Great New Drydock Will Make San Francisco Supreme

SAN FRANCISCO is destined to become headquarters for the world's shipping operated on the Pacific ocean and the big commercial interests looking ahead for the inevitable developments of future trade are making ready to supply the needs of the situation that is certain to arise as a consequence of the Panama canal. This is the sense in which Charles M. Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel company and the Union Iron works of this city has planned, and is preparing to start work at Hunters point in San Francisco bay on the largest drydock to be found in any of the world's great ports.

Mr. Schwab and others like him realize that this is the day of the big ship, and that these sea monsters are likely to grow larger rather than smaller. On the Atlantic the steamships now building run close up to 1,000 feet in length and it is expected that this limit will be passed before long. The most important limitation on the size of ocean going ships has been the capacity of harbor and dock accomodations. There are, in fact, few drydocks on the Atlantic coast that could hold a 1,000 foot ship. The Titanic was 882 feet long and there is only one drydock in England big enough to hold a ship of that size.

The dock which Mr. Schwab has planned for Hunters point will be 1,250 feet long, divisible in two for the accomodation of smaller ships or for use as a whole for the biggest vessels.

There are no harbor limitations that affect the port of San Francisco. The water is deep enough for anything that floats for commercial purposes. Our wharves are not long enough, perhaps, for liners of the largest size, but this is a matter easily corrected. The prime and essential requirement for big commerce is the adequate provision of drydocks, in which this coast is lacking, except in so far as the 750 foot dock now in operation at Hunters point may supply the want. The new dock will be large enough for anything in the way of shipping likely to be built in the next half century. Indeed, this dock will hold any ship that can pass through the Panama canal.

This improvement will be needed. It is the expectation of ship builders that the ships of the future plying between European ports and the Pacific coast through the Panama canal will be larger than anything now afloat. There will be great passenger and freight carriers, probably designed to make comparatively slow time, but doing an enormous trade. This is the sort of commerce for which Mr. Schwab is preparing with the purpose of making San Francisco the maritime headquarters for the Pacific ocean.

Why the Tariff Board Should Be Sustained

IN the New York Mail, a strongly progressive newspaper, and in the Times of the same city, which is conservative in character, is found an interesting concurrence of sentiment concerning the right policy to be followed in dealing with the tariff. These papers, differing widely in politics, agree in declaring that the tariff should be handled as a business matter and chiefly through the machinery of a commission of experts such as Mr. Taft has repeatedly and forcibly urged.

For instance, the Mail, which supports Roosevelt, says:

> Whatever the accident of its birth, the tariff board is a good thing. Having secured it, it is a patriotic duty to sustain it, and it is foolish partisanship that threatens to starve it into a moribund condition by withholding the supplies.

The Times, which is an independent paper, with democratic leanings, sums up in this wise its views upon the tariff board:

> It would be much better to keep it and improve it than to abolish it. It does supply a great deal of information that has a certain authority, which is something we have never had before since the grabbing for tariff favors began. We think that the proposed action of the house in refusing the needed appropriation for at least three months would be a great mistake.

The existence of the tariff board is threatened by small politics in the house of representatives. Various motives enter into this opposition. Some of the members hate to give Mr. Taft the credit for having initiated wise legislation. Others want to keep the tariff wholly a question of politics. It is, and always hitherto has been, the most profitable trading material of politics. When the Times speaks of "grabbing for tariff favors" it knows full well that none of these favors was ever granted without good consideration, and that the public always got the worst of the bargain.

Now, if congress will provide the money for the expert examination of tariff schedules to be made by the board the public will have the data, always hitherto denied, to determine the justice and policy of the duties enacted by congress, and if corrupt bargains have been made the facts will speak for themselves.

How About Safety Appliances on Ferries?

THE terrible loss of life in the Titanic disaster would be vain and more cruel than even the dankest imagining of humanity if there were not to be found in it some lesson for the instruction of governments and their people, for maritime interests and those who go down to the sea in ships.

