

THE CALL
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We fall to rise; are baffled to fight better.—Browning.
MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1913.

the correct attitude of the person to whom the announcement is sent? Engagements, weddings and births are acknowledged with gifts. Evidently the proper thing under the circumstances would be for the divorcee to snitch a few mementoes from her whilom spouse and send them to her girl friends. There seems no other way of softening the sadness of the announcement.

PEACE DAY

Peace Day, which The Call has been happy to foster, is likely to have more general celebration this year than last. A bulletin of the United States bureau of education, which is just issued under the title of "The Promotion of Peace," notes that a somewhat similar bulletin issued last year, entitled "Peace Day," was called for to the extent of 50,000 copies.

With Peace Day becoming established, as this year will no doubt see generally the case, the effect on the peace spirit of the nation can not help being most beneficial. It is in the schools that the characters of the future voters are formed, and the celebration of this new holiday in the manner proposed will contribute very much as an educative force for the future.

The expense of war among the civilized nations since 1861 has been more than fourteen billion dollars, on nearly all of which the world still pays interest. There seems to be no end to war expenses.

The very latest war expenditure ought to commend itself to President Jordan for one reason. Germany proposes, in order to meet a proposed military expenditure of a quarter of a billion dollars, not to tax in the ordinary sense, but to take a slice right out of a man's property. This slice is proportioned to a man's wealth, to be sure, but it is large enough to make every one make an outcry; for if a man is worth fifty thousand dollars he has to give up one hundred and twenty-five dollars. If he is worth twenty-five millions he would have to pay one million dollars, which would probably be pretty near a whole year's income. More power to the German plan, for it is certain to end sooner or later the German mania for militarism. The most jingo Junker in Germany may stand for a huge war tax, but when it is proposed to eat up his capital he will be likely to become an advocate of peace. Some of these phases of militarism would be well to have before the children on Peace Day as well as the program which the bureau of education offers of Kipling, Tennyson and other poets. Facts are sometimes much more effective with children than poetry.

Illinois has an anti-alien land ownership statute. Such a statute no California legislature would have the effrontery to enact. It provides not alone for escheat, after six years, if the alien land owner does not become a citizen, but it makes the action of escheat a source of profit for the state's attorney.

If for any reason the state's attorney overlooks the financial good thing, any patriotic citizen may start the action on "spec" and compensate himself in a sum not to exceed 20 per cent of the sale price of the property.

Before the Tribune presumes again to lecture California it would do well to consult the Illinois statutes. If the Tribune is denied access to the laws of its own state, it might with profit apply to the state secretaries of its neighbors, Kentucky and Missouri, for copies of the alien land laws of those commonwealths.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Eastern discussion of California's proposed anti-alien legislation has proved that monumental ignorance may be an exceedingly offensive thing.

THE MECHANICS' FAIR

It is good news that the mechanics' fair is to be revived after a dozen years of abeyance, for in the old days it was an annual event of much importance, and it can be made very useful to the community if it is well managed in the interest of the public.

Boston, New York and Philadelphia have for many years found it advisable and desirable to keep in existence an annual event of the nature of a mechanics' fair. An exposition of the kind which shall show to the people of hereabouts what they themselves are doing will act as an excellent stimulus to industry of all kinds. It will, well conducted, reach a large class of people who seem to appreciate that kind of instructive entertainment better than any other.

By a system of awards and rewards invention can be aided and meritorious products brought favorably to the attention of the public.

No city is too big to profit by a mechanics' fair, and it is to be hoped that San Francisco will become the model of its kind.

DIVORCED—WITH CARDS

The formal announcement in the Army and Navy Journal by a father and mother, of the divorce of their daughter, after the fashion of an engagement announcement, not only adds to the gayety of nations, but is another step forward by a free social democracy. No longer used the hitherto concealed skeleton of divorce rattle forth at most unexpected moments to startle the divorced lady or gentleman.

