

But Lieb came back. For two days he stayed in Chicago. That was all he could endure. He possibly said how do you do to the management, but he could hardly have become acquainted with his new duties.

"I changed my shirt three times the first morning I was in that terrible city," Lieb said, in explanation of his hurried return. "And I wasn't working. Gee! what would it be if I had to work 12 hours a day in such a place?"

"I saw that it was no place for me. I told the management so. And in as short a time as possible I had packed my traps and started home for California. Any man that lives outside of California is either crazy or can't help it."

Well, Jim Lieb is back again at the St. Francis in his old position. James Woods never employed another man to fill it. Possibly he could not find one just like his old friend from the Waldorf. And now the question arises, What is Lieb going to say about that farewell watch?

Pinchot's Hobby Is Gaffing of Big Fish

In coming to California at this time, Gifford Pinchot had in mind as his chief purpose the hustling of votes for his friend Hiram Johnson, yet California held another consideration for him which, dollars to doughnuts, he couldn't keep out of his mind. It is probable that while Pinchot, late forester of the United States, was complimenting the growers of the rural districts upon their big melons, big grapes and big crops, his secret opinion was that the biggest and best crops that are harvested at this western edge of the continent comprise yellowtail, tuna, black sea bass, bonito, skipjack and the countless other big game fish that make the waters off the southern California coast the fisherman's paradise.

Pinchot knows all about them, for the biggest and best fishing he ever had was down in those waters. Catalina was too tame for him—too many people around, too many amateurs—so he and Prof. Charlie Holden, and sometimes Senator Frank Flint and Dr. George C. Pardee used to cruise around the other islands of the channel and do their fishing.

After a big fish had struck and taken the hook for fair, Pinchot never liked to sit down to it. His great stunt was grabbing up the short rod, bracing himself by spreading his long legs wide apart on the little after deck of the launch and inviting the 20, 30, 50 or steen hundred pound fish to do his darndest. He seldom let excitement warp his judgment, and he could catch and bring to gaff more big fish in a day than most of the anglers. He loved to get ashore on some of the islands that had little or no population and do some first hand exploring.

On San Clemente Pinchot found a good natured hermit flying above his cabin an American flag, made by stitching together pieces of cloth of the right colors from women's discarded dresses. The following Christmas that hermit received a large silk flag and a library of books of the kind he had said he liked (none of them named in Doctor Eliot's five foot list) from Washington, D. C. Gifford Pinchot's card was attached. If R. A. Ballinger ever goes fishing down among the channel islands he'll do well to keep off bleak San Clemente.

Promoter Sees Things, But So Does Guide

Fresh in his mind the tragic fate of Davidson, the young engineer who lost his life in the Death valley country recently, a certain San Francisco mine promoter went down into the Arizona desert the other day to inspect some claims. An old desert miner served him as guide. The heat was intense. One day they were plodding along some miles from camp under a terrific sun, when they ran out of water completely. The promoter's tongue got a little thick, and he began to weary, though he knew another hour would bring him into camp. Suddenly, in that thorny waste, 40 miles from a house, he beheld a large Maltese cat square in the trail before him.

The promoter gave an inarticulate cry and threw up his hands. He knew he was losing his reason. He was about to fall over in sheer terror when the old desert miner said to him: "Go on, you idiot; I see it, too. It's a real cat, and it belongs to a prospect camp about 10 miles across the hills. In this desert you ain't crazy with the heat until you begin to see things the other fellow can't."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

STALE BREAD—Subscriber, City. Does bread become stale because of the evaporation of moisture? It is generally supposed that the staleness of bread arises from its becoming actually drier by the gradual loss of water in its composition. But such is not the case. Stale bread contains almost exactly the same proportion of water as new bread after it has become cold. The change is merely in the internal arrangements of the molecules of the bread.

POLICE FORCE—J. H. L. City. What is the numerical strength of the police force of greater New York? There are 87 captains, 621 lieutenants, 583 sergeants, 8,562 patrolmen, 193 doormen; total, 10,046. There are also 70 police matrons.

BAROMETER—A. O. S., City. What causes a high barometer? In clear, dry weather the pressure of the air is greater than in damp or wet weather. In dry weather the air pressing upward; in wet weather, the pressure decreasing, the mercury returns to the bulb.

PERPETUAL MOTION—C. C. R., City. Now that aerial navigation is no longer doubted, "perpetual motion" comes to the front again as the greatest unsolved problem. In the light of wireless, color photography and aeroplanes, does not perpetual motion, as a matter of fact, require less impossible, as please state what is the "perpetual motion" machine to "take the bill." Scientifically, would glass "perpetual motion" be considered perfectly proof against "time's work"? And are the natural elements, such as air, light and water, in their active state, considered for power "harnessed"? If so, a machine made of glass, in which no friction enters, and run by the air, for instance, would be a "perpetual motion."

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PERSONS IN THE NEWS

PROF. W. W. CAMPBELL of the Lick observatory is at the Parliament with his family. They will be spending the summer at McCloud.

