

SAN FRANCISCO

In the Limelight for a Few Days

RECONSTRUCTED San Francisco amazes and charms every beholder. The achievement of the last six and a half years surpasses in completeness any and all previous records.

To her commanding geographical position, to the tendencies of trade and commerce, natural and acquired, there have been added tremendous forces within her commercial field of increased population, augmented production and enlarged industry.

While these facts are indisputable, the impression seems general that San Francisco lacks the strength which comes only through community co-operation. This may be more apparent than real; it may be more an echo of old differences and contention than a reflection of actual conditions.

A thousand circumstances support this belief. Where is there a community in this or any country more distinct in its character, more devotedly attached to community traditions, more instinctively loyal to itself?

Answer to these questions may be found in the reconstruction of San Francisco, in her sustained commerce, in the completeness of her trade organization, in many projects of local material development, all liberally supported, in unnumbered evidences of co-operative spirit and taste.

Perhaps the most notable fact as illustrating the co-operative power of San Francisco is the Panama-Pacific exposition with the circumstances of its organization and the obvious spirit of its support.

We have already said that San Francisco combines in her general backing unnumbered and incomparable sources of power. They include an imperial geographical position, an inspiring history, a fixed organization of trade and commerce, a vast accumulated capital, an established leadership on the Pacific coast in all business and professional lines, a wide and expanding productive territory, the momentum and habits of success with a legitimate pride in past achievements, with hope and enthusiasm for the future.

As The Call begins a new chapter in a history which harks back to the early days of California, it takes this opportunity to emphasize its respect for the community with which it is identified, with its appreciation both of the powers and the spirit of that community and of its confidence for even better times to come.

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE rapid progress of the war in Turkey means intervention by the powers much sooner than might have been expected. Should the allies defeat the Ottomans in the impending decisive engagement, they would be at the gates of Stamboul in a week.

There is in Europe a great military power whose prestige has been long dimmed, but which observant men know to be much stronger now than when it was the arbiter of European politics, that power is Austria.

Austria will never submit to seeing Turkey occupied permanently by the Balkan allies. It is almost certain that the dual monarchy would inaugurate war alone if it were necessary to protect Turkey's European dominions from annihilation.

The kaiser appears to be of the same mind, and to be not a little exasperated, if semi-official statements from Berlin may be credited, at the slight attention paid to him in the preliminary parleys of the chancelleries. It is whispered that he has threatened to take the situation in hand without waiting on the other powers, if they delay too long to suit him.

Great Britain has twice stopped Russia's victorious march upon Constantinople—once in alliance with France, and once single handed, by the mere display of her sea power and the threat of instant war. Her interests now are identical with her interests then. In Turkey she protects India.

A general European war is almost unthinkable. It would mean the most fearful carnage and destruction the world ever saw, and many a throne would fall in that fearful convulsion. The powers will make any possible sacrifice to prevent such universal disaster.

The truth is, militarism has reached such a stage of development that the great nations are afraid to turn their tremendous engines of war against each other. The chancellors are like men sitting around an open keg of powder, each one fearing nothing so much as that some one will light a match.

The Balkan powers have struck that match and before it becomes too dangerous, it may reasonably be expected that the powers will combine to put it out.

For over a hundred years Turkey has existed as a European power because her existence is necessary to the peace of Europe, and as long as that condition remains we may be pretty certain that the crescent flag will continue to fly above St. Sophia's dome.

THE billboard men had their innings before the public welfare committee Tuesday, and if their boards were half as entertaining as their arguments for retaining these abominations, no one would object to their handiwork.

It seems that in the estimation of these speakers billboards have been grossly maligned. Instead of being eyesores, they are works of art; instead of provoking peaceable citizens to profane executions, they are educational auxiliaries, and enable the little children to learn to read on their way to school; and instead of defacing the streets, they aid materially to beautify them by hiding the rubbish in vacant lots.

No more touching picture of the artistic, educational and moral influences exerted by billboards was ever drawn. I can not sufficiently admire the ingenuity and versatility of the orators. The government board of geographical names should secure the services of these experts in defense of "Goat" island. Gentlemen who can paint a billboard in words of passion and poetry ought to be able to do a lot toward making even "goat" a name of beauty and a joy forever.