With the general adoption of a formal public announcement of divorce, Dame Scandal will have to look elsewhere for subjects over which to hang a Damoclean sword, or about which she can create a buzz-buzz in the drawing rooms.

This is a democratic country, which advocates a broad construction of the reserved rights of the people who call a spade a spade and are anxious to the world their demands for rightful independence, even if it is the independence of the divorce court. With the practice of sending out nicely engraved cards announcing divorce in general use, more than ever will it make an exception of Eve, who, as the song says, was the only woman in history who ever took her husband's side.

The formal announcement and the sending of cards covering the subject raises the question, "What should be

the correct attitude of the person to whom the announcement is sent? Engagements, weddings and births are acknowledged with gifts. Evidently the proper thing under the circumstances would be for the divorcee to snitch a few mementoes from her whilom spouse and send them to her girl friends. There seems no other way of softening the sadness of the announcement.

At the McKinley school in Berkeley a soldier of fortune delivered a lecture the other day to the pupils. This is how it impressed a Berkeley reporter: "The veteran British soldier" (Sergeant Major G. H. School, Fort Me-Leod, Alberta, was the gentleman) "gave a description of the fierce battles fought by his troop against the savages in Africa, sketches of the Boer war, and told about his adventures in the big game country."

Here is how it impressed one of the small boys for whose inspiration the lecture was intended: "We had a lecture today at school, but it wasn't much. It was by an Englishman and he got up an' just boasted an' boasted. Gee! How he boasted."



FERRY TALES

The ancient mariner rose to remark the other morning that he had noticed in the paper that Lieutenant Commander William Pigot Cronan, U. S. N., was coming west to marry Miss Nelly Grant and that he wanted the other fellows to know that Cronan was the best story teller in the navy. "Get hold of him when he comes out here if you can," said the ancient one, "and get him started. He knows 'em by the score and knows how to tell 'em."

When Cronan was a junior officer he was sent one day, down in Chile, with a message from the commander of his ship to the captain of a British warship that was anchored in the same harbor. He boarded the British cruiser and asked for the officer of the deck, through whom he sent a request for an interview with the captain. After a brief delay he was ushered into the cabin.

The captain, a rosy cheeked giant, stepped forward with hand extended. "My name's Mulvaney," said the skipper, in a rich brogue, "What's yours?"

"My name is Cronan, sir," replied the ensign, who adopted for the occasion a brogue as mellow as the skipper's.

"Cronan?" repeated the British captain. "Cronan? And what are ye doin' on that ship? Sure it's here ye belong."

Cronan told the story to the steersman mess when he returned to his ship. The story spread through the navy, as stories will, and for years after, wherever Cronan went he was greeted with: "Cronan?—And what are ye doin' on that ship?"

Cronan's home is in New Haven, where his family has been socially prominent for several generations. Cronan's specialty in the story telling line are tales of long eastern sea-farers. The ancient mariner handed out a sample the other morning, when he told us Cronan's tale of the skipper and mate of the old whaling bark Mozambique. The incident was related to Cronan by the mate.

Captain and mate—Simmons was their name—were brothers. When at home they were everything to each other that brothers ought to be, but the moment they stepped aboard the Mozambique they became master and mate and held no communication with each other except as required by their official duties. In fact, Captain Simmons was just a bit overbearing at times and a little more exacting than Mate Simmons thought necessary, even for the preservation of discipline.

One day, however, Mate Simon's rare skill with the harpoon resulted in the capture of an unusually large whale. It meant a small fortune to Captain Simmons, who as skipper, was entitled to the largest share. When the whale had been brought alongside, securely moored and all hands turned to at the task of removing the bone and stripping the blubber, Captain Simmons called Mate Simmons to the quarter deck.

"Mate Simmons," he said, "you have done well. Come into my cabin, sir, and I will give you wines, liqueurs and Hay-vana segars."

Mate Simmons is telling the story. "Captain Simmons," I says, assumin' a dignified attitud, "I don't want none of your wines, liqueurs nor Hay-vana segars. All I want from you, sir, is civ-il-eye-tee-an' of the commonest gold-darned kind. An' with that I turns on my heel an' walks for'ard."

