

THE CALL

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MONEY MONARCH DEAD

J. Pierpont Morgan is dead. For a half century he has been a fighting force in American finance.

It is only recently that men have come to anything like an appreciation of the tremendous power represented by the scepter now laid down by the American money monarch.

Absolute in his sway, he avoided the mistakes of despots. He bulled his state so carefully that his death involves nothing like disintegration of the powers he subjugated, then unionized.

Mr. Morgan, had he lived a few days more, would have been 76 years old. Most of those years were devoted to fighting—fighting for money, for the mastery that went with money.

He died in the fullness of that success. How much it meant to him the world may never know.

The world of finance was the setting for a game for the "Sphinx of Wall Street." He played the game according to his own lights.

Men may differ widely, as they do, in their estimates of the dead money master, but his life and his death demonstrated a great truth.

THE FAITH THAT PAYS

The new West Sacramento Commercial club has evidenced a purposeful, practical faith in California which should be an inspiration to every commercial organization in the state.

The birth of the new club was celebrated last week at Broderick with the announcement that the organization started with a fund of \$12,000 for a national and international publicity campaign.

The enterprise which put West Sacramento on the map has aroused Yolo county to an appreciation of its own possibilities.

Every dollar spent through the West Sacramento Commercial club on this program will mean many dollars to Yolo county.

For years the people of northern and central California have been content with their own blessings and to share them with volunteer neighbors.

The people of the two great valleys have awakened to their duty to themselves and their state.

They have come to appreciate their advantages. They concede their natural obligation to participate in the development of the state's greatest wealth.

The measure of their appreciation of their duty is perhaps fairly shown by the proportions of the publicity campaign fund with which the West Sacramento club starts.

Sacramento county has voted special taxes for two exposition funds. One will be devoted to presenting Sacramento's advantages at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Nor is Sacramento content with those generous provisions. Its far-seeing men are advocating another tax for a so-called excursion fund.

Their design is to seek out those who would not otherwise visit northern or central California; to sell them homes; to make them California citizens.

Advertising pays, and, happily, the people of the Sacramento valley are at last awake to that fact.

MR. MARSHALL GLOOMS

Appreciation of the pallid political potentialities of his office seems to have depressed rather than discouraged Vice President Marshall.

That Mr. Marshall is in a conventional vice presidential state of mind may be gathered from the essence of two of his recent messages to the people.

In another message to the people Mr. Marshall announced himself as a strong advocate of that return to simplicity and conservatism of government which would enable us to secure trained thinkers rather than proved money makers for our diplomatic service.

The theory of Mr. Marshall's desire is most admirable. For speech making purposes its utter impracticability is beside the question.

He overlooks the fact that the pomp of foreign capitals is not the sole factor in determining the scale of living for representatives abroad.

The American people not only approve of their representatives living and entertaining on the plane of the society to which they are accredited, but they insist upon it.

The fault lies not in a departure from ancient simplicity. Simplicity has never been a characteristic of European capitals.

Simplified spelling may be well enough in its way, but the crying need of the hour is simplified pronunciation of the names in the Balkan war dispatches.

The number of "original" Wilson men uncovered in California since November tends to discredit the returns from the presidential primary election last May.

The development of undeniable proof of its persistency seems to be the most noteworthy accomplishment of the simplified spelling board.

The statistical report that the life of a \$10 bill is 10 months should result in popularizing paper money in California. The average life of the few \$10 gold pieces we have seen was about 60 minutes.

An Indiana physician declares it is criminal to remove an appendix with a knife. Why not amend the Bohnett bill and abate old verminism by injunction.

Doctor Elliot declined the ambassadorship to London on the ground that he could do more for his country at home. No poor man could do less.

The Sonora rebels seem to have "initiated" one public utility out of private control.

When it last rang. Seventy years ago, February 22, the Liberty bell was rung for the last time. This is contrary to the popular belief.

On the morning of June 8, 1835, the Liberty bell, which for a century had been the city's greatest instrument for showing joy or grief, was being tolled for Chief Justice John Marshall.

On that occasion it was badly cracked. But, broken as it was, the bell was afterward rung on great occasions, although the tones were but sorry reminders of the once powerful sound.