The billboard men are useful enough in their way, but they are simply blind to anything but the figures on a check and deaf to anything but the chink of dollars. They seem to be utterly unable to conceive that there are other things in the world—that beauty and art and sentiment and the esthetic are as real things as billboards—and



profit the human soul much more. It is quite credible that when they gaze upon the spaces of the evening sky or the shining sea, they sigh for means to paint them with letters a million feet high, extolling the cheapness of Blank's bedsprings or the unapproachable merits of Higbee's hams. They would strip the dawn of its glories and the sunset of its radiance to stripe the heaven above and the earth below with a smokehouse advertisement, if a far seeing providence had not limited the length of their ladders and the reach of their paint mops.

It is hardly worth the trouble of speculation, but a very curious situation would develop if the electoral college and the house of representatives both failed to elect a president.

When the new senators from Colorado, Illinois, Idaho and Tennessee are seated next January, it is likely that the senate will consist of 48 democrats and 48 republicans. The republican senators are all firm for either Sherman, if he lives, or his substitute; or for Johnson, except John D. Works, who will have no communion with either the nominees of the Chicago convention or with the bull moose. Works would break the tie and elect Tom Marshall.

We should then have the exhilarating and delightful spectacle of Works, whose seat was grabbed for him by a hog-tied legislature, handing back the just recompense of that piece of political rascality.

It is almost a pity that Wilson's and Taft's certainty of overwhelming the bull moose in the electoral college makes the contingency of senatorial choice unthinkable. There are many good citizens who would depart this life in perfect peace if they could first be gratified with the ecstatic joy of seeing Works hang the "23" sign on his political creator. It would be the joke of the century.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. WHITNEY, United States inspector of hulls at Juneau, Alaska, arrived from Juneau yesterday on his vacation. It has been six years since Captain Whitney was in San Francisco. Captain Whitney was commander of the Weatt on November 20, 1896, when he rescued 21 lives from the ill-fated vessel San Benito of Point Arena.

CHARLES A. NONES, the owner of the quicksilver mines at New Almaden, arrived from the east yesterday and registered at the Palace. He is here to build a railroad from San Jose to the mines.

CHARLES H. MADISON, assistant manager of the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach, is registered at the St. Francis. He has been east on a business trip.

M. C. MASTERSON, a general examiner of the United States federal courts, is spending a few days at the Palace.

HENRY G. ULEN, a dealer in municipal bonds, is at the St. Francis, registered from Chicago.

A. MACKAY and Mrs. Mackay and John MacBain of Scotland are guests at the Fairmont.

DR. E. A. PAYNE and Mrs. Payne of Los Angeles are among the arrivals at the Baldwin.

T. W. HAHN, merchant at Sacramento, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.

W. M. FRANK, a merchant of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Frank are guests at the Argonaut.

A. W. SIMPSON, a lumberman of Stockton, is at the Fairmont with Mrs. Simpson.

H. C. HIBBARD, an attorney of Riverside, and Mrs. Hibbard are at the Turpin.

R. T. HARRIS, a banker of Tonopah, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Harris.

F. B. CALDWELL, a mining man of San Dumas, Mexico, is at the St. Francis.

C. H. SELBY, a dealer in clothes in Los Angeles, is registered at the Stewart.

G. M. CHURCHILL, a merchant of Livermore, is registered at the Argonaut.

L. M. CHANNELL, a real estate dealer of Glen Ellen, is at the Argonaut.

BAGGAGE MASTERS

By GEORGE FITCH. Author of "At Good Old Slivash."

A BAGGAGE MASTER is the quiet, undisturbed individual who takes care of the traveler's spare time at the railway station. Nobody knows how much spare time he has at a railway station until the baggage master gets hold of it.

It is fine to watch a good, easy working baggage master. He is so placid and untroubled that he should be a perpetual rebuke to the nervous travelers who are fussing because it is past train time and their trunks aren't checked.

Why should he? Wouldn't the passengers be doing all that could be expected in the worry line? The baggage man never worries because he never hurries. Once a baggage man hurried and the members of his profession tried him for heresy.

Thousands of passengers have taken later trains because the baggage master has refused to worry. Other thousands have gotten their trunks and nervous prostration. The baggage master's batting average is about 900 per cent. He gets most of us one way or the other. Baggage masters and the high cost of living are ruining the nerves of the American people, and until the said b. m. learns how to worry the life of the traveler will not be worth living.