Note: "Gold-darned" is pretty mild for a whaler, but strong enough for a ferry tale.

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VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THANKS CALL'S REVIEWS Editor Call: May I be permitted to say, Thank you a thousand times! I mean, of course, for your reviewer's arraignment of Gouverneur Morris in The Call of April 21. I am a young woman and a busy woman, and the object of most of my reading is—or, rather, used to be—amusement. I say "used to be" advisedly, for, alas, there is no humor or even honest entertainment in the pages of the modern novel as dished up to us in our popular magazines. How all these wise, superior, cultivated people hooted at the inanity of those deuced old standbys—I mention these as synonyms of inanity—the Dotty Dimple, Elsie and Pansy books, and yet they have offered us in their stead inanities a thousand times more inane—modern fiction with its demil-monde morals, measuring their worth of a woman by her silk stockings or her "hair of burnished gold" (they are not particular which); her attractiveness by the salacious praise of a lover who is not her husband, and her virtue by the "Barbary Coast" smack-infling episodes she can confess when she bates her soul to the world. A heroine who can't love her soul is a delusion, and womanly charm is defined by womanly indiscretion. Oh, great is this day of modern uplift!

That the Lord, printed nastiness and indecency and wickedness are become so common we are beginning to get bored, and in boredom lies our salvation. In the meantime hit him again and his plea, please, whenever you get the chance, for the sake of those of us who must read trash because we have acquired a very bad habit, yet would like to read with a little moral comfort. A SOUTHERNER.

P. S.—I haven't the nerve to sign my name, but just the same I mean every word of it. San Diego, April 21.

ONE FLAG

Editor Call: I am pleased to see The Call taking its free and independent stand. When I came to America some years ago the immigrant was in demand for good wages and would steadily work the year round. Who were my competitors? German, Irishmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Frenchmen, Canadians. There was no much labor saving machinery in operation then. There was not one organization then where there is 50 now. We all worked in harmony. Everybody seemed satisfied with his lot.

Now the immigrant is in demand more seemingly than ever before. What effect do those who come here on the labor market? Do they have steady work? How about the labor saving machinery? What are organizations doing? Are they making the people more contented? Is it not a fact that the army of the unemployed is growing larger every year?

Regulate this immigration or it will ruin the nation. Let America remain a white man's country with one flag, one flag—stars and stripes. Any one who can not live under that flag let him get out and stay out. Let California lead; others will follow.

One for all; all for one. America for Americans. H. A. R. San Francisco, April 19.

DEFEND THE TEMPTED GIRL

Editor Call: It seems scarcely possible that this never to have been issued of April 16 could be so misunderstood and misconstrued as it apparently has been by the San Diego lady whose indignant rejoinder was published in this morning's Call, and who refers to me as being "positively funny" and "almost a joke" because, in answer to the communication of an earlier correspondent, I had made some slight effort to defend the "tempted" business and working girl.

It may be highly virtuous, as she contends, to think never to have been offered temptation, but some thinkers contend that the one who is tempted and still remains pure gives proof of a virtue that the untempted may possess, but have not proven. A reference to my former epistle will show that I never said, nor implied, that all men were "acquainted" in their attitude toward unsuspecting and ingenuous girls. I specifically referred to evil men.

Judging from her letter, my fair-critic will have no need to repeat that portion of the Lord's prayer which says: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

ONE INTERESTED. San Francisco, April 22.

HOTEL NEWS

Charles N. Parsons of New York is at the Palace.

J. F. Kelley, a farmer of Bangor, Me., is at the Stewart.

A. B. Miller, a canner of Marysville, is at the Stewart.

J. L. Ward, a rancher of Modesto, is a guest at the Court.

G. M. Sterned, an attorney from Reno, is at the Sutter.

E. H. Winship, a merchant of Napa, is staying at the Manx.

John Bunking, a merchant of Vancouver, is at the Manx.

Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch concert singer, is at the Fairmont.

L. E. Hotelling, a business man of Dunsmuir, is at the Manx.

Dr. C. F. Farnsworth of Los Angeles is registered at the Palace.

C. R. Robbins, a business man of Sacramento, is at the St. Francis.

Dr. Robert E. Smith and wife of Sacramento are at the Union Square.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Devlin of Providence, R. I., are at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Edson and Mrs. Joseph Leeb, an oil man of the Lost Hills district, is staying at the Sutter.

C. L. Anderson, a railroad official from Des Moines, is staying at the Court.

Judge E. P. McDaniel of the superior court of Yuba county is registered at the Stewart.

Frederick O'Brien, editor and publisher of a newspaper at Oxnard, is at the Argonaut.

Edward Hyatt, superintendent of public instruction at Sacramento, is at the Argonaut.

S. D. Bales, a banker of Los Gatos, and Mrs. Bales are staying at the Union Square.

E. G. Steele and S. W. Kelley, business men of Hartford, Conn., are staying at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Coghlan, Wilton Lackaye, Max C. Jones, Robert Edson and Amelia Sumner, five of the members of the United States circuit court of appeals from Los Angeles, and Judge W. B. Gilbert, a member of the same court from San Francisco, have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

J. B. Higgins, superintendent of a mine in Ecuador, who is staying at the St. Francis, with his wife and son, says that the trouble in Mexico will be over soon. Mr. Higgins said: "We have been affected more or less in Ecuador on account of the revolution in Mexico, but I think that the war will be over very soon now. Of course the great trouble with us who have to ship and receive goods through Mexico is the destruction of transportation facilities. The mine of which I am superintendent, the South American Development Mines company, is in a flourishing condition. I am on my way back to South America now."

Alfred Grimes, a retired banker of London, who is at the Stewart, says that the suffragettes in England are losing ground daily. Mr. Grimes said: "The action of the women in burning government buildings, assaults upon government officials and attempts at destruction of private homes and public grounds and gardens, has alienated hundreds of thousands of men and women from the movement. The leaders of the militants who have sought to place themselves on an altar of martyrdom by refusing to take food are now looked on as bordering upon lunacy instead of appealing to the sympathies of the people, as was the case a year ago. Women were not born for rough work nor for violence, and the course of the militants by which they have brought ridicule upon the cause is now abhorrent to the more industrious women of England, who in the past have been in sympathy with the suffragettes. Suffrage will never come to the women of England until they return to sanity."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS Senator Tillman, discussing the senatorial fight in the senate, said: "There are certain pretended champions of seniority who rebuke seniority's open foes. But these false champions are worse than the other fellows. They are like Binks. 'Binks, with a yawn, said to a fisherman: 'Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a watchin' you three hours, and you ain't had a bite.' 'Wall, drawed the fisherman, 'my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gittin' a bite.'"

Sunday Sermons

Modern progress along the line of more complete religious understanding occupied the attention of preachers in the churches of San Francisco yesterday to a large extent. The religious significance of commercial and intellectual advancement also came in for discussion as a theme correlated to the problems of religion in itself.