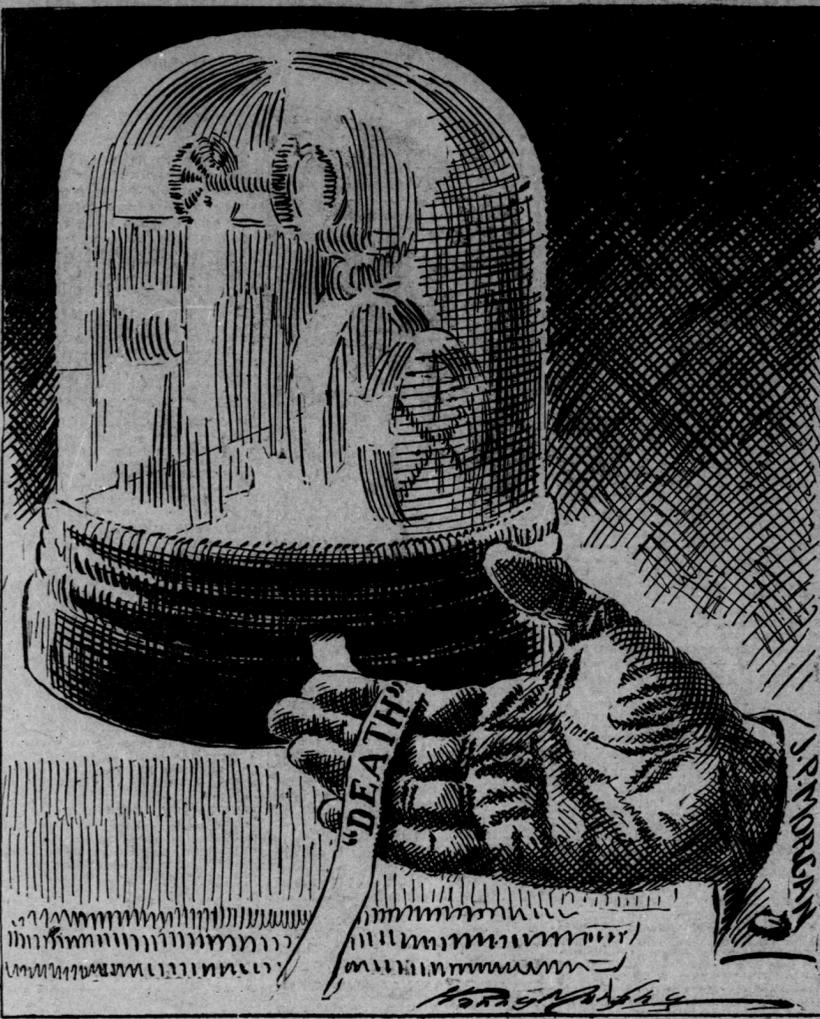
It was never rung again after that day and for 70 years it has remained voiceless.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ABE MARTIN



A woman would rather have a piece of exclusive news any time than a diamond necklace. A new husband hates company.

The Last Quotation



FERRY TALES

I met a merry plumber on the steamer Fernwood the other day. His nose was in splints. His eyes were discolored. His chin was decorated with a colloid patch, underneath which, he told me in strict confidence, were four cute little stitches.

Out where he lives, near Pacific Heights, resides an elderly spinster who enjoys the love and respect of her neighbors, to whom she has confided more than a few times that she is single from choice and intends to remain single.

She gave a children's party the other evening. Her home and its immediate approaches were decorated with flowers and greens and an elaborate scheme of illumination was worked out with Chinese and Japanese lanterns.

As the elderly spinster lived alone it must be her wedding. He knew her. He had heard her express her views on matrimony—and she had fallen at last for the cupid stuf. It was too much for the plumber. He leaped against the fence and he laughed.

The more he thought about it the funnier it all seemed and the louder he laughed. He was in the throes of a laughing fit of hurricane violence when the elderly spinster, mistress of the illuminated home, opened the door. She saw a man leaning over the fence and she heard him laugh.

Both were arrested and next day each paid a fine. "Wasn't it," he asked when he had told the story, "a peach of a joke on the old maid?"

"If you were a bride, proud and happy in your new home, on the furnishing of which you and he had spent all of \$2,000 from your joint savings; if you were so pleased with the neat that you felt like inviting in the trades people that called for orders to take a look around—would you like it if a rather self-satisfied young man looked over your treasures and fixed their value at about \$200? And wouldn't you feel just like going home to mother if you heard what he had done and heard the story, said that the young man was a brack?"

