

THE CALL
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER—THE NEWSPAPER OF AUTHORITY
FOUNDED DECEMBER 1, 1856
W. W. CHAPIN, Publisher
The fire fly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind—when we rest we are dark.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1913.

HARBOR HOME RULE

Municipal home rule for San Francisco's harbor is a live issue. It is an economic, a commercial issue, vitally related to the development and prosperity of San Francisco. It is not a political issue. It can not be determined on political lines.

San Francisco's demand for municipal home rule of its harbor involves nothing but a plea for the right to compete on fair terms with the other harbors of California—a plea for simple justice.

The legislature of 1911 conceded the right of harbor home rule to San Diego, Los Angeles, Long Beach and Oakland. It denied that right to San Francisco.

The legislature of 1913 has conceded, or is about to concede, the same right to virtually all the remaining California ports except San Francisco.

The cities granted harbor home rule by the legislature of 1911 have authorized and floated big bond issues. They are prosecuting ambitious plans for harbor improvements designed to make them handicap competitors with San Francisco for the new trade inevitably consequent upon the completion of the Panama canal.

Every home rule harbor city, by grace of the 1911 legislature, and every community receiving similar grants from the legislature of 1913 may operate free harbors. A free harbor is admittedly the goal of every one of them.

The competition of free harbors is not the greatest handicap San Francisco must labor under until such time as the legislature will concede it the rights it has cheerfully given other California ports. Its greatest handicap is to be found in the state control system.

In fairness there should be no disposition to belittle the efforts of the San Francisco harbor commission. Undoubtedly it has done its best—doing all it can do under the existing system.

The harbor commission has built some good wharves. It has others equally good under way. It is not contended that the state commission has any hope of completing harbor improvements which will enable San Francisco to handle its natural proportion of the new Panama canal trade or cope with the abnormal increase of business in 1915 incident to the Panama-Pacific exposition.

That involves no criticism of the harbor commission. It has no such hopes because it has nothing to found them upon. The state harbor commission can secure funds for harbor improvements only from the proceeds of bonds authorized by the people of the state. The bonds have been authorized. Indeed, they were authorized several years ago, but they remain unsold.

And there is the chief vice of state control of San Francisco's harbor. Subsequent to the authorization of the \$9,000,000 San Francisco harbor bonds four California cities were granted harbor home rule. They authorized bonded debts. They have sold their bonds. They are completing their harbor improvements.

Every attempt to float the state bonds for the San Francisco harbor at public sale has failed. The credit of the state means nothing to investors who can realize larger profits on the equally good credit of California municipalities.

Los Angeles and Oakland have had no difficulty in selling their harbor bonds. They are hastening their harbor construction. They are bidding for trade. Their bids are based on the superior accommodations they purpose to afford that trade.

Even the slow progress made by the San Francisco harbor commission on its plans has been contingent upon the state's ability to purchase a few of the state harbor bonds with other state funds.

San Francisco has no quarrel with the efforts of other cities to develop their harbors. This city can not be heard to complain against fair competition. San Francisco does complain of a situation which involves an unnatural handicap upon its development and prosperity. That is not politics. It is business. San Francisco will not be content until its business problem is settled on a fair business basis.

WAR ON THE MOSQUITO
The citizens of Hillsborough, San Mateo and Burlingame are entitled to the thanks of the people of California for their fight against the mosquito pest.

Their plans involve the construction of 15 miles of ditch and the expenditure of several thousands of dollars on crude oil ammunition for a war of extermination and prevention.

agreed that the mosquito is one of the chief distributing agencies for direful disease. California has not suffered from the activities of the yellow fever mosquito, but some of its communities have paid heavy toll to his typhoid cousin.

The commercial values of the kind of fight the people of San Mateo county purpose to make have been amply demonstrated in the east.

Along the Atlantic sea coast the mosquito pest has been an effectual bar to the development of many otherwise especially desirable localities. Intelligent and comparatively inexpensive prevention campaigns have removed that bar and permitted the development of several beauty spots in New Jersey.

