

THE CALL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER—THE NEWSPAPER OF AUTHORITY
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GOOD GOVERNMENT IS CHEAP

There is good advertising for San Francisco in the 1913-14 budget as passed to print by the board of supervisors.

It furnishes the best proof that San Francisco's affairs are in the hands of a business administration.

As passed to print by the majority of the board, the budget carries an increase of 1 cent on the \$100 over the budget reported by the finance committee.

Naturally enough, the increase was opposed by the members of the finance committee. In support of their original estimates they solemnly warned the majority that it would be charged with extravagance by an outraged public.

An analysis of the budget fails to disclose justification for that fear. The total of the increase over the finance committee's estimate is \$52,849.

With the possible exception of one item for \$5,400 for six road guards in the sheriff's department, there is nothing in the added schedule that will challenge public criticism.

It may be assumed that the majority of the board was convinced that the sheriff's demand was based upon necessity before it gave its approval to that item.

The tax rate, less the exposition tax, will be \$2.20 on the \$100 of assessed valuation. Inclusive of the exposition tax, it will be \$2.24. That rate is estimated on the exceedingly modest assessment total of \$523,500,000.

The test of the administration's work is to be found in a comparison of the proposed with the last budget. The increase in the total over the total of the appropriations for the current year is approximately \$1,390,000.

That total is approximately one-half the amount included in the budget for redemption and interest payments on bonded obligations incurred by the vote of the people.

That means that a saving of nearly \$1,500,000 in the expense of government has been worked for the people by the Rolph administration.

The tax rate is lower than that of any city of like proportions in America. It is the tax rate of a city rebuilt in seven years. It is based on a real estate assessment made on a theoretical 60 per cent basis.

It is only a theoretical 60 per cent. The actual average of the assessment will be found somewhere between 35 per cent and 50 per cent of the property values.

San Francisco is buying government cheaper and getting a better run for its money than any big city in America.

STATE BUILDING ASSURED

The vote of the California county supervisors' convention on the proposition of the exposition company, presented through Vice President Hale, settles the question of a California state building at the exposition affirmatively.

It may be assumed that the county supervisors who voted in favor of the plan did so advisedly, and are fully aware of the public sentiment of their home people, and it may reasonably be further assumed that as the construction of a building is now assured, practically all of the counties of the state that can possibly do so will fall in line.

The erection of a building with 100,000 feet of floor space suitable for county exhibition purposes and for free lecture and reception rooms for each of the five sections of the state makes certain a building of character and dignity worthy of the state.

The solution of this important question has been happily made. The impression has gone abroad that the state of California was to have no building of its own at its own exposition. Of course, this has never been true in fact; but now that one is to be provided for the benefit of every county in the state, and to be known as such, the idea to the contrary can be shown to be false.

How creditable the counties' exhibitions shall be remains for them to show. Doubtless their natural and just rivalry will result in making the exhibition of the state's resources, as shown by the counties themselves, one of surpassing interest.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

The Knights of the Royal Arch have instructed their incoming state officers to prosecute a crusade against the "blind pig."

That means that the licensed liquor business is going to fight for the suppression of the unlicensed liquor traffic. Avowedly the fight is one for self-preservation. Nevertheless, it is based on moral rather than competitive business grounds.

The reason for the crusade as announced in the resolution unanimously adopted by the Royal Arch convention was that the "blind pigs" were responsible for the spread of drunkenness and were working to the injury of the legitimized liquor interests.

That is a valid reason. It is founded in truth. The public will welcome the fight ordered by the licensed liquor

dealers. It will welcome the suppression of a widespread and vicious nuisance.

There is, however, the spice of unpleasant humor in the fact that the licensed liquor trade has been forced to assume responsibility for the performance of one of the duties of the police departments of this state.

Several sections of San Francisco are literally crowded with "blind pig" establishments. Conducted generally in the guise of grocery shops, they are a genuine menace to the neighborhoods infested by them.

Under some administrations they have been cordially encouraged. No recent administration has made any attempt like a serious attempt to abate them.

None save the police department seems to have any difficulty finding the illicit liquor shops. The neighbors know where they are. Every licensed saloon man can point out the "pigs" in his district.

The federal license record furnishes a fairly comprehensive list of them. That list seems to be available to every one but the police officials. With the co-operation of the Royal Arch it is not too much to hope that it may be made available to the police department.