The New Yorks live in a pretty bungalow near the Berkeley hills. The self-satisfied young man who caused all the distress was a deputy assessor. The bride opened the door when he knocked, and when he told her that he was from the assessor's office and had come to make an assessment of their personal effects she invited him in.

"That's all," he said. "I guess \$200 will be about right." "Nothing of the kind," protested the bride. "We paid just \$2,000 for what you see here."

"Yes, ma'am, I know; but you don't want to—or that is—you see, this is for—you know, I'll make it \$200."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she was angry now. "I have the receipted bills and can show them to you. Why, man, we carry \$1,000 insurance."

NEWS FROM THE HOTELS

John Zapp, a merchant from Fresno, is at the Turpin. F. L. Sylvia, a Boston business man, is at the St. Francis.

W. H. Selby, a wholesaler of French goods, is at the Dale. E. L. Smith, a merchant of Sacramento, is at the Sutter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Robert of Victoria, are at the Columbia. C. H. Selby, a wholesaler of French goods, is at the Sutter.

Howard Russell, a land owner of Port Collins, is registered at the Argonaut. R. Burnham Moffat, a New York business man, is registered at the Fairmont.

William E. Dugan, a shoe manufacturer of Rochester, N. Y., is at the Palace. Howard Russell, a land owner of Port Collins, is registered at the Argonaut.

Howard E. Roper, a rancher of Napa, and Mrs. Roper, are staying at the Stewart. Frank P. Jenal, a Los Angeles merchant, and Mrs. Jenal, are staying at the Manx.

E. F. Keesing, a wool grower of Auckland, N. Z., and Mrs. Keesing are at the Manx. Charles N. Crawford, writer and teller of funny stories and the vice president of the Outcall Advertising company, who is staying at the Palace, says that California fruit growers are awakening to the fact that the east will purchase the products of this state.

"I have been up in Washington for some time completing an advertising campaign on behalf of the apple growers of that state. They plan to flood the east with posters advertising the Boster Brown apple. While I am here in California I am to meet certain fruit growers and packers and it is possible I will take back east with me interesting California's many products. I notice Californians are advertising their state better and better each year. The people of the east are interested in California and especially in California fruit products."

P. H. Smith, an iron and coal producer who makes his home in Los Angeles, is at the Palace. Mr. Smith is accompanied by J. C. Gage and W. J. Bettinger of Winnipeg. The trio has been looking into business conditions in San Francisco.

Mr. Smith said: "We have just about decided that San Francisco holds out everything for which man could wish. We have not definitely decided to invest here as yet, although we may in the near future."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

SHEEP—C. E. O. Hilton. The breed of sheep known as "big tailed sheep" originally came from Persia. There is also a breed known as the "curran sheep" in Asia and Africa which have enormous tails, loaded with fat.

REACH—A. F. F. City. The records of pugilists give the reach of the two fighters asked about: Sharkey, arms outstretched 5 feet 11 1/2 inches; Fitzsimmons, 6 feet 3 1/2 inches.

MONEY IN CIRCULATION—C. S. City. The latest figures on the subject of money in circulation in the United States show that the amount on October 1, 1912, was \$3,908,888,924.

VOCABULARY—L. E. City. The vocabulary of Milton was 8,000 words; Shakespeare 20,000 and that of Prof. R. S. Holden is said to be more than 83,400.

ELECTORAL VOTES—J. B. Winehaven. California has 13 electoral votes.

TAR—Subscriber, City. SUK or octon which has been diled by tar may be cleaned by rubbing with turpentine, drying and then rubbing with gasoline. Unsuitable use of these usually spoils the material. If it is a valuable article it is better to entrust it to a professional cleaner.

DEPARTMENT STORES—Reader, City. Some of the department stores in Denver, Colo., are about the same size as the largest in this city, and they employ about the same number of persons.

ROBERT—E. F. A. This department is unable to reprint the poetry and songs asked for. You may obtain them from some of the many dealers in second hand books in Market street.

Lesson No. 2—How to Use

The Answer Book to Win!

The Contest Editor Gives Advice on the Way To Submit Your Answers to Pictures

The rules of the Booklovers' Contest permit contestants to make as many as 10 different answers to each picture.