In San Mateo county the mosquito has ever been regarded merely as a pest rather than a menace. His extermination can not fail to benefit the communities interested in the present campaign. Besides conducting to their own comfort, the success of the people of San Mateo can not fail to be an incentive to other communities in both northern and southern California.

ROOM FOR ONLY ONE FLAG

Right thinking men, citizens and aliens, will give quick approval to the naturalization policy adopted by United States District Judge Cushman of the Seattle district.

In passing upon applications for admission to citizenship recently, Judge Cushman interrogated each applicant closely as to his affiliations with or sympathies for such organizations as the I. W. W.

In one case the answers of the applicant did not carry conviction. The court took the application under advisement for one month.

The attitude of the court is righteous. Admission to American citizenship is sought both as a boon and as a privilege. It involves concession by the American people of the right to participate in the performance of their duties to themselves and their government.

Sympathy with American institutions, capacity and willingness to redeem the duties of American citizenship must be essential prerequisites for admission to that citizenship.

No man who does not believe in the essentials of our form of government, who does not believe in the rule of law, has any claim upon the fellowship of American citizens. It is the duty of every American citizen and of his courts to deny that fellowship to the unfit.

In this country there is room for but one flag, the stars and stripes; room only for those men and women who will exalt that flag, who will be true to what it represents. The judge who denies admission to all others serves his country well.

Corporations may be soulless, but not always without a sense of humor. The Southern Pacific has offered to permit the government to buy the old lands which the government contends the railroad took from it by fraud.

The 111 year old author of that sans wine, women and song longevity prescription has an edge on Doctor Friedmann. There is no danger that the efficacy of his discovery will be disproved by popular test.

The Chicago vice commission has made one strong bid for popular approval. It has decided that cubist art is immoral.

An American captain may prove himself a hero by risking his life to save a Mexican general, but that's no way to become a popular candidate for distinguished service decoration.

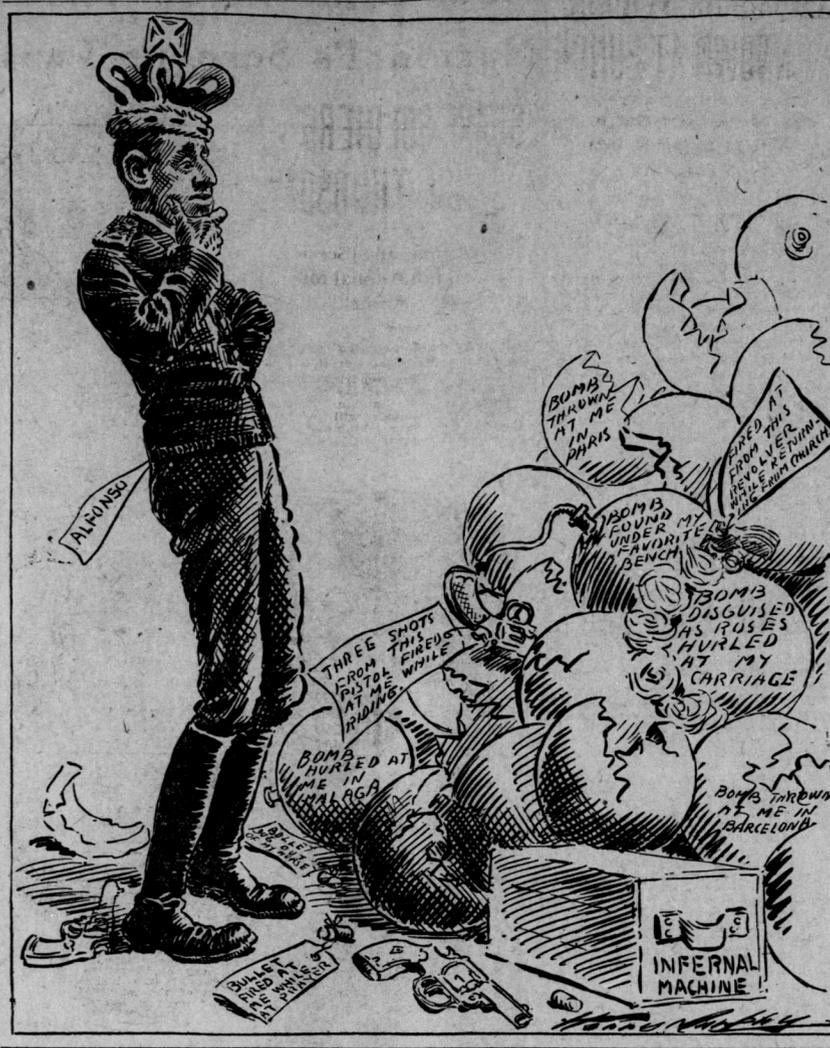
The violet is only an added starter in the modest handicap. Governor Foss of Massachusetts, serving his third term, says the man who seeks office is the one who doesn't get it.

