

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
"AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER—THE PAPER OF AUTHORITY"
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For a Great Drydock

That the Pacific coast is to be the location for a new great drydock for naval purposes is understood to be a definite part of the plan of the navy department.

Where the new drydock shall be built is, of course, as yet an unsettled question. The influences interested in a northern site have for some months been very actively at work pulling hard for that section.

The natural and most suitable location for the new drydock is on the shores of San Francisco bay. It is not necessary to argue that point here. It is obvious. The precise location can not be named, but it is not unlikely to be somewhere along the Point Richmond shore or in that direction; but the precise location is not of so material importance to the whole public as that it shall be somewhere on the bay.

The building of a new drydock need not, will not, and should not interfere, nor be allowed to interfere, with the maintenance of the Mare island navy yard in the most thorough manner.

As Secretary Daniels is certain to come here this summer to inspect the navy yards of the coast, San Francisco should be fully prepared to answer any questions the secretary may ask and also to supply him with suitable information and data on the subject that may be available for official use. In this work every citizen of San Francisco is interested.

Cancel the Lease

The school board leased school property at Bush and Taylor streets to a man named Burns for 35 years at \$60 a month.

Burns, it is said, agreed to erect a substantial building, which would revert to the city at the end of the lease.

Burns, it appears, gave the lease to his wife, who sublet it for \$250 a month to a man who intends to build a garage.

The board now asks the city attorney if the lease can be canceled and has asked the supervisors to rescind the building permit for the garage.

Such a lease as this is one that the school board did wrong to enter into. Sixty dollars a month is too little rent for the school property at Bush and Taylor. Thirty-five years is a preposterously long term for such a lease. The agreement to turn over the building at the end of the lease as part consideration of the lease is practically worthless. No 35 year old building to be erected at Bush and Taylor streets is likely to have much, if any, value at that age. Improvements in construction are so many and so essential in these days that it is the most up to date building only which has real value as a revenue producer.

The lease should be canceled. If Mr. Burns suffers any consequential damages—there can be no actual damages under the circumstances—it is up to him to show them.

What the school board meant by making such a poor lease is up to them to show. It is evident that the public has the short end of that bargain, and it wants no more such leases.

Better Late Than Never

The Santa Fe railroad has added the department of agricultural demonstration to its official organization. The department will be headed by Roger M. Roberts, formerly of the state experimental farm at Davis.

Mr. Roberts will have general supervision of farm demonstration work on the lands owned by the Santa Fe railroad company in the San Joaquin valley.

His mission is to create new freight and passenger business for the Santa Fe railroad. He purposes to accomplish that mission by teaching the farmers to raise new and bigger crops through intensive cultivation and scientific farm management.

The appointment of Mr. Roberts means that the Santa Fe railroad purposes to help itself by helping others. There is nothing new in this particular application of that good business rule.

The northern transcontinental lines have been engaged in farm demonstration work for years. The Pennsylvania railroad not only does farm demonstration work, but it issues some exceedingly valuable farm bulletins. Its bulletins are rather better done and of more practical value to the farmers than the bulletins issued by the federal department of agriculture.

For nearly 20 years J. J. Hill has been actively engaged in teaching the farmers along his lines to make money for him by making more money for themselves. He has taught them to build wagon roads and he has built wagon roads for them.

On his model farm, near St. Paul, stock and seed breeding experiments have been conducted for more than 15 years. From that farm prize cattle, hogs and selected grain seeds have been distributed to the farmers along his lines.

There is no philanthropy in the work done by the Pennsylvania road, Mr. Hill, or in the work about to be done by the Santa Fe. It is just selfish good business.

The work to be done by Mr. Roberts will result in adding to the prosperity of the farmers already on Santa Fe lands. Their prosperity will make more freight and attract more settlers. It will sell

Santa Fe lands; make them tax and freight producers.

In making this good business move for itself the Santa Fe road is doing a good turn for the people of California. Besides swelling the total of the state's tax receipts the Santa Fe's efforts may induce the other railroads operating in California to take up a work too long neglected.

The fact that the California roads are years behind eastern and northern roads in this work should not serve as an excuse for further procrastination. It is better to start a good work late than never.

Reaction in Los Angeles

The defeat of John W. Shenk by Henry H. Rose for Mayor by a majority of more than 7,000 seems to signalize social and political reaction in Los Angeles.