The baggage master has spent years mastering the art of checking a trunk in four minutes, finishing 15 seconds before train time with a coldly disinterested air. It is his proudest achievement. Give a baggage master your trunk an hour before the train leaves and he will check it in a hurry and return to his knitting. Arrive two minutes before train time and he will gaze at you sadly and go away 4 miles with (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

FREE TEXTBOOK DISCUSSION

Editorial Call: Open letter on the "free textbook bill," in which the writer mentions my name, has recently appeared in the newspapers. The writer sought to give the impression that the opposition to what is called the "bug" in Shanahan's "free textbook bill," is in the interests of the schoolbook trust. That is a ruse to divert suspicion from himself. I oppose this bill because of its political provisions only. I like the great majority of the people in this state, favor free textbooks. The state board of education, as it is organized under the constitution, is composed of men whose honesty can not be questioned. No board of politicians that could be appointed in place of the present honest and competent state board of education would be able to do a better job of it.

This textbook bill is like the race-track bill, in that the title does not give any information as to the real purpose to be accomplished. The bill has two objects, the first to substitute in place of the present honest and competent state board of education a board of politicians, and the second to argue to show that such men as the president of our university will not campaign over the state against self-seeking politicians for places on the board, and if the board is to be appointed, the appointees will be political favorites rewarded for political service.

The bill is vicious and should be defeated. A new bill for free textbooks without the political portion can be submitted by the next legislature, if it is not under the control of the book publishing companies. Respectfully, H. H. McPIKE, Democratic Candidate for the Assembly, Thirty-sixth District.

The milkman sometimes forgets to fall up or down the steps. The cow is a steady job and works Sundays.

I am told that there is a movement on foot in Oakland for the simplification of the lives of the very young. It is to be called "The Society for the Restoration of Baby Talk," and will be launched shortly, if the co-operation of the babies can be secured. It is the hope of the promoters of this society that in the course of a few years they can restore in the nurseries of the land the rule of the fairies and revive some of the old faiths, such, for instance, as we held in the story of the man in the moon in the days before the chorus girls claimed him for a sweetheart.

That there is need for some movement such as this is illustrated, I think, by a conversation I overheard the other day on a ferry boat between Miss Twelve Year Old and her young sister, Miss Five.

The boat was going into the slip. Both children were leaning over the rail watching the white foam as it flowed from under the churning paddle wheels. "When I was little, like you," said the girl, "I used to think that was soap-suds." The smaller girl turned a cherubic face stierward, shook her head and remarked: "No! But you must have been feeble-minded." LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

Politeness

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THE man of perfect manners may on tattered uppers go his way, and he will gain a host of friends as on his toilsome way he wends. But gents whose manners are correct don't need such hardship to expect; they mostly tread on joyous feet along the pave of Easy street. For men of courtesy and grace will find a welcome any place. They are not turned from any door; the merchant wants them in his store; wherever there are high priced snaps there's a demand for gracious chaps who have a stock of winning ways that they have carried all their days. These fellows get the best in life; when one goes forth to seek a wife the luscious damsels fairly scrap to get their talons on that chap. But never yet did pretty girl distress herself to hook a churl. The courteous man finds life a feast, for him the good old world is greased, and when he dies the whole blamed town turns out to see him sodded down. These facts are known the whole world o'er; you'd think that men whose heads are sore would try to profit by the same and quit their foolish, grouchy game. Politeness makes your life serene; then why be boorish, ugly, mean? The more you deal in sass and slack, the more the world will hit you back.

Answers to Queries

CAPITALS.—Y. C., Oakland. What are the capitals of the different states and territories of the union? State Capital State Capital Alabama...Montgomery Montana...Helena Alaska...Juneau Nebraska...Lincoln Arizona...Phoenix Nevada...Carson City Arkansas...Little Rock New Hampshire...Concord California...Sacramento Oregon...Salem Colorado...Denver New Mexico...Santa Fe Connecticut...Hartford New York...Albany Delaware...Dover North Carolina...Raleigh Dist. of Col...Washington North Dakota...Bismarck Florida...Tallahassee Ohio...Columbus Georgia...Atlanta Oklahoma...Oklahoma City Idaho...Boise Oregon...Salem Illinois...Springfield Pennsylvania...Harrisburg Indiana...Indianapolis Rhode Island...Providence Iowa...Des Moines South Carolina...Columbia Kansas...Topeka South Dakota...Pierre Kentucky...Frankfort Tennessee...Nashville Louisiana...Baton Rouge Texas...Austin Maine...Augusta Utah...Salt Lake City Maryland...Annapolis Vermont...Montpelier Massachusetts...Boston Virginia...Richmond Michigan...Lansing Washington...Olympia Minnesota...St. Paul W. Virginia...Charleston Mississippi...Jackson Wisconsin...Madison Missouri...Jefferson City Wyoming...Cheyenne

SALVATION ARMY AND VOLUNTEERS.—A. G. Alameda, and Subscriber, Monterey. Give location of the headquarters of the Salvation Army and those of the Volunteers of America in San Francisco. Salvation Army, 1130 Market street. Volunteers of America, 3 City Hall avenue.