"Have you a striking ideal for your novel?" "I should say so," replied the busy author. "We've got up a cover design that will make everything else on the newsstand look like a bunch of withered turnip tops in comparison."

"Did your rich uncle mention you in his will?" "Yes." "Lucky dog!" "Not at all. He specifically mentioned the fact that I was not to be given a dollar of his money."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Fawn Lippincott has an ole skillet her mother broke up housekeeping with. Ever dog has his day, but the feller that pays his bills is allus poplar.

His Collection of Souvenirs



FERRY TALES

To his friends in the commuter army, it would seem that W. W. Richards' ability to tell a good fish story is likely to get him into trouble. As a fisherman Richards is accepted by all good sportsmen as a member of the brotherhood in good standing. He respects the law, and it is not safe to doubt the most extravagant of his fish stories for the reason that he is an amateur photographer of skill and daring and makes it a game, when he kills a fish of phenomenal size, to take its picture just before he lands it.

He returned the other day from a fishing trip. With his wife he visited Boulder creek, and both of them, according to Richards' enthusiastic account of the sport, caught limit baskets. If he had stopped there all would have been well, but he did not stop, edged and, as the season is still young, there is no reason, beyond the fact that he is a fisherman, to doubt his word.

But Richards has to go into details. Four of the trout he caught one day, he explained with dancing eyes, weighed more than eight pounds apiece. The limit, as his friends read the law, is either 50 fish aggregating not more than 10 pounds in weight or 10 pounds and one fish.

Jack Walker, who is one of the candidates at the coming election in Alameda, is in trouble. He was brought up to respect the admonition "Ladies first." One of the candidates opposed to him is a woman. He would give her his seat in a crowded streetcar willingly. His early training would not allow him to retain it under such circumstances, but he does not want to give her the seat in the council. He has asked his commuter friends to advise him in the matter. They have passed his request up to me and I am passing it along. In the hope that someone will offer a suggestion as to how Walker can beat a lady and still be a gentleman.

This little incident is related as an expression of appreciation to a fair unknown for her action in publicly calling attention to the value of these ferry tales in everyday life.

It is a sort of sequel to the story of the army officers who lost their only gold piece down a Market street gutter grating and recovered it with the aid of a billiard cue and a wad of chewing gum.

It happened on a crowded streetcar. A passenger, lacking any smaller coin, tendered a \$5 gold piece in payment of his fare. The conductor was very nice about it, but just a bit clumsy, and after he had passed over the change he dropped the gold piece on the floor of the car. It rolled under a seat and into a crevice that was too narrow to admit the carman's fingers. He tried to dig it out with his knife, but the coin settled farther back in its retreat. He had exhausted his resources when the aforesaid fair unknown, who had been watching the struggle with interest, remarked:

"If you had been reading the ferry tales in The Call you could get that out in a jiffy. If you will give me a pencil and then get a piece of chewing gum I'll show you how to do it."