And the Answer Book was devised to permit contestants to take advantage of this generous provision of the rules without being compelled to buy extra pictures with their coupons.

You see, the rules demand of those not using Answer Books that they submit each answer they make on a separate picture, with its coupon.

With an Answer Book you need 77 pictures only—one copy of each picture. No matter though you make 77 answers, or 770 answers, you need only the one copy of each picture.

You are allowed to make as many as 10 different answers to each picture, but, of course, you may not want to make 10 answers to each picture.

You may find two answers only that you want to submit to one picture: five answers to another, ten to another, seven to another, four to another, and so forth.

You CAN NOT use more than one copy of each picture, if you have an Answer Book. There is no possible use for more than one copy of each picture.

And there seems to be no good reason for NOT making SEVERAL answers to each picture, as the rules permit you. If you were shooting at a target, and the prize for hitting the bull's eye was an \$1,800 auto, wouldn't you rather have ten shots at that target than only ONE shot?

Study the number of answers submitted by grand prize winners and see which class of contestants finished at the top. The scores of the first contests will be published for your enlightenment very soon!

If A submitted one answer to each picture and got 72 correct, and B submitted two or three answers to each picture and got all 77 correct, B would win.

Questions that the Contest Editor believes are "leading" are constantly being asked. If you see no answer to your question, you can decide that it was adjudged a "leading" question.

The animal shown in picture No. 34 is a camel. The picture shows a desert scene, not a marine view. You can take the Answer Book to pieces and then rebind it if you wish to.

The contestant who complains that there are only nine starred titles in his catalog, and names them, should look carefully among the titles beginning with the letter "H." Find anything there, H. G.?

Look in the dictionary to find the meaning of the word "Pharaoh."

The Call's Daily Short Story

WHEN GHOSTS COMMUNED

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

The feud between the Lanes and the Moores had existed through two generations. It was young Roger Lane's grandfather who had fallen in love with Kate Moore's grandmother when that dainty little lady was even then a wife and mother.

Fortunately, for the honor of the Moore family, and before the crisis came, Kate's grandmother had quietly passed away with the sad knowledge that she loved a man other than her husband. In that former generation the lovers had been wont to meet at the foot of the old garden that lay hidden from the windows of the two dwellings.

It was said and firmly believed by many inhabitants of the old world village that the ghosts of the lovers still haunted the garden that held many flowers and trailing about in the moonlight. Scarcely a soul in the village would have dared to enter that garden after dark after the town clock had struck 12.

"It is haunted!" had been whispered from lip to ear for two generations. Lane pressed to venture down into the garden one night when the village was wrapped in slumber. She had returned from school after an absence of three years.

"Roger Lane's ghost comes here," she mused, "I want to see it." She laughed softly as her feet touched the mossy grass of the garden and her long robe rustled in the breeze. She had dressed herself in ghostly raiment that her actions might not be mistaken for those of a mortal.

The rusty lock fell apart and Kate found herself trembling slightly amid a kingdom of sweet smelling flowers. She stood still for a moment, both hands pressed to her heart. It was beating rapidly with the wonders of the flowers that erected their odorous heads to a moonlit night.

Roger Lane, the younger, opening his eyes suddenly, rubbed his eyes and sat up. He had been having his midnight smoke in the garden and had dozed off. From behind a clump of hedge plants he kept fascinated eyes fixed upon the vision that had entered into his domain.

"Give me a ghost girl—if they are all like this one!" he ejaculated under his breath. "Her hair is like a lost moonbeam and the light in her eyes—!" Roger's vocabulary failed him and he drew a sharp breath. Kate had drawn nearer to him and, with a little soft laugh, had knelt down to bury her face within the heart of a great pink rose.

"You perfect beauty," he heard her exclaim, who paused for a moment as if thinking while her eyes roamed comprehendingly about the garden. "Some one has been nurturing every flower in this place." She continued her admiration, and Roger Lane heard from time to time tinkling laughter and joyous delight in the flowers.

He stared scarcely to breathe, so fearful was he of losing her. In his spotless flannels and white silk shirt he, too, might well be mistaken for a ghost. His head, with its mass of sunny hair, resembled a Greek god carved in marble.

Kate tripped swiftly toward the clump of hedge plants. It was as if a hand had dragged her. Arriving there she caught a sharp breath, again put both hands over her heart and did the