A subscriber of The Call has been urged by force of the north Atlantic tragedy to call to the attention of this newspaper and the public the condition of boatage on the ferries plying on San Francisco bay. After citing the salient facts of the Titanic disaster he says:

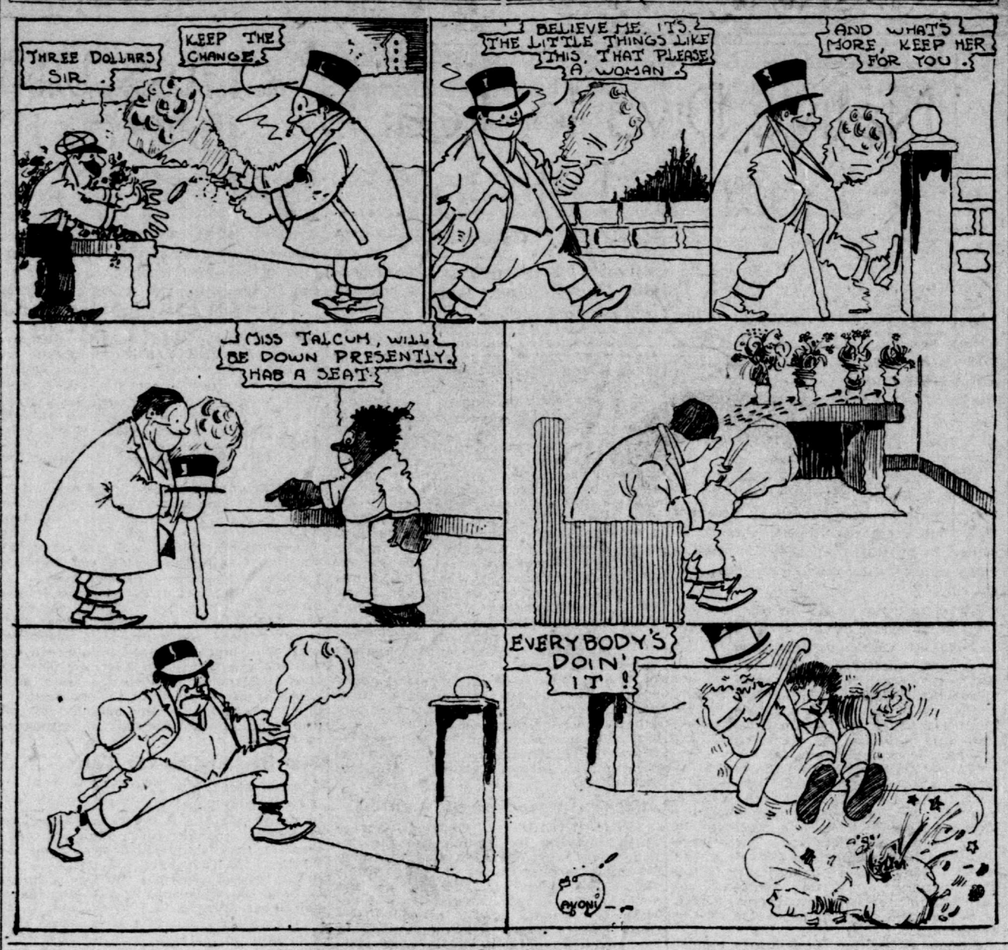
> This preamble leads to the "beam in our own eye," namely, the ferry boats crossing the bay.
>
> Have you ever been on the boat during a thick fog? Have you been on the boat during March, when the tide and wind fight together? Have you looked at the thousands of people (during the rush hours) and thought of the four small lifeboats?
>
> One has to think of these things when the theory that "they can not sink" has been exploded.
>
> Please publish this so the people will think before it is too late.

As human precautions are purchased only at the most terrible cost, adequate life saving equipment on ferry boats dates only from the Slocum disaster near New York city, when a ferry boat, loaded with Sunday school picnickers, burned to the water's edge, and hundreds who trusted themselves to life preservers found that the devices were criminally worthless, some having no buoyancy, others, in fact, being weighted instead of being capable of supporting a weight. At that time a movement was started by the newspapers and the public to improve the life saving appliances on vessels, and new and more rigorous inspection laws were passed.

But there are no provisions of law requiring ferry boats to have a sufficient number of lifeboats to hold its passengers; they must, in the event of disaster, depend on life preservers—if the preservers are dependable. The congestion on a transbay boat during the rush hours of the morning and afternoon would be fatal in case of an accident, however, for the arrangement of the life preservers and life saving appliances is not such that they could be readily utilized by panic stricken passengers.

This is a matter which the authorities might consider, which the state board of railroad commissioners might seek to include in its scope of transportation supervision, though it is primarily a subject for federal regulation. Let us not have to wait for another horror before we discover remediable fault.

Everybody's Doing It



Titanic Horror Shows Need of Wireless Laws

REGULATION of wireless telegraphy by international agreement on the general plan of the Berlin convention is matter for early action, and President Taft has accordingly invited all the maritime nations to send representatives to a conference to be held during the summer in Washington. The United States did not sign the Berlin convention because this government does not own the land telegraphs and could not, therefore, transmit the sea telegrams to destination over its own wires. This objection has no real value, and it should not stand in the way of international regulation and the necessary legislation that congress will be called on to enact in order to carry it out.