Meanwhile the public may hope for some relief from the promise of the liquor trade to do what the police department has failed to do.

ANOTHER CLUB ROW

The news columns of the daily press have been carrying the information that Prof. J. McKeen Cattell, one of the professors who has reflected honor on Columbia university of New York, has been informed that his resignation will be welcome on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary this year, on account of his attitude toward the Century association of New York.

The Century association is the proper title of what is commonly called the Century club, which, about twenty-five years ago, when men like Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bayard Taylor and others of their class were active in it, was the leading intellectual club of the country. Professor Cattell, a long time member of the club, proposed for membership Prof. Jacques Loeb, the eminent biologist, formerly of the University of California, and was requested to take down Professor Loeb's name because he was a Jew.

Professor Cattell's act, for which he is more or less politely asked to resign his professorship, consisted of a letter, which got into print, in which he roasted the admission committee of his own club for its arrogance and intolerance.

The same question was brought up against William Loeb, who was President Roosevelt's secretary, and also collector of customs at New York, at the Union League club, where his sponsor was asked if he was a Jew, as in that case the bars were up against him. This coming to the ears of Collector Loeb, who is a Christian and whose family is, he had his name withdrawn, saying he did not want to belong to any body which would raise the race or religious question against a man.

How President Taft scored a Washington club for turning down a worthy man brought the whole question of club rows before the public.

In the old days, when clubs were few and their membership, as a rule, very limited, only men who were "clubbable" in that particular establishment were admitted to it. Today, when clubs generally have become great semipublic establishments, in which the domestic and family intimacy of the old time club is out of the question, to make a point against a man's membership, to blackball him, is in effect to put a public stigma on his name, for it implies that in character he is not fit for decent people to associate with. Under such circumstances, for a club like the Century club to attempt to keep out so distinguished a man for the reason given reflects on the club more than on Doctor Loeb.

But how about Columbia university, which practically kicks out one professor because he resented improper treatment of another?

The state is indebted to Secretary Lane for re-establishing the Indian storehouse here, for it is equivalent to giving our merchants an order for about \$4,000,000 worth of goods per annum.

PASADENA ON ALASKA

Secretary of the Interior Lane is a man with a vision—with an imagination that is tempered by sound judgment. This is apparent in his advocacy of the building of a government railroad in Alaska. In making up his mind in favor of an unusual project like this he has swept the world's horizon for data and for examples to bolster his conclusions. He finds that there is but one way to make any country a real part of the active, pulsing world—that is, by the construction of railroads into it—Pasadena Star.

PIÑOLE PRETTY CLEAN

When we read in our county papers daily occurrences of scandal, murders, divorces, robberies and other heinous crimes happening all around us, we thoroughly realize that our own little Piñole is a pretty clean burg after all.—Piñole Weekly Times.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

Perhaps we are wiser than they of older times and can do better by adopting the socialist idea of railway ownership which Bryan teaches and Lane now preaches. If so the future generations will have to take care of the burdens imposed upon them by present day idealists.—Alameda Times.

SANTA CRUZ AND CHIVALEY

Womanliness is as womanliness does. In California and Colorado and other states where women have the suffrage and use it with discretion and womanliness, there is no "womanhood" rous regard for "womanhood"—Santa Cruz Sentinel.

ABE MARTIN

Look out for the fellow who never feels under obligations to anybody. It means quite a reduction in the cost of living to have a good, athletic son bring the bacon home occasionally.

FERRY TALES

FOLLOWING the publication in this column of the tale of the woman in the Mission who was nearly overwhelmed by guinea pigs, I received several indignant protests from readers, who declared that while part of the story might be true, the suggestion that the woman and her family ate the guinea pig was absurd, as guinea pigs were pigs in name only and the meat was unfit for human consumption.

Never having eaten guinea pig, I did not feel qualified to take issue with these authorities and maintained a discreet silence on the subject. The suspicion that perhaps they were right was strengthened when there came to hand several communications from people engaged in scientific work, suggesting that the woman would find an unlimited market for her pigs in the laboratories devoted to bacteriological investigations. In fact, there was never a suggestion that guinea pig meat had any food value.

Now, however, comes Uncle Sam to the rescue with complete vindication for the queered part of the tale. The department of agriculture has just issued a bulletin on the subject, prepared by David E. Lantz, assistant in the bureau of biological survey, in which it is pointed out that guinea pigs are wholly vegetarian in their diet and therefore eminently fit food for the table.

