

# Have YOU Named the P\$r\$i\$z\$e Picture? The Prodigal Comes Home

Are you the one? We hope you are.

The person that did it is, up to this time, in the lead for the prize. To be a bit plainer, are you the person who sent in that extraordinarily clever title for Picture No. 1 that appeared as the front page of The Sunday Call last Sunday?

If so, you are almost a winner. Only one more day remains in which titles to last Sunday's picture may be sent in. The last answer to No. 1 must be in the Sunday editor's office by tomorrow evening.

The winner of No. 1 will be announced next Sunday, together with the winning title. At the present moment the title that leads for first place is—

Well, it wouldn't be fair to give out information until that contest is actually closed, would it? You wouldn't want your clever answer quoted today and then have some answer that straggled in on the last day snatch the prize after all, would you?

Just wait until next Sunday and see some of the answers that have been sent in. You will find their perusal as interesting as we did. Many of the answers are extremely witty. A large number of them show real originality. More than anything else they prove this:

The California reading public is alive.

The deluge of postcards that has brought the answers of hundreds and hundreds of persons all over the state to the Sunday editor proves that the senders are alive to several things:

First—Alive to the opportunity for a real contest of wits.



Second—Alive to the possibility of doubling the pleasure a snappy color drawing gives by labeling it with a fetching title.

When the judges get busy tomorrow evening they will find a real task ahead of them. It isn't easy to decide which is the best of a score of titles. As the post-

cards are turned over and over and the answers become more and more familiar to the judges the inferior titles will begin to drop away rapidly. Cleverness will assert itself. The best answers will come to the top of the pile. No doubt about that. Finally the contest will narrow down to a mere handful of cards. Then to half a dozen. Then those judges will begin to work in earnest. They must decide which is really the cleverest. It may be pretty difficult, but they will do their very best to hang that twenty on the person whose title is the most deserving.

Picture No. 2 appears on the front page today. It suggests a lot of titles, doesn't it?

Don't jump at the first thing that comes to mind.

Try the second thing—it may be better.

Try to get a good one that not everybody will think of. Be original.

Be sure to send your answer on a postcard, just as the instructions tell you to do. A good many persons sent answers to No. 1 in letters. Takes too much time to open letters. Stick to postcards. Whoop it up.

This title contest is rapidly becoming an absorbing game that all California is taking an interest in and most of California is playing.

By Lowell Otus Reese

It's great to be a prodigal! It is fine to come back with your mental vision all cluttered up with bricks and grime and twisted sheet iron and jumbled girders and gaunt ruins rising all over the landscape like a mince pie nightmare of the last days of Pompeii—to come back to behold a miracle.

For that's what San Francisco is. I hit the foot of Market street after an absence dating from that aforementioned April 18; and, honestly, little brothers, I could hardly believe it true. Was it possible, I asked myself, that I had really seen this same street



much with smouldering brick heaps, with soldiers swarming over the same? Was it possible that those car tracks once sagged away at the sides, leaving the road bed many feet above the street and careering drunkenly down the Twin peaks like a cross eyed rattlesnake with two drinks to the good?

architecture that the big blaze wiped out, and I decided that the worst calamity has its compensations. For now Market street has skyscrapers where these little catchpenny disfigurements once stood. Calamity gave San Francisco an awful start, but bless goodness, it started her going and only kind providence knows when she'll stop. And once more my memory came through with a recollection and I seemed to hear again the emphatic prophecy of a friend of mine, the prize optimist of the century, one who could look five years beyond the horror that had paralyzed us all and see what would come.

It was about the second day of the fire. We stood upon the hill near the Fairmont and watched the city smoldering and blazing like a moving picture scene of the Plutonian fields.

"Poor old San Francisco!" I sighed. My friend turned quickly. "Looks bad, doesn't it?" he said, "but I'll bet you a cigar it is the best swift kick San Francisco ever got. Yes, sir, I'll bet you a cigar this starts San Francisco running; and once started she'll keep it up and there'll be no power on earth can head her off!"

I've come home to buy the cigar. The swift kick expression may have been inelegant, but it was dreadfully to the point. Kick the laziest man hard enough and he will be a live wire. If your kick doesn't have that effect, then he is no man at all, but a fungus. A fungus, you know, is a something that looks like something, but isn't. Get it? San Francisco had fallen into a rut.

tongue hanging out, taught me to appreciate the good sense of California men as a whole when it comes to a matter of dress.

