

The San Francisco Call

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THE Chronicle is grievously alarmed for publication over the prospects of rebellion in Alaska inspired by the odious neglect of the national government to turn over the coal measures of that region to the first comer as a free gift and perpetual endowment. "It reads," says the Chronicle, "very much as dispatches from Boston would have read in 1773, had there been an Atlantic cable in those days to carry the news to London."

The assumption is, of course, that the national domain belongs to anybody who is near enough to grab a part thereof. These modern heroes and patriots of Chronicle manufacture are fighting mad for love of their neighbors' goods. "It would be very embarrassing," says the Chronicle, "just at this time to have to send an army to crush a rebellion in Alaska."

They are terrible fellows—these Alaskans—says the Chronicle, and the government is short on soldiers. Still there is a police force even in Alaska, and it is suspected that the appearance of a marshal's star would be quite sufficient to allay the warlike spirit of the robust coal dumpers.

It may easily be that the Alaskans have a grievance that demands redress. The sooner these coal measures are thrown open for development the better it will be for the whole Pacific coast, but this is a matter that can not be adjusted in a hurry. If the Chronicle and the other exploiting interests had their way these vast properties would be thrown open for immediate plunder. Their loud sympathy for the rebellious Alaskans is purely spurious. They do not care a continental imprecation for the Alaskans, but they want to get their hands on the coal.

REPRESENTATIVE HAY, who is chairman of the military affairs committee, proposes to reduce the war department to a business basis. He will have the good wishes of the whole American body of tax payers in his admirable endeavor to reduce to subsection this extraordinary example of bureaucracy gone crazy, while at the same time they may be inclined to wonder whether their latest champion will be more successful in subduing the monster than other reformers who have gone before.

The American war department is a mighty maze without a plan. The great supply departments, which should be under one management, are separated in five distinct bureaus acting independently. These are the departments of the quartermaster, the commissary, the paymaster, the adjutant general and the chief of staff. All these have a hand in regulating the supplies for the army. A writer in the New York Evening Post describes the system in operation:

It has long been an anomaly that, whereas in the navy there is but one supply officer on a ship, the paymaster, the supplying of the army has been done by five separate departments. Thus, the medical department furnishes the medicines and hospital outfits, and the quartermaster's the animals and their forage, the quarters for men and beasts, but not the food of the men, for this is the function of the commissary department. But neither supplies the knives, forks and tin plates, for that is done by the ordnance corps; and when the men have eaten their fill, if payday is at hand, a paymaster appears to give them their wages.

Long ago Secretary Root, when he was at the head of the war department, tried to have this confused segregation of functions reduced to system under a consolidated management, but he encountered the same obstacles that have so stubbornly opposed all plans to reform the war and navy departments.

In a word, because of the large patronage that they administer, the bureaus exercise a powerful influence with congress, and against that barrier successive reformers have beaten their heads in vain. But it may help to let the country understand the situation.

THE alarming news comes from London on the very eve of the coronation that no lady, however perfect in other respects, will be considered persona grata at court if she wears hobbles. As this edict is promulgated from what the society newspapers respectfully describe as "exalted circles," the question arises whether it will be respected accordingly.

It is always a dangerous undertaking to tackle insurgency, whether male or female, and the law of feminine fashions, we are informed on the best authority, is made, not in London, but in Paris. It may easily be that Queen Mary has stepped where other angels fear to tread. Rebellion stalks in "dear old Lunnun," and the shrill chorus rises to the stars, despite the soupy quality of the native fog.

People of advancing years who have watched with unceasing wonderment the extraordinary variations of the female form divine during their span of years might be disposed to ask why Queen Mary should haggle about a little thing like the hobble skirt. There are those of us who still remember the period when the woman in her habit as she walked with flaunting spread of hoopskirt was most like the semblance of a haystack out for a promenade.

These billowy and tempestuous petticoats surrendered in the appointed time to something that looked like an animated pump of the old fashioned village species. Now, when the pump ideal has been translated into the spindle, why should the spirit of mortal rebel, even albeit invested with the supreme wisdom endowed by divine right?

There is reason to fear that the queenly edict will be flouted—

A Telling Blow



not, possibly, under the royal nose, but outside the limits of that benevolent despotism. The sumptuary law is always an odious thing, which in the olden days was used to "put people in their proper places."

It seems odd that a relic of feudalism should bob up serenely in the twentieth century with a challenge to the liberty of the subject at a time when suffragettes are slapping policemen on the face. These have posed as martyrs, and now we are expected to raise the altars of sacrifice for the limping lady.