It worked just as well with the pencil as it had with the billiard cue. The moral of this story is obvious: Read the ferry tales.

This happened in front of the ferry building. A pedestrian crossing East street was almost run down by a two horse dray. The warning to "get out of the way," bawled at him by the teamster as he pulled up his horses, would have startled most men into jumping. The pedestrian stopped, looked up at the rearing horse and, perceiving teamster, took a cigar from his pocket and, walking around to the side of the juggernaut, handed it to the teamster.

"All right, old man, have a smoke," he said.

Queries Answered

BEST SINGER—S. City. There can be no comparison of Caruso and Tamagno as to which is the better singer. One is a dramatic, the other a lyric tenor.

HOLMIEB—J. L. H. City. The name "Holmieb" does not appear in the available list of millionaires of the United States or of Mexico.

CANARY—Mrs. L. City. If your canary mopes all day, you should have the bird treated by a bird fancier. It is probably suffering from an intestinal trouble.

MANHATTAN ISLAND—W. S. M. City. The area of Manhattan Island, New York, is 22 square miles.

SHOES—E. W. City. Those who want to use shoes for "biting for a long distance" usually use neatsfoot oil to "rub in" for several days in succession before starting out on the hike.

WINNING A PRIZE—Subscriber, Sausalito. The "rule of the game" is that whoever wins the game is entitled to the prize, but when a hostess, who has offered the prize at a game of whist, or the like, wins it, she generally desires a reply should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

POSTAGE STAMP—Subscriber, Berkeley. It is bad form to include a postage stamp in a letter called for a reply for the reason that it may drop to the floor in the opening of the envelope and letter, or it may stick to the paper and cause the recipient trouble and loss of time to get it off. A correspondent who desires a reply should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MIDAS TOUCH—J. B. City. The legend of "Midas touch" is that Midas, king of Phrygia, requested the gods to have everything he touched turned to gold. His request was granted, but as his food became gold the moment he touched it, he prayed the gods to take back their favor. They ordered him to bathe in the Pactolus, and the river every after rolled over golden sands.

VISIT TO EMPEROR—Subscriber, City. It was on December 4, 1907, that W. H. Taft, then secretary of war, paid a visit to Emperor Nicholas of Russia at St. Petersburg.

LANGUAGE—F. H. R. Berkeley. The common belief is that the Italian language is the softest, but there are many scholars who hold that the Turkish is the softest and most musical of all modern languages, being better adapted to musical notation and recitative than even the Italian.

PASSION FLOWER—F. M. G. City. The reason that a certain flower is called "the passion flower" is because the leaf symbolizes the spear; the five anthers the five wounds; the tendrils, the cords or whips; the column of the ovary, the pillars of the cross; the stamens, the hammers; the three styles, the three nails; the fleshy threads within the flower, the crown of thorns; the calyx, the glory of sinners; the white tint, purity, and the blue tint, heaven.

RELIGION—Subscriber, Oakland. This department will not answer questions as to the religious belief of any person.

EASTER DATE—M. S. Tulare. The date of Easter Sunday, the great movable feast, is determined by the full moon. At the council of Nice it was decided that the first Sunday after the full moon occurring on or after the 21st of March should be observed as Easter Sunday. If the first full moon after that date falls on a Sunday, then the succeeding Sunday is designated as Easter Sunday.

FOR NERVOUS BRIDES
"The flower for the Easter bride's bouquet is the orchid," said a florist. "It is not alone the orchid's beauty that makes it the bride's flower par excellence—it is above all its lack of scent." "Brides, you know, are very nervous. Well, when one is very nervous, perfume is likely to make one faint. The perfume of violets and orange blossoms and lilies in bridal bouquets has caused innumerable faints among brides. Why, sometimes, too—the florist smiled "sometimes, too, the groom has got a whiff of these flowers and fainted." "Yes, orchids, beautiful and scentless, are best for Easter brides, bouquets, and the best orchid for this purpose were it not so rare—would be the 'dove' one."