The Peruvians recognized this long ago, says the bulletin, and roast guinea pig is regarded as a great delicacy in the land of the Incas.

"Guinea pig" this federal cooking guide continues, "are excellent as entrees in various stews with mushrooms, with brown onions, with green peas, a la soufflé, and especially in curry. A practical Alaska cook, in difficulty in varying the preparations, 'On account of the whiteness of its skin, the smooth haired, white guinea pig is best for the table. The males become somewhat strong flavored with age, but are said to be fine when four or five months old. Females are said to be tender and finely flavored for a much longer time—probably at their best when about a year old.'"

Now, will you believe the ferry tales?

Talking about schemes for the reduction of the cost of living reminds me of a conversation overheard the other day on the pierdock of the steamer San Francisco, where the Rudder club holds its morning meetings. One well known member of the club, to mention whose name might interfere with the consummation of his plan, has recently bought an automobile. Somebody gave him a cigar, as guinea pigs were pigs in name only and the meat was unfit for human consumption. The giver apologized for the cigar's behavior.

"That's all right," said the man who was trying to light it. "I'll make it go somehow. If the worst comes to the worst I'll wrap paper around it and smoke it in the office. As a matter of fact," he continued, "I've quit buying cigars since I bought my automobile."

"Why?" inquired one of the club members, who had been watching the struggle to compel combustion.

"Well, I find that smoking cigars makes me dizzy and interferes with the faculties involved in the operation of a machine."

"Why did you make that cigar then?" This was the query. "Don't give cigars make your head swim?"

"Perhaps they do," replied the motorist, "but I'm always willing to take a chance on a cigar that doesn't cost me anything."

"Billy," the canine mate of the launch Monk, whose incessant barking for guinea pigs made him and the Monk family objects of interest to commuters on the Alameda ferries, has quit his job. He disappeared between two days and, until the other day, it was feared that he had been drowned.

"Billy," however, is having the time of his life at Bristol bay. According to a letter received here the other day, "the dog stayed aboard the Alaska salmon ship, remained hidden until the vessel had cleared the heads and until all hands were manning the braces, pulling in a cow found on the vessel. Billy was adopted as a mascot and if one of the big salmon does not get him he will be brought home in a net at the end of the season. If a salmon gets him he will come home, but his friends won't know it, as there will be nothing on the label to indicate which can contain 'Billy's' salmon."

STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

WASHINGTON, May 22.—The agricultural department has prepared a lovely little pamphlet containing colored pictures of 50 prominent birds of the field and orchard, in native costume. Copies of this little pamphlet are at the disposal of congressmen to send out among their constituents with a view to increasing the knowledge of birds among the home folk, so that if a man steps out into his back yard and a pheasant or a linnet, or a many-colored tit, alights on the trees, he will be able to call it by name.

Representative Ira C. Copley caused to be published in newspapers of his district a general proclamation to the effect that, while the supply lasted, he would send the pretty little bird books to all who would write for them, without money and without price.

One constituent read the notice hastily and thus became the victim of a slight misunderstanding. He sat down and wrote to his congressman as follows: "I have seen your advertisement about free birds and I think I will choose a parrot. Or send a crow."

Representative Carter Glass of Virginia, chairman of the house committee that will draft the new currency bill, is a man who rarely goes to bed before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. This is not because he has to sit up pondering over our banking and currency system, nor yet because he is a professional night prowler, but is due to his early life around a newspaper office.

Glass was obliged to quit school at 13 and go to work as printer's devil on the newspaper down at Lynchburg that he now owns. It was a morning paper and he worked at night. When he got into the various other jobs on his way up—typesetting, reporter, and what not—he still worked at night. Even after he became owner of the paper he continued to be around the office late into the night. Thus the habit became permanent, for the life of him Glass would not have dropped an hour or two after midnight. So he sits up and meditates. Whatever kind of currency bill is drafted by Glass and his committee, it is sure to be ready to be introduced into the house at 1 o'clock in the morning.

When Glass was running for congress one day there was a newspaper statement that it was highly essential to get printed in time for the early mail edition one morning. This was a long statement and was not received until nearly 1 o'clock in the morning. The printer, who was running short handed that night, said: "I'm afraid we can't make it," said the editor, "I have had it dropped into the composing room. 'If we just had one more man on the job.'"