The ugly scandals that have attended the transmission of news concerning the Titanic wreck supply all the evidence needed in favor of putting this agency in the hands of the government. There was an apparent conspiracy to suppress the news of the wreck or hold it back as a purely commercial commodity. Readers of The Call will remember the important dispatch written by Carlos F. Hurd of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch staff. Hurd was one of the survivors of the wreck and wrote the first accurate and detailed account of the disaster, but he had the greatest difficulty in getting his matter into the hands of the people for whom it was intended, as the Post-Dispatch thus relates:

> Readers of the Post-Dispatch are fortunate that Carlos F. Hurd of the Post-Dispatch staff was aboard the Carpathia and gives the facts of the sinking of the Titanic accurately, graphically, as no one else ever can get them, from the survivors of crew and passengers, just as they told it with the horror fresh stamped upon their minds. The length to which the steamship officials went to suppress real news of the catastrophe is shown by the attempt to restrain Mr. Hurd by force from tossing his manuscript to the Post-Dispatch boat, which met the Carpathia off Sandy hook. Fortunately, he was able to fight his way to the rail, and the Post-Dispatch was thus able to give the first full news of the greatest disaster of the high seas to the public long before the Carpathia docked.

To be sure this was not wireless matter, but the attempt to hold it back was of a piece with the whole policy of the wireless people, who sought to make money out of a national sorrow. People who will do things of that kind need regulation.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Ninety-six per cent of all the people of the United States," says a statistician, "earn less than $2,000 a year." So we don't have to wait until we die to be included among the "great majority."

* * *

Foreign corporations that are delinquent in taxes will not have to pay their arrears, says the attorney general. Now watch the great rush of individuals to get incorporated under the laws of New Jersey.

* * *

Four million dollars' worth of municipal bonds are to be sold by San Francisco on July 1. Four always was a lucky number in July.

* * *

The claim that Champ Clark has captured California is denounced by Max Popper as simply a De Witticism.

A prisoner at Folsom has invented a calendar that will run 150 years. It must cause Warden Reilly deep chagrin that he can not remain in office long enough to see if it will work.

* * *

Certain German insurance interests are considering "welching" on the Titanic policies. Recalling San Francisco in 1906, one is forced to wonder what that brand of insurance is for, anyway.

* * *

A hotelman, even, has protested against taxicab overcharges. Next a taxicab driver will protest against hotel tips.

* * *

A tournament for amateur boxers is planned for New York. A museum would be a more suitable place for them.

The Restless Man

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

I'M truly sorry for the gent who, when the toilsome day is spent, won't by his fireside linger; who can't serenely sit and read "Rebellion," 'Money Moon" or "Queed," or t'othermost humdinger. The fireside pleasures he will dodge; he says: "I have to go to lodge as outside guard, dear Sallie; tomorrow night I have to go to act as usher at a show, next night I 'tend a rally." His patient wife just heaves a sigh and wipes the briny from her eye, and, sad and discontented, she murmurs now and then: "I wish the husbands and that kind of fish had never been invented! I used to let my fancies roam, and pictured such a happy home, with evenings long and cheery; alas! my husband's brains turn sour if he must stay here half and hour—it surely makes me weary!" For pleasant evenings by your side perhaps the girl you made your bride is yearning, too, and panting? Disgusted with her Moated Grange it will not seem so passing strange if she goes gallivanting. Methinks that many of the dames who play the frantic suffrage games are there by husbands driven, who, when they toddle home at all, go much like Dobbin to his stall, to eat the grub that's given.

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Walt Mason

Out of Sight

Wife: We need some new rugs.

Husband: Don't we need blankets more?

"Who sees blankets?"—Life.

Abe Martin

"Which Loved Him Best," at th' Alhambry, is one o' th' most evenly balanced an' enjoyable reels o' th' season, 'cept th' film is spotted in th' more emotional scenes. Th' feller that's allus complainin' about a dog's life is generally a setter.

A Question

Clerk (to woman who has fingered over everything in the store without buying anything): Excuse me, madame, but are you shopping here?

Customer: Certainly. What would I be doing?

Clerk: I thought perhaps you might be taking an inventory.—Woman's Home Companion.