Rev. William Rader preached last night at Calvary Presbyterian church on the subject of "Life Lessons From the Character of J. Pierpont Morgan." He said in part: "Let us think of Morgan as a defender of great interests which came to the rescue of the Erie and Susquehanna, the West Shore, the Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio and Philadelphia and Reading railroads a time when they were in distress. He bought British bonds and stood like a pillar of rock under the English treasury during the Boer war, an act which has done more to make America a great power than any other obligation to him. "As a bee gathers honey from flowers, so did he gather priceless treasures from all parts of the earth. This honey he has stored in parks in the Metropolitan museum in New York, which is one of many memorials he left to his name. "Think of the manuscripts he bought, manuscripts of Byron, Shelley and Browning and Thackeray, whose 'Vanity Fair' is complete. Precious old Bibles were his. He owned Scott's Bible, the copy of which he spent £100,000. Lockhart in these words, 'There is one book, the bible.' "He gathered gems and jewels, porcelains and tapestries, cups and saucers, silver, pearls and diamonds, costly Madonnas and paintings, masterpieces painted by the great artists and ornaments which required fortunes to buy. He was invited to give the remains in art of the renaissance. Pierpont Morgan, more than any other man, took the first step to shift the art center from Europe to our country. "The man who did these things has given a stream of gold to the world. His philanthropies would fill a volume. He was a mathematician turn of mind who was invited to teach in the German university. In business he was the Cromwell of America, a Titan in the business affairs of the nation. "He came upon a stage when our mines were opening, our tools were shaping, our railroads building, and our natural resources evolving. "No criticism can be made against Morgan that can not be made against the whole system of commerce. He took nothing with him, but left all to his country. "Would you have done what he did? Then don't find fault. He declared his faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ and was a consistent member of the Episcopal church. "George F. Watts, the artist, has given us a picture of a dead man who was left the laurel wreath of fame, the spear, the gauntlet and the golden shield, the paucok feather, symbol of luxury, the lute, the cockle shell and the crown, all of which describes the old German motto suggesting the death of Pierpont Morgan. What I gave, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have."

URGES WAR SPIRIT FOR CHRISTIANITY

"The militant note in Christianity" was the title of the sermon delivered by Rev. W. C. Poole at Wesley Methodist Episcopal church yesterday morning. He said in part: "Professor James recently of Harvard university declared that what our modern world most needs is a 'moral equivalent to war,' something that will appeal to men as universally as war and which, by destroying men's souls will save them. "Nearly a century before this John Wesley had said 'I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Jesus Christ.' Paul the apostle had anticipated both of them by a frequent use in his writings of the imagery of war. Some of his most graphic and effective metaphors come from the barracks and the battlefield. The Christian life is set forth with adequacy and picturesqueness by the use of military phraseology. "Again and again the processes of the victorious life are exhibited in terms which show that the characteristic virtues of the soldier are the crowning virtues of the saint. "A tried impenitence is that in some quarters it has lost its appeal for men because it lacks virility. It has lost its robustness. Christianity has become a mere lifeless form. No mighty challenge thrills men. No great imperative stirs men's sluggishness. The heroic note, the militant note, is somehow lost. So often the appeal is made on the ground of advantage, and not often enough on the basis of service. Too often men are told what they will get and not often enough what they must give. "Jesus where we must put it if we expect to succeed. He knew the human heart as no one else ever knew it. He knew that heroism is indigenous to the human heart; it is a part of the life of trumpets. There is something in it that goes out to face danger, deprivation and death. "If we can the church today best utilize the heroic element, we must strip away and wool of the race? Surely not by seeking to obliterate the line of demarcation between Christianity and non-Christianity, but by the taking out of the religious things that call for sacrifice and service. "The world in its same moments will turn with reluctance to a cheap religion and to represent Christianity, which is inseparable from the cross as a cheap system of truth so flexible as to accommodate itself to every human fancy and to every passing fancy. "Christianity will continue endlessly fascinating as we consistently stress the militant note. Every man as a son of God has an immeasurable capacity for heroism because God has made an unalterable opposition to the things against which the warfare is waged."