"I'll get you a man," said Glass. And

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

EDITOR CALL: Mr. Branagan in today's Call has made a very excellent statement of the camera situation at the exposition. It is the experience of all expositions in the past that while they secured some revenue from concessions to the grounds exclusion rule was intended to protect still if they had to do over again they would not restrict cameras. If the camera exclusion rule protected it would be different, but it does not.

Experienced and professional photographers can take small cameras into the grounds concealed and no guard system can prevent it, and thus take photographs. It is the experience of all past expositions that those who want the pictures of the buildings and grounds for view book, postcard, photograph or photograph purposes can always secure them. Concessionaires can be protected in the privileges granted them of the exclusive rights on the grounds without putting the hardship on the public that this camera exclusion creates.

The people who are really affected are the innocent visitors who have a real and genuine pleasure in amateur photography and who have no commercial interests to serve in the pictures they take. They take their cameras and take pictures at their pleasure, and are happy in the anticipation of the valuable souvenirs they will secure, but are met at the gate by the information that their cameras can not be taken on the grounds. They must hunt up a depository for their cameras and it is not easy to find a place where they want to leave a valuable camera, or else not go into the grounds.

Who completely exasperated, however, he loses all control of his tongue and resorts invariably to the expression: "Dad hum!"

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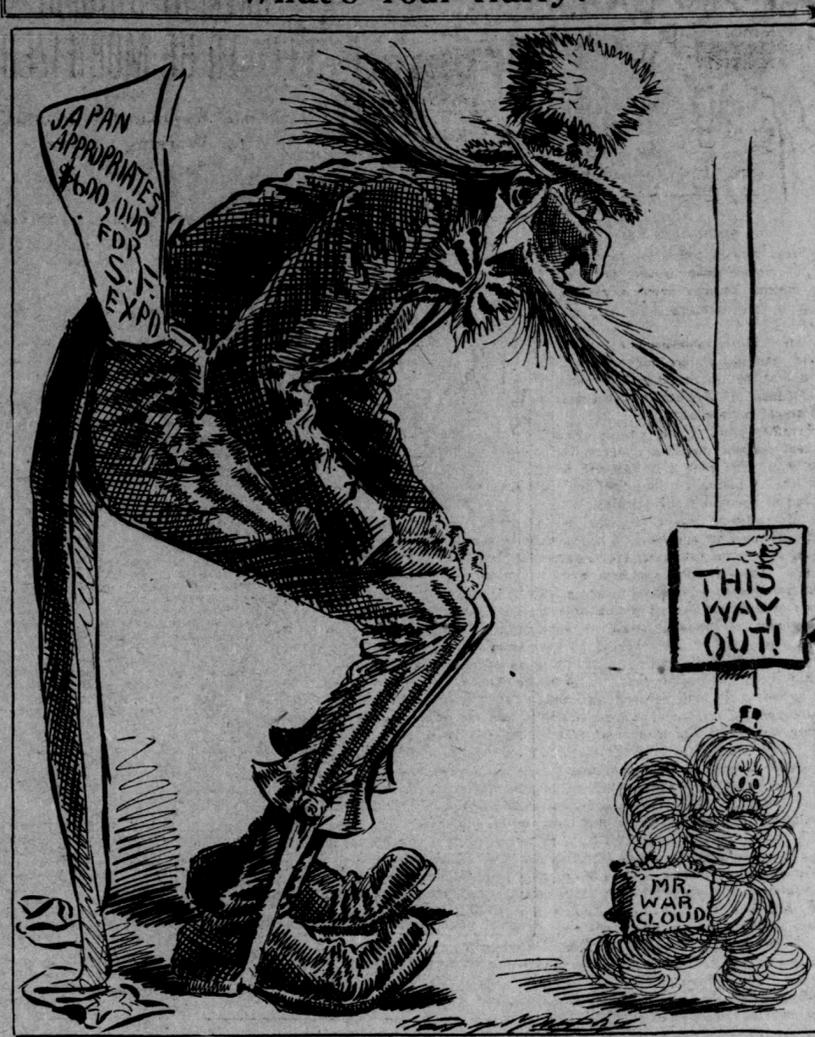
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"What's Your Hurry?"