Secure Aid in Solving All Your Booklovers' Pictures

A very wise man entered The Call's great Booklovers' Contest last Monday. He came into The Call office, subscribed to the paper, got a free picture and coupon book, secured the back pictures free by immediately using this book, bought a Booklovers' catalogue and disappeared.

Yesterday morning he came in with his free picture and coupon book to get extra pictures for extra answers. "I got every one of my pictures answered," he said, "but I think I've as much gray matter with which to consider my pictures as many of the contestants have."

"I started Monday, and Monday evening called a council of my friends to consider the pictures. Some of them were in the contest, and were full of ideas and advice. Everybody fell to solving the pictures. We got out the catalogue and took turns at proposing titles for the pictures. Being friends, we ridiculed one another's ideas, started considerable quarreling, and altogether had a mighty interesting evening. And the point is that I got every one of my pictures answered. I think they are answered right, and I have every possible title down."

That contestant is very well pleased with himself, and with cause. But he probably does not know that all he did was to hold a "booklovers' party," such as has been advocated by the contest editor many times.

Call your friends together and get all the advice possible. Give prizes, if you wish, to those who suggest the best titles during the evening.

The free picture and coupon plans are meeting with favor everywhere, as they should. Under the rules contestants may make as many as five answers to each picture, and each answer must be upon a separate coupon. Pictures, with their coupons, are sold at 5 cents each, unless obtained under The Call's plan.

Send \$1 as a deposit to The Call, and a book good for 100 pictures and coupons of any dates will be sent to you. This book contains 20 certificates, each good for five pictures and coupons of different dates—any dates you ask for. At the end of six months send the cover of the book to The Call, with your receipts for The Call for the six months, and the deposit will be returned. Mail order subscribers, who receive no receipts, need only return the cover of the book and their deposit will be returned.

The catalogues, also, are going fast. This catalogue contains the names of approximately 5,000 books, with their authors, and from it the Booklovers' Contest editor has selected all the titles represented by pictures that have appeared thus far, and all the 77 titles will be taken from the catalogue. Catalogues may be had at the San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose offices of The Call, 35 cents each, 40 cents by mail. Send your mail orders only to the San Francisco office, addressed to the Booklovers' Contest editor.

Everyman's library editions of the world's best books, which are prominent among the grand prizes in the Booklovers' Contest, may be seen in any first class book store. The seventh prize is 500 leather bound volumes from Everyman's library books, such as sell regularly for 70 cents. The cloth bound volumes sell at 35 cents. The eighth prize is 350 volumes, leather bound, and the ninth prize 300 volumes, leather bound, from these famous editions, which comprise the master works of this and all time, gathered in uniform binding and selling at a price every one can meet. Look over these books at any book store, or write for an illustrated booklet describing them to R. F. Dutton & Co., New York city. You will find in the Everyman's library editions all the books you have wished to read and to possess.

The Vellie five passenger touring car, first prize in the contest, value \$2,100, with the Ford five passenger car, second prize, and the Ford open runabout, fourth prize, may be seen on exhibition at the salesrooms of the Standard motor car company, Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues.

Go to Kohler & Chase, 26 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, or 1015 Broadway, Oakland, to see the three superb Kohler & Chase player pianos, valued at from \$850 to \$675, that will be awarded as third, fifth and sixth prizes in the contest.

Pig'n Whistle candies are attracting much attention among the honorable mention prizes. Exactly 250 five pound boxes of these famous candies will be awarded. The Pig'n Whistle is at 130 Post street.

Mercantile self-filling fountain pens are among the honorable mention prizes also, and these well known standard 14 karat gold pens are prizes that any one would be glad to win. Write to the Aiken-Lambert company, New York, for a booklet telling about these pens.

QUERIES ANSWERED BY THE CONTEST EDITOR
Do not ask leading questions about pictures. Since the contest began ingenious contestants have been asking whether "this title fits the picture better than that one does," and wanting to know whether, when the contest ends, "such and such a title will be decided to represent the picture, or will this one?" Remember that the pictures are drawn to fit the titles, and that the titles are put into a safe, under lock and key, as soon as the pictures have been drawn to fit them. No one will have any power to "decide" that one title represents a picture better than another title does. The pictures will have been drawn to represent certain titles. Those will be the correct titles, and no others.

Yes, the list of correct titles will be published after the contest closes. You will have an opportunity to see just how many you got right and check up the awards.