PRAYERS OF RIGHT SORT ARE NEEDED

Rev. Albert Ehrhart preached Sunday morning at the Hamilton Square Baptist church on "The Larger Christ," and said in part: "No new historic Christ is the need of the hour, but a new emphasis upon all that the same old Lord Jesus Christ has stood for. To preach him in the language of today, we must preach for the needs of today, is to preach a gospel as new and as old as life itself. More should take Jesus Christ more seriously and make up their minds that he intended his teaching to be applied to this life as well as to that beyond. One is astonished at even good men's objections to the practical and practical work of Christ. If it is too ideal or impracticable, what is the use of preaching at all? "If Christ were truly made Lord in the church it would be a far bigger thing than any creed, any book and ritual or ordinances, yea, bigger than any church organization. Because so often the church is exalted over Christ and his truth, men are considered 'good and regular standing' as church men, while their 'secular' record flatly belies this. Such men pray on their knees on Sunday, and prey on their neighbors the rest of the week. Mammon is given the place of ruling honor in the church rather than Christ. When properly interpreted, what should be the teachings of Jesus Christ as they apply to fundamental morals, which all right thinking men agree, be injected into our institutions of learning? "The separation of church and state does not mean the divorce of religion from the public affairs of the people. The church should teach the people the great truths which will urge men to vote as they should. Many need to be taught to pray right, especially when one foolishly prays 'God bless the rich and help the poor to be content with what they have.' There has been too much of that kind of blind submission which means special advantage to avaricious men. They need a religious balance to produce stout hearted statesmanship over against professional politicians. We must have men in the state affairs who will not subvert the people's good to their own interests. "Away with selfish avarice! Smash all fantastic theological tenets which hinder such a crowning of Christ Jesus as kings of love in practice here and now."

TOLD AND RETOLD

Francis Wilson is an authority, as his brilliant writings show, on stage history; and the other day, at the Players in Grannery park, he talked in a most interesting way about stage gags. "The best gag in stage history," Mr. Wilson said, "was undoubtedly an impromptu of Mrs. Keeley's. Mrs. Keeley was playing a boy's part in 'Genevieve.' She was taken before a judge in this part, and the judge asked sternly: "Now then, where are your accomplices?" "To this question Mrs. Keeley roughly replied, as she gave a nautical hitch to her trousers: "I don't wear any. They keep up without me." "This impromptu gag was so successful that from that night on Mrs. Keeley did not have to answer the judge's question—the gallery in resounding chorus—'Did it for her.'"

AS ADVERTISED

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, said as he gathered a bouquet of violets in Santa Rosa on a brilliant December morning: "Why do so many of our misguided people shiver and cough on the Riviera in the winter when they might bask here in which I mean under the palms? The Riviera never had the man who opened a boarding house at Saranac lake and advertised it as a winter resort."

EVANGELISM MAKES HARVEST CERTAIN

At the First Baptist church, Pastor George E. Burlingame continued the series of sermons on "Successful Evangelism," his topic being "The Harvest." From the text, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." He said in part: "How can a Christian be satisfied with an evangelism which yields no results? "Evangelism has within its very nature the assurance and promise of harvest. Paul declares that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. Its end is salvation, its design to yield results, and constancy in evangelism brings the promised harvest. "A spirit of expectancy is a condition of successful evangelism. "Many of the churches lack the expectant spirit, the intense alertness of a great hope in God that he will bless the word which we proclaim. And because we expect not, because we ask not, it follows that we have not. We are not seed sowing in faith a certain harvest. We fish for pastime rather than for fish—and we get no fish. "We may be confident that if the word of God is faithfully proclaimed and consistently lived by his children the harvest will surely follow and some will believe. Moreover, the sower may not be humbled and listen to our gospel, even as Saul, the persecutor, became a penitent and an inquirer. Thirteen years ago China was reeking

A SQUARE DEAL

Arthur Teale, rear commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club, claims to have attended a funeral on a boat when the service was getting fairly under way, an intoxicated person wandered into the chapel and staggered up the aisle to a seat near the front, says the Saturday Evening Post. "The sexton rose to eject him, but as the stranger seemed to have fallen into a daze he deemed it best to leave him alone until the last and then was concluded. The clergyman proceeded with the ritual until he reached the passage: "And after darkness, there shall be light." "The intoxicated party straightened up. "There," he said, addressing the gathering generally, "could anything on earth be fairer than this?"

HELP THE WEAK

The assembly displayed good sense in thwarting the effort to expel school boys who smoke cigars. Throwing a boy out in the streets is a very weak weakness is little short of idiotic. It is up to the schools to strive to correct what is wrong rather than wash their hands of the responsibility.—Stockton Independent.