"The 'dove' orchid grows on fallen trees in the marshes of South America. Its center precisely resembles a dove in flight. It is of a waxen white, with lilac blotches. This orchid by the Christian Indians is regarded as an Easter flower of divine efficacy. They go so far as to kneel and pray before it."

LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

HOTEL NEWS

Dr. J. M. Hicks of Los Angeles is at the Statler.

Dr. Rae Bell and wife of Eureka are guests at the Palace.

A. E. Williams from Chicago is stopping at the Baldwin.

J. C. Miller, banker from Denver, Colo., is at the Bellevue.

E. H. McDonald, a mining man of Spokane, is at the Statler.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Field of Boston are registered at the Palace.

A. B. Levy, a merchant of Williams, and Mrs. Levy are at the Statler.

E. W. Carter, a mining man of Medford, is stopping at the Manx.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Jones from Seattle are stopping at the Columbia.

Allen Beebe, a ship owner of Vancouver, B. C., is at the Bellevue.

Charles L. Lock, a retired capitalist of Oroville, is staying at the Statler.

R. L. Ferral, who has large lumber interests at McCloud, is at the Manx.

S. B. Grady, a business man from Tonopah, is stopping at the Columbia.

Dr. Marshall, a prominent resident of Eureka, is registered at the Dale.

Herbert V. Keeling, an attorney of Lakeport, is a guest at the Statler.

D. J. Reece, publisher of Free Press at Ventura, is a guest at the Argonaut.

H. A. Storber, an attorney from Montclair, N. J., is a guest at the Bellevue.

H. McDonald, stopping at the Dale, is a well known merchant of Santa Rosa.

George T. Foyes, a business man of Medford, and Mrs. Foyes are at the Manx.

F. W. Biscoe, from Bakersfield, a prominent oilman, is registered at the Statler.

R. Rolando of Nome, Alaska, a prominent mining man, is stopping at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wyman and Miss H. R. Godfrey of Boston are at the Fairmont.

E. W. Turner, a dealer in electrical supplies at Marysville, is registered at the Argonaut.

P. B. Chislin, politician, hotel owner and rancher of Santa Cruz, is a guest at the Statler.

F. H. Page, owner of a wholesale fruit and produce house at Portland, is at the St. Francis.

Ralph and Robert D. Bardwell, manufacturers of Pittsfield, Mass., are staying at the St. Francis.

Archibald A. Young, owner of three hotels in Honolulu, is at the Statler.

Mr. Young is here for his health.

Just What Difference Will An Answer Book Make to Me?

So Writes a Contestant; And This Is the Difference It Will Make:

If you have an Answer Book:
1. You will require only one copy of each picture, no matter though you make 10 different answers to each picture.
2. You will have a compact set of answers, easy to carry around, and easy to put into your pocket or handbag.
3. You will be freed from the bother of chasing separate pictures around the house.

4. You will not have to take any more pains with your set, in handing it in, than merely to write your name and address on the last page of the Answer Book before wrapping it up.
If you do not have an Answer Book:
1. You must secure a separate picture, with its coupon, on which to submit each answer you make. If you make an average of six answers to each picture, you will have to secure 6 times 77, or 462 pictures, with their coupons. They cost 5 cents each.

2. You will have a bulky and bulky set of pictures, hard to manage, hard to keep in their proper order.
3. You will spend a considerable portion of your time pursuing escaped pictures around the house. Every time any one opens a door or window it will mean another search under chair, tables, the lounge, etc., for vagrant pictures.

4. When getting ready to hand in your set, you will have to write your name and address on each coupon, for fear that the pictures will get scattered while they are being checked over. In this process of checking, with thousands of sets being handled, one set is apt to be dropped, its bindings broken open, and the pictures scattered around over the floor.
Also, the pictures will have to be bound together at the tops in some way, either by tying the mtogther with thread or string, pasting them together, or in some other way.