Each Knew Where The Stadium Was

Would the passenger tell the stranger where to get off at Golden Gate park so he could get to the stadium? The passenger admitted that it would be a pleasure. The recommendation so gladly given was accepted.

There are numerous bridle paths and roadways, all shady and comfortable and inviting. A broad road winds around the pines and all manner of trees, and motor cars go luxuriously back and forth. And the soul of the visitor was happy.

He walked a mile and a half. "Pardon me—but where's the stadium?"

The man addressed untied his feet from the arms of a bench and said the stadium was over "that way," indicating the road the visitor had been walking over an hour. So the stranger thanked the informer and retreated.

The visitor was at the starting place again. A man was seated on a bench scratching his initials in the gravel. He had a theory that the stadium is up a narrow and particularly pleasant looking byway. The guide practically admitted that he knew the park like a book and his manner was convincing. He took up his work again and the stranger continued.

That path wound this way and that, disclosing bits of scenery here and there that were marvelous, but it disclosed no stadium!

The stranger retraced his steps. The park was losing glory right and left. He again reached the starting place. The man who scratched initials had gone. In his place sat a man silently, bitterly, weeping over a funny paper.

The sad eyed individual said the stadium was south. The visitor sighed and went south. He walked a good long way. The soft wind bent the tree tops and the people passed all smiling and happy and holding their hats. There was a pond and some miniature sailboats staggered over the waves with no certain port in mind.

Five persons were asked where the stadium is located. Each had his pet clew. It seems they all had a sense of humor. The visitor tossed a coin. Heads came up. That meant that the stranger should take a path that led to the right. He did. In passing, "we" should like to state that the stranger found the stadium. It was fortunate that tails didn't come up. In that case he wouldn't have had this mess written in time for today's paper.

MUSCLE

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash"

MUSCLE is the power transmission plant of the human body. It is operated from the brain and enables man to move himself and other things from place to place and sometimes back again. Muscle is about the only thing which distinguishes some real men from the wooden imitations in front of the cigar stores.

Muscle has been a great boon to the human race. By its help men have tilled the soil, worked the mines, built their homes, and have brought up their sons to honor and respect them. For many centuries muscle did all the work of the world. It built the pyramids and smote the barbarians hip and thigh. But gradually in the last century steam, electricity and science have been displacing muscle on every hand. The farmer is more in need of double seated overalls today than he is of muscle. The housewife washes, sews, and sweeps the floor by electricity. The miner uses powder and drill. Even trunks are being smashed by machinery and autos are being cranked by a push button and hypnotic suggestion. The average business man has no use for muscle except in getting into a streetcar at night and in another century a man who has muscles will be operated on for them.

As yet, however, muscle is as great a source of amusement as the brain, and is carefully acquired by enthusiastic collectors who pay large sums for rare and well developed specimens. Showing muscle is as enjoyable as showing old masters and in consequence we have Marathons, Olympic games, boat races, football cataclysms, pound parties with 10 round limits, and baseball leagues. The quantity of muscle expended each year in these pursuits would move a trainload of coal from New York to San Francisco. What is more to the point, it would keep every sidewalk in the country free from snow all winter.

Men who have large bulging muscles are very proud of them and like to be photographed in a state of rigidity and dishabille, looking like a tufted leather couch. But they are no more useful and cast no more powerful ballots than the little fellows with a bale of hay in the shoulders of their coats. What America needs is a commission for the conservation of muscle. Millions of pounds of muscle are going to waste while the mashers and hoodlums are going uncorrected and the science of beating them up by machinery is still a dream of the future.

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PERSONS IN THE NEWS

D. F. ROBERTS, manager of the safe deposit and steamship department of the German-American Savings bank of Los Angeles; Clark E. Standish of Whittier, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Brink of Fort Wayne were among yesterday's arrivals at the Manx.

* * *

J. PARKER WHITNEY, a millionaire rancher of Rocklin; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ball of Boston, and E. G. Williams, a banker of New York, are guests at the Fairmont.

* * *

JULIUS SCHWILL, a malt man of Chicago, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Schwill and A. Schoellkopf of Niagara Falls. They have been touring the west by automobile.

* * *

J. P. CHURCHILL, a banker of Yreka, who is interested in a large power project in northern California, is staying at the St. Francis.

* * *

E. C. McCOY and Mrs. McCoy and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. French of The Dalles, Ore., are among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.

* * *

JAMES B. ADAMS and Charles E. Chambliss of the forestry service are guests at the Stewart, registered from Washington, D. C.

* * *

PETER McCRACKEN, a merchant of Portland, is here visiting his brother, Robert McCracken, at the Palace.