Were you ever in New York in—well, say July and August? Did you ever drop into town and start up Broadway, to have the realization burst upon you that you were the only man in New York that didn't wear a straw hat? Did you ever spend the two months of the heated term—or, rather, two months of the heated term—cooped up in stiff clothes, within which you perspired pounds every day of your miserable life? And did you notice how very circumspect New York is in the



matter of its sacred straw hats? Look up and down Broadway. Far as the eye can see it is a billowing sea of straw hats. Nothing but straw hats. No wide Stetson, no slouch—no nothing to break the monotony of that awful Sahara of straw hats. And should some wretched scum happen to possess a hat having one straw more than the regulation, or should one straw be different from all the other straws of all the other straw hats—why, the wearer of the disgraceful innovation would be a pariah, a leper, an outcast on the face of the earth (the earth means New York), and all the newsboys from Yonkers to the Battery would be yelling, "Pipe de lid!"

## Fakes and Fakers — The Queen of All Deceivers Found the Game Easy

By Charles Cristadoro

WHAT country is free from them? Like the poor, they are always with us—and working us. We look back into history and run into the faker every little while. Somehow or other we can't get away from him, and if we have money and show signs of "easeiness" he takes good care that we do not quit him until we know him well and he gets our coin. No five foot library could contain a fraction even of the first volume, as it were, of the history of fakery. It echoes down the ages from the time Jacob worked the wild and woolly game on his father, to the detriment of Esau.

Really, when you tackle the subject of fakery you are at a loss just where to begin.

If we leave antiquity alone and just settle down and study little old New York for the present and past we shall cover the field of fakery pretty well.

roll without the fear of prosecutions was like taking candy from a baby.

And when the get rich quick deacon or prominent merchant was trimmed and he returned home on his guilty way to open his grip and find bundles of well trimmed newspaper instead of the coveted long green bills that were to pass current as the genuine stuff, well, what was to be done about it? Nothing. Exposure meant ruin, and so the respected member of the community chewed the cud of reflection and said nothing, the one and only wise course to follow under the circumstances.

If, as in rare instances, the faker was detected by the victim before leaving New York and the police station was visited and the sergeant or captain appealed to, an intimation that it was a case of the pot calling the kettle black, as far as criminality went, sent the victim hurrying for his home train, glad to escape with his name untrampled.

One of these fakery, so the story goes, tackled offhand a "wheaty" looking man one day as he was leisurely wending his way to the Grand Central station. The faker, sauntering by the country man's side, put forth his best efforts and seemingly was making great headway and became more or less anxious as to the contents of a very small and very tightly packed grip carried by the hoped for victim. As they neared the steps of the station the faker gave forth a final burst of alluring, golden eloquence, when, like a flash, the countryman grabbed the faker by the throat and, bringing down the sledge hammer grip upon the culprit's head, actually beat him into insensibility and left him prostrate upon the sidewalk as the up country sheriff, who was "on," hurried and caught his train.

Why go into the mine, land, oil, invention, gold from seawater and the legions of other spider webs woven by the fakery for their victims? The court records daily are clogged with such incidents. Here's the prototype of Get Rich Quick Wallingford towit: Doctor John Grant Lyman, right in our midst and at last in the toils; Burr brothers in New York, who faked the public out of four or five millions of dollars, are sent up for a year, just rest and seclusion enough to enable them to lay plans for a good time with their cached stolen money when out again, and to plan new raids upon the genus sucker.

We go back into history and read in the originals Greek of the Augurs from the temples, where they had been prophesying and soothsaying (for a consideration) the livelong day, issuing double edged forecasts that would come true either way the winds of Fate happened to blow, favorable or unfavorable, victory or disastrous defeat. Upon taking their evening constitutional stroll for a breath of fresh air before turning in for the night, when these augurs passed each other, they always winked. So fakery was a great game thousands of years ago, and before—and it always paid, for these fat priests of Diana, Apollo and other gods were certainly favored of the deities so far as material things went. These temple augurs may be said to be the first of the religious faker. The man or woman who trades upon the religious fears and fanaticism of a victim is the faker above all other fakers to be shunned and feared, for in this world there is no more successful swindler practicing the art.

Recently one of these gentry, getting an aged couple into his clutches, began to carry messages from Jehovah and



play the supernatural aural astral flim-flam upon them until he had the poor old couple completely dominated, and they, in a fervor of fanaticism, hypocrite or otherwise, drew from the bank their savings of a lifetime and handed them over to the faker.