LEOPOLD MICHELIS returned from a trip to Europe yesterday and has taken permanent apartments at the St. Francis.

DR. E. R. BURNHAM of San Diego and J. L. Adams of Los Angeles are among the recent arrivals at the Manx.

REAR ADMIRAL R. F. NICHOLSON, head of the bureau of navigation, is at the Palace with Mrs. Nicholson.

DR. FRANK ASHWORTH, a capitalist from New York, and Mrs. Ashworth are at the Turpin.

COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION HART H. NORTH left yesterday for a fishing trip in the Sierra. He expects to be gone six weeks.

MRS. J. WALDROP and daughter, from Healdsburg, are at the Belmont.

COLONEL C. WARD, a mining man from Allegheny, is at the Stanford.

DR. RALPH MOTHERAL of Hanford is at the Stewart with his family.

H. CLIFFORD, an automobileman from Los Angeles, is at the Colonial.

THE pictures shown on another page of this issue offer a comparison of convincing demonstration of what can be done by the scientific and businesslike expenditure of public money in road making.

Roads in San Joaquin and Contra Costa

These pictures show a San Joaquin county roadway before and since the money raised on an issue of bonds for the purpose was applied on the highways. The contrast makes a revelation that requires no comment. Early last year the farmers of San Joaquin and the businessmen of Stockton and other towns within the county made up their minds that the slipshod and wasteful ways of the past in relation to the care and construction of roads were commercially injurious and, in fact, intolerable. The people backed them and voted a large sum of money to be raised on bonds. Its administration was put in the hands of accomplished businessmen of demonstrated executive ability. They selected Frank A. West, S. P. Elliott and Burton A. Towne as their highway commissioners, and voted bonds for \$1,800,000 to be expended by them in making an adequate system of county roads. The pictures referred to serve to show something of what has been done, and the revolution in road making that is in process in San Joaquin. Politics has been kept out of the administration of the funds, and the commissioners have given their valuable services to the public without compensation.

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Census Figures and Race Suicide

The school census of Chicago, recently taken, indicates a population of only 2,100,000, and the director of the federal census for the city intimates that this estimate is about right. Of course, no exact figures have yet been given out by the federal bureau, but approximations are suffered to become public. In further confirmation of the school census estimate the maker of the Chicago directory admits that he can not figure out a greater population than 2,367,334 within the city limits. Now the Three Million club of Chicago will have to take another ten years for fulfillment of its aspirations.

But Chicago has been doing very well in the last ten years. In 1900 the population was 1,698,595. The town appears to have made a growth of at least 500,000 persons—more than a 25 per cent gain. There is no cause for complaint in these totals, and the resources of annexation have not yet been exhausted. It is intimated, indeed, that Chicago may yet reach out and take in a part of the state of Indiana.

In the meantime the town is complaining of the shortage of babies in the fashionable residence quarters. The superintendent of census says:

Judging from the number of marriages and the size of the birth rate of the various nationalities, the future Chicago will be the city of the German, the Slav and the Italian. In contrast with the low percentage of infants in the twenty-first ward is that of the twenty-seventh ward, the heart of the Polish district. There the total population is 123,265, of which 8,888 are infants, a percentage of 7.2.

In the fashionable residence quarter the percentage of babies is only 2.9 per cent of the whole population. The Three Million club is disgusted over these returns, but sets of resolutions do not appear to exert much influence over the matter of race suicide.

It used to be a political maxim that a surplus was easier to handle than a deficit. This was one of those flippant half truths that come tripping off the tongue in campaign seasons. The nation has not been troubled by any inconvenient surplus for some time past, but it seems that the state of Minnesota is confronted by a problem of this sort. There is more money in the state treasury than the customary uses of government call for, and by consequence, the politicians are busy looking for plausible holes in which it may be dumped. A Minneapolis dispatch says:

A State Free From Taxes

Not only have large sums of money come into the treasury, but they will result in constantly augmenting streams of gold in the direction of the state's coffers, so that Minnesota bids fair to become a state unique in the history of taxation—a state that may find it not necessary to tax its people one cent for the general maintenance of the state government.

Of course it would be bad politics from the professional point of view to let the people get out of the habit of paying taxes. It would be a fatal mistake to discredit the ancient proverb that "there is nothing certain but death and taxes." Labor and pains have been spent in cultivation of a cheerful tax paying spirit, and even the doctrine is seriously propounded that a nation may grow rich by paying taxes. Such is the carefully coddled gospel of the tax eater, and in that view the heretic who dreams of an ideal commonwealth where the tax gatherer would be unknown should be burned at the stake.

The present inconveniently plethoric condition of the Minnesota state treasury proceeds from the fact that several of the big corporations have at length been forced to pay up the taxes they have been fighting for years. Hence this perplexity of the politicians, and the fear that the people may lapse into bad habits if they are permitted to believe that a state can be run without taxes.