* * *

J. H. TIBBITTS, connected with the state engineering department, is registered at the Turpin.

* * *

M. R. HALLIDAY, a magazine illustrator and writer of Boston, is staying at the Bellevue.

* * *

EDWARD STETSON, a business man of Bangor, Me., is at the Palace with Mrs. Stetson.

* * *

GEORGE W. PELTIER, a banker of Portland, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

* * *

G. OKANA, a New York Japanese merchant, is at the Union Square, en route to Nagasaki.

* * *

B. C. MILLER of Chicago is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Miller and Miss Loraine Miller.

* * *

W. H. McDOEL, a railroad man of Chicago, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. McDoel.

* * *

MISS E. L. HUNT of Portland, Ore., is among the recent arrivals at the Baldwin.

* * *

EDWARD H. GERBER, a baker of Sacramento, is at the Palace with Mrs. Gerber.

* * *

MRS. T. B. STEVENSON of Goldfield, Nev., is a recent arrival at the Harcourt.

* * *

W. B. HUBBARD and Mrs. Hubbard of Spokane are staying at the St. Francis.

N. J. TARANT, a merchant of Tracy; F. N. Chaplin, a real estate operator of Suisun; C. O. Bouettgar, a veterinary surgeon of Fresno, and J. W. Mock, a livery man of Marysville, are among the recent arrivals at the Argonaut.

* * *

W. M. REA, Mrs. Rea, Miss Katherine Rea, H. Rea Garber, Miss Rea Garber and Mrs. Josephine W. Garber of Pittsburg make up a group staying at the Palace.

* * *

A. C. BALCH, C. Leonhardt, W. L. Christian and A. V. Orena make up a group of recent arrivals of Los Angeles business men at the Palace.

* * *

DELOS A. CHAPPELL and C. O. Poole, civil engineers of Los Angeles, are guests at the St. Francis.

* * *

F. KENNEDY, chairman of the board of local engineers of Winnipeg, is registered at the Stanford.

* * *

JAMES BANKS of London and John R. Jamieson of Edinburgh are staying at the St. Francis.

* * *

S. N. McCLINTOCK of Pittsburg is at the Palace with Mrs. McClintock.

* * *

THOMAS W. PATTERSON, a banker of Fresno, is staying at the Palace.

* * *

DENNING RIDEOUT, a banker of Marysville, is staying at the Palace.

* * *

J. T. RYAN, a lumber man of New York city, is a guest at the Colonial.

* * *

DR. ALLEN R. HOWARD of Santa Rosa is staying at the Stewart.

* * *

F. VON JOCHUNSEN, a business man of Yreka, is at the Union Square.

* * *

W. H. McDONALD of Virginia City is registered at the Cadillac.

* * *

JOHN J. KENNEDY of Virginia City is staying at the Cadillac.

* * *

A. G. ROEHN of Suisun City is registered at the Arlington.

* * *

E. C. WILLIAM of Redwood City is stopping at the Baldwin.

* * *

S. C. GURNEY of Manila is a guest at the Hotel Jefferson.

* * *

T. H. KELLEY of Stockton is stopping at the Turpin.

* * *

DR. J. E. PAGE, U. S. A., is a guest at the Sutter.

The Colyum

Governor Wilson's propensity for traveling would help him to fulfill the tradition of the presidency if he were elected.

RED BREECHES OVER THE BORDER

The Nationals, one of San Francisco's few remaining independent military organizations, which has been in existence for more than half a century, and members from which have served in the civil and Spanish wars, has offered its services to President Taft for duty in Mexico in case of intervention.—News Item.

You have heard in famous tunes of the scarlet pantaloons,
How the Nationals seceded from the state;
Clad in baggy pants of red, with a fez upon the head,
They left old California to its fate.

"To uphold the cause of Beauty is a soldier's sacred duty,"
Said they. "You can't be beautiful in blue
It suits not our complexion. We shall have an insurrection,
California, luckless state, with you we're through."

When there came a sound of arms, distant whispers of alarms,
The Nationals, as brave as were their breeches,
Said, "If there is intervention, it's our very firm intention
To fight unto the last, remorseless ditches.
Of course, it is agreed, Mr. Taft, that if we bleed
For our country we shall wear the right attire;
We can only really fight, kill and capture with delight,
When our uniforms are just the shade of fire."