Suffice it to state that fortunately the law clutched the felon by the throat and all through the trial the mouth of the judge wrinkled and worked much like a hungry dog eyeing a bone out of his reach. The judge was impatiently waiting for one thing, the word "guilty," from the jury. He would study the misery of the swindled couple and then seemingly relieve his pentup feelings by glibly over the prisoner, trying to make up and fake up a case that would pave his way to freedom, and ruling against the faker at every turn.

And when the judge sentenced the miscreant he all but apologized for the fact that the statute enabled the imposition of only a 10 year instead of a 20 year sentence. And then the judge took the load off his mind in a short address to the convicted faker. He remarked that the brutal, murderous holdup man who thrusts a pistol against your stomach with one hand and goes through your pockets with the other, when compared with the faker who worked the religious-supernatural-Jehovah message game to rob his victims—the holdup man, in the judge's opinion, was a veritable white robed bewinged angel by comparison.

A number of years ago a most interesting case of quasireligious, spook picture, Jehovah message, swindling took place in New York, the faker being a woman, the queen of her kind, perhaps the most scientific leg-puller that ever lived. She was an uneducated, ignorant woman, but as shrewd and tricky a faker as ever worked the game. Her victim, strange to relate, was a lawyer, and not a plain, everyday limb of the law either; he was an old, experienced practitioner, regarded as one of the brightest and best corporation and real estate lawyers in New York city, in fact, one of the very few lawyers in those days in the \$50,000 to \$100,000 per annum class.

dump, frowny woman from the east side of New York learned of this weakness of the old man, nobody ever could find out.

Venus came to life a matured and perfect woman, from the crest of a wave, the most beautiful of all Neptune's daughters. So Ann Odella one day emerged from the great human sea of mystery, the East side, armed cap-a-pie and ready to tackle that canny old lawyer in his lair and to trim him to a finish, which she did.

Ann Odella was a veritable mystery to the New York newspaper boys, who were never able to get next to her "past," for undoubtedly she must have had a lurid one. So they just put her down as one, who having worked the pool on the East side to a frazzle, sailed forth to see what she could do with the West end of the city.

One fine morning, presumably in the leafy month of June, Ann Odella might have been seen pushing the electric button of the doorway of the lawyer's palatial residence. Lawyers then, and like now, as a rule did not own such residences, and this particular lawyer did, for he was a top notcher.

Madame Ann Odella, book agent-like, carried under her arm a roll, (in this case it was a veritable roll of Pandora's) mysterious spook portraits, painted in the aural or astral by some nebulous Rembrandt or Leonardo of the East side.

Despite this badge of hasty dismissal, as it were; despite her anything but prepossessing appearance, the butler, on opening the door, exclaimed to her and with the utmost deference showed her directly into the library of the lawyer, the master of the house. Evidently that old butler was subject to the "infatuation." Perhaps Madame Ann Odella possessed the real, truly, genuine hypnotic eye.

We can imagine Madame Ann Odella, divested of her outer garments and in her flowing robes of priestly office, ranting up and down that spacious library, sawing the air in frantic gesticulations, making the East side rhinestone rings on her fingers fairly scintillate, working the spook picture game, displaying the spook portraits and bringing them to life, and during all this flap-doodle, the keen old screw of a lawyer, with his defense broken down, sat open eyed and gaping.

Madame Odella, could she have been fixed in history by means of a moving picture with phonographic attachment, might have sold the rights for a fortune, retired and lived honestly ever after.

Well, we can only judge by reported results, for it is said she, from the very first scene, always came away with a good round check. She certainly got busy from the start and had a way of impressing her victim that now was the opportunity of his life to help spread spookism around the world, and he gave up accordingly.

when with the perverseness of fate, who should walk into the library, unannounced, but two or three trouble making relatives and an unimpressible lawyer. The bankers, suspicious, had sounded a warning.

Ann Odella's eyes became as large as the proverbial saucers. She was cornered and she knew it. It was up to Odella to give up or take a free ride in the hurry up wagon to the Tomb.

A cold shiver went down Ann Odella's spinal column. She disgorged the deed and the last check (she had cashed all the others), collected her spook portraits and hurried on her way. New York became instantaneously too hot for her and she made tracks for London by the first steamer.

The spook ancestor game was such a good one that she could not keep away from it, so she tackled an old Londoner and was doing very well indeed with him. He was coming across

with 55 notes that were very comforting to Odella.