Be sure the list you keep for yourself is identical with the answers upon the pictures and coupons you send in!

Uncle Walt THE POET PHILOSOPHER

One day she wears a harem skirt (which has but few defenders); the next she wears her brother's shirt, and likewise his suspenders. She joins the lodge and rides the goat, does many things that shock us, and now she's learning how to vote and lift her voice in caucus. When she goes forth on Dobbin's back, she needs no lady's saddle; she gives her trusty steed a whack and jogs along astraddle. She doesn't know the works of Pope from Thackeray's "Pendennis," she's training as the white man's hope, and she is strong at tennis. When whiskers sprouted on her face it didn't much amaze her, and oft I hear her singing bass while hunting for her razor. She is pathetic and she's droll, she's more or less than human; she is that trial to the soul, the modern mannish woman. You'd hear the countryside complain if I wore waists and dresses that I had swiped from Sarah Jane, her rats and store made tresses. The girls would hoot me out of town; they'd say I tried to shame them; they'd lynch me in my borrowed gown, and not a soul would blame them.

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The Morning Chit-Chat

EVERY Saturday afternoon this spring there has passed by my study window a very pretty couple—quite the prettiest that ever passes down the street, to my way of thinking.

One of these two is a big six footer of a man, and the other is a little low headed youngster who reaches just about to the six footer's knees.

They are Dad and Junior, and Saturday being Dad's day off, they are going to take a walk in the woods and fields to watch for the birds and the coming of the spring flowers. And there's nothing in all his week, Junior's mother says, that Junior looks forward to so much as this walk with his father—no, not even his plate of ice cream at Sunday dinner or the box of candy he is apt to find in Dad's pocket of a Sunday night.

Mothers and Fathers—if there is one pleasure in life that you simply can't afford to miss, it's this—the joy of making your little sons and daughters acquainted with the wonders of the great realms of woods and fields, teaching them the lore of birds and flowers and trees, training them to make the most of this healthiest, most desirable interest a boy or girl can have.

This little boy of whom I write had a big book of pictures given him for Christmas. There are over a hundred plates in the book, and yet he can name most of them readily and recognize many of the woods and fields. Think of the pleasure and profit he is going to get out of this knowledge. Some day when other boys have nothing better to do than loaf on street corners or attend cheap shows, this boy will find more pleasure in tramping through the woods, watching for his feathered friends, imitating their calls and hunting for the rare wild flowers in secret haunts that he knows of.

Just now, especially, when the outdoor world is a land of fascinating surprises and developments, when the birds are nesting and each week a new wild flower blooms, when "Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur or see it glisten; When every cloud feels a stir of might, An instinct within that reaches and towers, And groping blindly above it for light, Clings to a soul in grass and flowers, When the cowslip starts in meadows green, The buttercup catches the sun in her smile, And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean To be some happy creature's palace—"

surely this is the time when you ought to take your children out into the woods and fields with you and teach them some of the secret pass words, some of the signs and wonders of this awakening of the world. You do not feel that you know very much about all these things yourself? Never mind. That only means that when you and your particular "junior" wander through the woods and fields together two shall be learning things for the first time instead of one.

Ruth Cameron

The Call's Synopsis of Laws Will Help the Busy Reader

A complete digest of every bill signed by Governor Johnson will be published in The Call Monday morning. A synopsis will also be given of the proposed constitutional amendments that are to be submitted to the people at the special election in October.

Owing to the many radical changes wrought in the laws of the state by the last legislature a digest of the new measures will be of particular interest to the layman who has neither time nor opportunity to study the new laws so that he may ascertain just what changes have been made.

California has the distinction of leading all the states in the union in the matter of conservation legislation. Each of the measures in behalf of conservation will be discussed in sufficient detail for the understanding of the busy reader. So will all other subjects dealt with by the legislature.

Francis hotel. E. Black Ryan will act as toastmaster. Railroad topics are to be discussed at the dinner of the Unitarian club to be held at the Fairmont hotel on the evening of May 29.

Austin Sperry, formerly with Crane & Co., has accepted a position with the Pacific bureau of the Merchants' exchange.

The interstate commerce commission has denied a petition of the Southern Pacific to permit it to route shipments from eastern points over its own lines through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California to Oregon at the same rate received for routing through Portland on the ground that it would be discrimination against towns in the northern part of that state.