PRESIDENT WILSON'S HOURS

He has been used to beginning at 9 o'clock for many years and 9 o'clock it is now that he has become president. It seems to matter little to him that Washington officials are not up and about much before 10 o'clock. The town keeps late hours at night, goes to bed late and gets up late in the morning. But if the president finds he wants to continue getting to his office at 9 o'clock and is ready to receive visitors by 10 o'clock, the visitors will be there by that time.

In years ago business has not been humming at the White House offices much before 11 o'clock in the morning. It requires about an hour for the president to look around, attend to pressing correspondence, and make ready for the conversational duties of the morning. But President Wilson has moved the day ahead quite an hour for those who have business with him. He takes it off the other end of the day because he gives at least 10 o'clock at night, where Presidents Taft and Roosevelt extended their labors often till midnight or 1 o'clock in the morning.—Springfield Republican.

A SYMPATHETIC HEART

A little Philadelphia boy saw a thin and jaded horse standing in a stable. He thought of the deep, fresh grass a few miles away in the country and he longed to see the horse out there getting a good, square meal. The longing resolved itself into action. Without asking permission of its owner, the boy led the horse away and gave it the time of its life. The animal had no heavy loads to pull for one day at least, and it filled up on grass, dew and sweet clover when the boy drove it back to the stable. This experience he repeated many times until he had given a number of horses each one day of rest and time to eat. But the men who owned the horses and the boys who were charged him with stealing. Sometimes boys and men, too, suffer for the good they do. Sometimes they do wrong when they mean to do good. That little boy's punishment for his "thefts" should be nothing more severe than a pat on the shoulder and a "well meant," if not a "well done," and possibly a little in the way of a reward which the grownup world is not always in accord with a boy's sympathetic heart.—Kansas City Journal.

HAREN PHOTOS

This occurred in the city of Algiers, writes a photographer, in that wonderful new French quarter, with its wide streets and fine buildings, but in the old Arab town, with narrow ways and crowded houses, foul with the unremoved filth of years. The ladies of the English mission had long searched the houses in the narrow quarter which they could hire for the purpose of holding meetings with native women and classes for girls. They finally secured one where a blind woman acted as caretaker.

I was asked to visit it and take some photographs. This was a most extraordinary thing for a man to be allowed to visit the apartments of the women and take their photographs. The privilege was secured by each of the married women asking the consent of her husband, assuring him that there would be no cause for jealousy, since I had gray hair, and so must be an old man, says London Tit-Bits.

The street was rather a narrow alley and little squares. It was a steep flight of stone steps between high walls, having here and there a heavy, rusted door and an occasional window high above the wall.

A knock on the door was answered after a short wait by a maid who from within of: "Who is it?" Then another wait while hurrying feet went to carry the message. A second call from within came: "The lady says she will see you on our side and the door opened cautiously for me to enter, but not for my guide.

Though he was a Christian Kabyle, he was a man, a young man! In no circumstances could he be admitted to the women's apartments of a native house.

FAIR PLAY.

San Francisco, May 20.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"What is your objection to my appointment?"

"Nothing personal," replied the eminent official. "I want to postpone as long as possible the bitter disappointment that hundreds will feel when I fill the position."—Washington Star.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS

"I walked the floor for three hours with a sick child last night," said the mother of a hospitalized child. "Did it finally go to sleep?"

"Yes, but not till my wife's mother took charge. She told me to quit walking the floor with the child. That was what frustrated it."—Washington Star.

THE NEW METHOD

"Then you no longer insist upon the enforcement of the laws punishing reckless automobile drivers?"

"Oh, no. We get along in a different way now. We're running schools to help teach children how to dodge 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ECONOMY

Hub—Have you done what I asked and saved some money this month? Wife—Yes, dear, I spoke to the grocer and he's promised not to send in his bill till next month.—Boston Transcript.

CAMERA EXCLUSION, BAD RULE

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HOTEL NEWS

Miss Bear of Denver is a guest at the Baldwin. George G. Floyd of Chicago is at the St. Francis. A. D. Cochran of Chicago is staying at the Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Fairbanks of Willits are at the Sutter. A. L. Bell of Del Monte registered yesterday at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Russell of Sacramento are at the Sutter. R. E. Melton and wife of Roseville are stopping at the Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Woods of Berkeley are guests at the Baldwin. George C