But again cruel fate loomed up on the horizon in the form of a London bobby, a mean, horrid, interfering minion of the law, impelled by jealous relatives, and with not so much as by your leave Ann Odella was hurried behind the bars of Newgate to await trial as a common swindler. And in due course she was tried and the judge, with a cold and fishy eye, remorselessly sent her to Holloway jail, where, clothed in a rough gown artistically decorated with broad arrows, Mme. Ann Odella had five years of useful labor cut out for her.

The career of this woman shows that the suckers are not always the ignorant; that the scrubwoman and the street sweeper are not always the faker's victims.

Anyway Mme. Ann Odella provided a nine days' wonder for New York and flung up many a column in the daily papers. And New York is not done talking about her yet. The faker is always with us and will remain with us as long as grass grows and water flows. It is a case with the dear public of cave canem caveat emptor.

They woke up. All the things they had guarded jealously from the advance of improvement disappeared forever. No need to hold a committee meeting with one's self to decide whether it would be good business to put a market on the roof of that shack on Market street to keep the rain from pouring through upon the stock of the second hand man who had the place rented.

The place was gone; the stock was gone and the man that owned it—gone forever. The owner of the property, now thoroughly awake, is building a skyscraper, which, if not so valuable from a sentimental standpoint, yet adds vastly to the city's welfare as a whole.

The sign smeared shack has left Market street for good. The site upon which it stood is too valuable for another shack. The swift kick did it.

I say the shack has vanished, so it has. The flimsy buildings that appear at intervals are not the time-rooted ones of old that only a calamity could wrench up. These are mere temporary buildings for the enterprising who do serve a present end—just as a carpenter builds a shed in which to store his tools while building a house. San Francisco is too good now to allow anything but the best for a permanent feature of her future life.

But with all the pride of new things, isn't it wonderful what a thrill it gives you to come upon some object of the Old Days of the "City That Was?" I came along toward the Call building, still looking out of the red hot past, with no mark upon it—yet with my eyes I saw it burn, truly I did. Judge Cabanis and I stood together on California street hill and watched while the conflagration roared up its dignified heights—yet there it is today, just as good as new.

There was much we learned about building in those days when we passed through the crucible. We learned many things. We learned that we had many friends. We learned who they were and we learned who were not our friends. We found out which were the sound insurance companies and we found out which ones were nothing else but sound.

The swift kick did it. We know now how to build our houses and our friendships so that they will stand the trial of fire and water—even as did the Call building and other things that came safely through the ordeal.

To come back and breathe the air of the unpretentious little monument to a woman's love for our city, I could seem to see all the hell of smoke and fire and the center around which structures, the wild swirl of destruction which seethed and roared over the city, a whirling furnace of horror of which this little fountain was the center. And out of it all, still whole and untrampled, Lotta's fountain emerged, even as the love of a good woman emerges from any cataclysm of life, ready to form the center around which stout hearts may rally and build anew and better than before.

Lotta's fountain always appealed to me. It was not ornate. It was not conspicuous, save by its position in the center of the city's traffic. It was modest and simple, but this modesty and simplicity linger in the minds longer than all, and I believe that when the prodigal, in the uttermost ends of the earth, sends his recollection back to San Francisco, one of the first pictures that appears in his mind's eye is this same Lotta's fountain. The years and the associations have made it a friend. It was given San Francisco by a friend. It has proved its ability to withstand a cataclysm, and the years of reconstruction which lie before us, of weeding out dull things and replacing them with brighter, of tearing down and building better, of sowing the city's streets with world's greatest artists I hope that the little simple thing placed in San Francisco's heart by the small hand of a woman who loved the spot, will survive and witness the time when San Francisco will yield to none the pride of being the greatest city in the world.

Another wonder is the tremendous growth of building and manufacture; of home builders flooding the suburban districts. Tract after tract is being platted and sewered.

Only a few years ago the boys were hunting ducks over most of the manufacturing sites! Choice suburban home sites were not even valuable as goat pasture. Developed, they have yielded results far beyond the beauty of anything in the world. For where in the world can you find the equal of the transeby view of the Golden Gate, of

everybody wears.

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for the faker and the sucker are the chemicals, the acid and the alkali, of human nature, the juxtaposition of the two always meaning something doing.

It may be safe to state that New York city is alive to every fake game ever devised, and, what's more, "falls" for more of them than any other city in the world. It is true that the faker every little while, when operating in New York through the medium of the mails, seeks his victims from beyond, but his home crop in New York is always ready for the harvest.