To the front the Na-tion-als went to face the shot and shells;
And there they were the heroes of the corps;
With the fez upon the head and the pantaloons of red
They drove Pascual Orozco on before—
Till they reached some old corrals: There the valiant Na-tion-als
Espied a foe before which they stopped dead;
'Twas a very mighty flock of fighting bulls of famous stock—
Pity, pity uniforms of red!

ATTENTION!

THE PUBLICITY bureau of the Panama-Pacific international exposition says:

> The Blank Biscuit company is doing its share to exploit the Panama-Pacific exposition by sending out a "World's fair biscuit," which is contained in an oblong package, on which is imprinted a colored perspective of the 1915 universal exposition. Each biscuit has the world's fair stamp on it and is doing a great deal to call attention to the coming exposition.

Let us hope that the attention thus called to the exposition is not of the sort that is recalled by paregoric!

Good! That Seems to Dispose of Finn

Duffy declared emphatically that he did not know who is to succeed Reilly as warden of Folsom prison; that he has not heard any recent gossip about the appointment of Archibald Yell of Sacramento, who was ousted for Reilly, and that he had not heard anything about the selection of Tom Finn for the place, except from enemies of the administration.—News Item.

LOCAL BREVITIES

BILL PINKERTON is in town. Dropped in from Chicago to see what a real town is like.

"TUB DRESSES" are advertised by one of our bright and energetic firms. Don't they mean tube?

CHARLEY SCHWAB says he's going to build a big drydock at Hunters point. Otherwise, the water front is still wet.

BILL LANGDON was around town yesterday. He says that they look for a right smart forty-seventh crop of alfalfa this year, down Modesto way. The nineteenth and thirty-second crop were better than the average, but the seventh was scant. Bill says the chief difficulty is to get one crop in the barn before it's time to clip the next.

Signs of the Times

TALKING ABOUT queer signs, the following are contributed:

A. M. says: I saw in front of a dry goods store in a beach town near Los Angeles this:

DIVORCE SALE
Must Dispose of Entire Stock to Get Money for Alimony.

P. O. Z. brings in definite proof that Adam was not the first man, for he saw over a Mission street tailor shop the sign:

ADAM
Successor to COHEN

Much-Traveled Rhodes

REDWOOD CITY, April 22.—In securing a marriage license today from County Clerk Joseph Nash, John H. Rhodes, aged 29, and Mrs. Clementine Willard, aged 27, both of San Francisco, legally attested to the fact that each had been married three times previously. Rhodes gave his occupation as a mechanic.

He probably works at his trade between honeymoons.

THE HIDDEN OFFICE
A Story of Mystery
(Continued)

STILL THE BRANCH of the United States postoffice located in the vicinity of Second and Stevenson streets has not been discovered.

There were a few moments yesterday when the place might have been found had the patient searcher been near. But, no, he was on a new trail. He had gone up to the main postoffice to interest Postmaster Fisk in his search.

The postmaster said: "I would like to direct you to the place, but I have never been able to find it myself. I understand that there is such an office and I have had reports from it, via Washington, but as the department does not expect impossibilities of me it has never directed me to visit the place or even to locate it. However, as postmaster of this city, I take an interest in all the branches of the service, and if you will meet me tomorrow morning at 5:30 o'clock, with the dog sleds loaded with pemmican and gumdrops, to last during a long search, we shall set forth. Bid farewell to wife and babies, for who knows how long it might take us to discover this place?"

"Alas," said the man, "would that I could say farewell to my wife and children, but I can not, because I can not find the office where I would buy stamps to affix to my letter."

"Would that I could extend the franking privilege to you," replied the postmaster, "but that I can not do."

Both men wept bitterly at fate as they parted, to meet on the morrow and discover, if they can, the location of the branch postoffice in the vicinity of Second and Stevenson streets.

(To be concluded)

THE ICONOCLAST

"EMERSON was not really companionable," said Woodbury, "because his conversation was always practically a monologue, and even when addressed to you alone was delivered as though you were a large and intellectual audience."—News Item.

Who wouldn't want to be considered a large and intellectual audience? Fie, fie, Mr. Woodbury, you'll have to do better than that to destroy the religions of Boston.

FOX LAKE, Wis., April 22.—Benjamin Card, an amateur electrician, who is still in the high school, has been awarded $100,000 by the United States government for a rat trap that will solve the problem of exterminating rats on board war ships, according to notice received by Card yesterday.—News Item.

That sort of puts the cat into the dis-Card.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE

MORIARITY—George M. Hill, care state board of harbor commissioners.—Can you kindly tell me the meaning of the word Moriarity?

Answer—When used in conjunction with Hill it means mountain.

A. L. P.