Ferry Tales



"RAGS," self-appointed guardian of the ferry building and official mascot of the transbay ferry systems, is not the only dog on the beach. There is "Bum," permanent pensioner of the barge office and mascot of Melges wharf, and there is the setter dog that acts as mate of the power boat Monk and wages endless but harmless warfare on the seagulls. The Monk is known to commuters as "the boat with the barking dog."

The Monk maintains a line of communication between Mission rock and the beach and makes frequent trips between the island warehouse—poetic descriptive name for Mission rock—and the anchorages used by visiting tramp steamers. The setter that rates as mate of the Monk has a regular owner. He belongs to the tender of a gravel bunker, but deserted him months ago for a life on the heaving deck of the Monk.

Captain Hazen Steeves, master of the Monk, has a bad habit of blowing the Monk's whistle a few seconds before he casts off the lines. The dog is never very far away and at the sound of the whistle drops whatever he is doing, even to the gnawing of a bone, and leaps aboard the launch. The dog's ambition in life is to grab a live seagull. This ambition, in the nature of things, is of the vaulting kind and usually overleaps itself.

When the boat starts the dog runs round and round the narrow deck, barking furiously at the gulls that have learned to come near enough to tease the dog. The dog, never having really reached a gull, is a poor judge of distance and almost invariably makes a too frantic leap that carries him overboard. He is a good swimmer. If the weather is fine the tide not too strong and the Monk in a hurry, Captain Steeves leaves the dog to paddle his own way ashore, which he does in fine style, barking furiously all the way. The captain was nearly mobbed the other day by a party of mechanics he was taking out to a ship for what they considered his inhuman desertion of a fine dog. Two days ago Captain A. F. Pillsbury, the marine surveyor, lost 15 minutes and nearly spoiled a new suit of clothes just because he insisted on rescuing the dog.

But nobody need worry. He was carried away by the tide one day and was picked up, three days later, on Red rock. He was tired, wet and hungry, but still barking defiance at the seagulls. He is the real champion swimmer of these parts and the only four footed mate in the port of San Francisco.

Talking about swimming, Professor Jennings, an instructor in the art that Nellie Schmidt made famous, is an enthusiastic vegetarian. He commutes to Alameda and devotes the time spent on the ferries to propagating the gospel of an anti-fresh diet. He includes milk in his list of vegetables. In fact, milk is the principal item in the diet he has adopted.

He decided recently to own his own cow. Beyond the fact that they represented the source of a milk supply the professor's knowledge of cows was little more than a vague impression.

"I wouldn't advise you to buy a cow," said a neighbor to whom he confided his plan. "You'll find it an acute form of slavery. A cow is like an alarm clock that goes off twice a day and keeps ringing until you get up and shut it off. The only way you can shut off the insistent 'moo' that a cow uses by way of an alarm is to milk the cow, and believe me, milking a cow twice a day is a steady job."

"Oh, but I won't do that," said the professor. "I'll just keep the cow in the back yard, where it will be handy. Whenever I want a glass of milk all I'll have to do is step out and draw it from the cow. In that way I will be sure of getting fresh milk."

The professor is not going to buy a cow. He consulted other authorities and found that cows not only insist upon being milked twice a day, but upon having the work done at hours fixed by themselves and usually arranged with an apparent and diabolical intention to murder the sweet sleep of early morning and prevent any wide wandering from home in the afternoon.

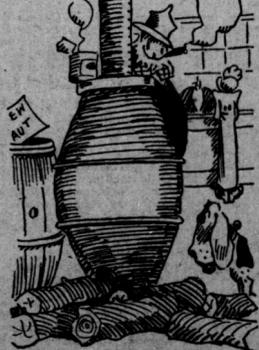
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Abe Martin



It's refreshin' these days 't go home an' spend th' evenin' with somebody that can't vote. Nothin' is ever said about th' subcontractors on th' average self-made man.