These are the differences the Answer Book will make. Think them over.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES
The Answer Book circles are printed on their proper pages. Probably a full month will be granted after the appearance of the seventy-seventh picture before the sets of answers will be called for. That will give plenty of time to finish solving the final pictures, etc.
Question: In arriving at an answer, can one rely on a picture being drawn to distinguish it from "possible" answers?
Answer: No. Understand that the person selecting a title to be represented by a picture does not take into consideration any other title in the catalog—except to make sure that the title has not already been selected. A title is picked out by the artist, and he is told to draw a fair certain picture. The title is not compared with other titles in the catalog. There is, in fact, very little detail work in the pictures.

The Call's Daily Short Story

A WIDOW AND A HORSE

It was facetiously said of Elder Parker of the town of West Bend that he was introduced to the Widow Holmes by a horse. The elder was actively concerned with a church and had been a widower for several years when the event took place.

Elder Parker did not countenance dancing. He looked upon a fiddle as an invention of satan. He argued that no man should go beyond a single glass of sweet cider. He chased checkers as gambling. He thought the candy pull the beginning of the downward road. When a boy sat on the steps of the church and whistled a topical air the elder chased and named him.

It was the elder's severity in one direction and his laxity in another that puzzled people. He owned and drove the fastest stepping horse in the town. When out on the road he passed every thing on four legs and he was far worse to own a trotting horse than it was to go to a candy pull and kiss the girls, but the elder refused to argue the matter.

What was the matter with the good man, although he himself did not suspect it, was that away back among his ancestors—clear back to Miles Standish and perhaps to William the Conqueror—was a game old sport who couldn't be bluffed. A drop or two of his blood had come along down to the elder. It made him a horse sport. He could keep his trotter off the road, but he couldn't hold him on the road.

The Widow Holmes was a newcomer. She had a farm about two miles from town and she drove in about a week on errands. The horse she drove was a bay gelding, 6 years old, with a white star in his face, and he had a knee motion to beat the band. When the widow came to town she was not annoyed by men gazing at her. Her horse occupied all their attention.

It happened just at this time that Elder Parker had to make a journey to Wisconsin and away from some weeks, but he heard about the widow and her horse. In fact, he was told that she might as well sell his trotter for the best price he could get for it. He was no longer king of the highway.

"Oh, he isn't, eh?" sniffed the elder when he read the letter. "Got a new widow and a new horse, have they?" The drop of the sporting blood was waking up. It caused the elder to cut short his visit by several days, though he wouldn't have owned it even to himself for \$100. He was one of his fellow church members that said to him when he returned home:

"Well, elder, we are all anxiously waiting to hear about the west?" was asked. "Oh, no. We want to see which is the best horse." "How do you mean?" "There are those who say that you must keep off the Red Bridge road or you will have to swallow the dust of a better horse."

"Brother Barmalee, do you take me for a jockey?" was demanded. "Of course not, but you have been driving the fastest horse in the country and—"

"And what if I have, sir?" "Why—why—" "And what if I continue to drive the fastest horse in the country?" "There was no reply to that, but it was generally agreed that the question of speed would be settled before many days; that is, no one knew what the Widow Holmes would do, but she didn't look like a woman who would permit anybody to raise a cloud of dust in front of her.

After he had been at home three or four days the elder began to jog his horse, but on another road. The horse wanted limbering up, but if not to beat the widow's horse for what? One morning the good man was seen to take the Red Bridge road. Not a word did he say and not a look did he look, but a hundred men realized what was on his mind. It was one of the days when the widow would permit out to town. In wagons, buggies and on foot the men began to stream out. By and by the elder came jogging back from up the road.

"Hey, elder, is there going to be a race?" "Race? Race?" he queried as he pulled up.

The look on the good man's face was childlike and bland when he turned about and jogged the other way, and there was by his murmuring of the crowd. The widow's rig was in sight far away. The elder had gone up the road a mile before he encountered her. It didn't bow. She didn't look at him.