It is asserted that, with its rate from Portland reduced by the state railroad commission, its earnings are seriously impaired and if its application had been allowed it would have been able to recover some of its loss.

The commission intimated that it had a reduction in local rates to points north of Sacramento been sought, it might have been granted. The terminal rate to Portland plus that south is much lower than the rate to Sacramento plus the local rate north.

Texas Pacific Election
NEW YORK, May 9.—Thomas J. Freeman, receiver of the International and Great Northern railroad, was elected vice president of the Texas and Pacific railroad and placed in charge of the railroad's operation. This is said to forecast a consolidation of the operating management of the Texas and Pacific and of the International.

CHESTER A. CONGDON and Edward C. Congdon, lumbermen of Duluth, are guests at the Palace.

WILLIAM G. ALLEN, who is connected with the Tahoe Tavern, is a guest at the St. Francis.

E. W. OWEN, an attorney of Bakerfield, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

DR. C. V. THOMPSON, a physician of Presidio, is registered at the Argonaut.

DR. C. E. W. McDONALD of New York is at the Fairmont with Mrs. McDonald.

F. H. HALVEY of the United States forestry service is staying at the Argonaut.

F. E. ANNEKE, a businessman of Duluth, is at the St. Francis with his family.

S. M. MEARS of Portland is registered at the Fairmont.

THOMAS KEATING, formerly superintendent of service of the St. Francis, has been appointed general superintendent and will enter upon his enlarged duties immediately.

TIMOTHY SPELLACY, a well known democratic politician, who was candidate for lieutenant governor last year, is staying at the Palace.

THOMAS A. O'DONNELL and A. C. Balch, oil operators of Duluth, are among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

G. B. ISENBERG, a shipping and commission merchant of Honolulu, is staying at the Palace.

W. C. TURBS, a banker of Monmouth, Ill., is at the Palace with Mrs. Turbs.

J. M. BESSE, a grain broker of King City, is staying at the Union Square.

DR. CLAUDE RASOR of Woodland is at the Stewart with Mrs. Rasor.

C. M. BONNER, a businessman of Santa Rosa, is staying at the Palace.

C. L. FONTAINE JR. of Wichita Falls, Tex., is a guest at the Max.

C. SCHMIDT, a fish packer Astoria, is a guest at the Stewart.

HARRIMAN'S COON PRE-EMPTED COACH

Late Railroad Magnate Took Great Delight in Yarn About His Porter

A STORY in which the late E. H. Harriman took keen delight is now on its second swing around the circuit. It concerns one of the porters frequently assigned to Harriman's private car. The dandy came to consider himself as indispensable to the financier and took unto himself privileges that do not usually go with the job.

Upon one of his western trips Harriman stopped at a small station and had left his car in charge of the negro. That worthy proceeded to make himself as comfortable as possible amid the luxurious furnishings. The station agent drifted into the car and was somewhat staggered by the air of proprietorship evidenced by its ebony occupant.

"What business have you in this car?" demanded the agent.

"I belong here, sah," replied the porter unconcernedly.

"This is Mr. Harriman's car. How do you belong here?" again demanded the agent.

"Dat's just it," came the answer. "I'm one of de Harriman party."

"Who are you, anyway?" insisted the station master.

The negro thought a moment and then a broad grin settled over his features.

"Why," he said, "I'm de coon of Kuhn, Loeb & Co."

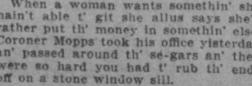
F. W. Hopper assumed his duties yesterday as general passenger agent at San Francisco for the Grand Trunk railway system. He will occupy offices in the Monadnock building with E. H. Lord, the general freight agent of the system. Hopper traveled out of Kansas City for three years for the Grand Trunk and subsequently served as passenger agent in Michigan with headquarters in Detroit. The Grand Trunk Pacific will be completed as a span across the continent by the fall of 1912. It is the intention to enlarge the local organization greatly by that time.

H. P. Piculell, Pacific coast agent for the Baltimore and Ohio, has gone to Los Angeles on a brief business trip.

F. W. Thompson, general western agent of the Rock Island, is touring the southern part of the state with John Sebastian, third vice president of the company.

Employees of the Southern Pacific, who have retired under the age limit, will hold a reunion May 15 at the St. Francis.

Abe Martin



When a woman wants something she hasn't able to get she allus says she'd rather put it in 'somethin' else. Coroner Mopps took his office yesterday 'n' passed around th' se-gars an' they were so hard you had 't rub th' ends off on a stone window sill.