Both Shenk and Rose enjoy spotless reputations. The characters of the men were not and could not be made issues of the campaign.

Shenk was the candidate of the municipal conference. He had the support of all the interests that made Alexander mayor of Los Angeles, inclusive of the warring factional dictators of the progressive party in southern California.

He had the support of the men and the newspapers lumped off and denounced as reactionaries by the leaders of all the progressive party factions in southern California.

Rose had the support of no newspaper. He had the support of no partisan political organization as such. Undoubtedly he had the support of a majority of the Los Angeles socialists. According to the managers of the opposition campaign, he had the support of the advocates of a "wide open" town.

Accepting the California Outlook, the official organ of the progressive party, as an authority, neither nor both of these influences was sufficient to determine a municipal election in Los Angeles.

According to the same authority, Rose could not be elected without the vote of thousands of right thinking men and women who were neither socialists nor advocates of a "wide open" town.

Los Angeles is the pioneer American city in the field of applied progressive governmental thought. That the people of that city have not endorsed governmental reaction is suggested by the circumstances which precipitated the election and the issues of the campaign.

Rose was an out and out municipal ownership candidate. Shenk ran on a platform which committed him to a policy of leasing utilities owned by the public.

Mayor Alexander was legislated out of office by the adoption of a charter. The people of Los Angeles seemed to know what they were doing when they adopted that charter. They seemed to be voting their disapproval of a universal lid too tightly clamped; to be voting against Mayor Alexander, his advisers and his methods.

That they did not vote against progressive government was fairly evidenced by the character of the charter.

That the political bosses fully understood the significance of the popular vote was evidenced by the cold shoulder they gave Mayor Alexander.

Again it must be borne in mind that nearly all of the candidates on the ticket with Mr. Shenk were elected.

All of which leaves but one deduction possible. Mr. Shenk was defeated because he was the candidate of the men and interests that made Alexander mayor and influenced or controlled his actions.

Mr. Rose is mayor elect as the result of political and social reaction rather than governmental reaction.

Confirmation for Caminetti

Favorable action on the nomination of Senator Caminetti to be commissioner general of immigration by the senate immigration committee disposes of another senseless political rumor.

Painstaking students of affairs political, having any knowledge of California conditions never doubted that the committee would report favorably on the president's nomination of Senator Caminetti.

Men who followed the last campaign knew that Senator Caminetti was the man chosen to write the explanation of what Mr. Wilson had said about the desirability of Italian immigrants.

Some of them knew something of the circumstances which made Senator Caminetti a candidate for commissioner of immigration months ago, when the political gossips were discussing him as a candidate for collector of customs at this port.

They knew that he was pitchforked into a quest for the immigration berth because of his relations with William Jennings Bryan and his relations to the campaign for Mr. Wilson; because it was believed that was one fight he could not lose.

Then some men with memories not too short recalled that as a member of the state senate, Mr. Caminetti, a democrat, voted for both Senators Works and Perkins.

They knew that he was immune to attack based on senatorial courtesy. They were not prepared to believe that his nomination would be turned down on the theory that his appointment would jeopardize his party's hold on either the Japanese or the Chinese vote in California.

The total sum of money expended for missionary work in foreign countries must be very great, as it appears that the Northern Baptists alone are preparing to raise six million dollars for that purpose.

Six hundred Harvard seniors have been asked which of their college courses were most unsatisfactory. They had better wait till they get their sheepskins before they answer.

Apologies are due to Doc Cook for comparing him to Friedmann. Cook may have humbugged the public, but he hurt no one but himself.

FERRY TALES

By LINDSAY CAMPBELL

THE new steel cars of the S. P. transbay suburban system are such an improvement over the old wooden coaches, upholstered in material specially designed to hold the dust until you sat on it or leaned against it, that it seems a shame to throw even a reflection on them. Half the joy of being a commuter is the privilege of kicking that goes with the commutation ticket. The seats in the new cars are upholstered in cane and from a hygienic point of view the interior equipment is all that could be desired.

Car designers, however, never seem to take the legs of the passengers into consideration. Everybody has a different way of disposing of these restless but necessary limbs. The designer of the S. P. cars recognized the almost universal desire to brace the feet against something when sitting in a railroad train by putting footrests under the seats. These footrests are too far away to be of use to the man with short legs and are located so far under the seat in front that long legged individuals can not use them without endangering the cuticle on the shin bones.

By way of compromise the back edge of the front seat is used as a foot brace. This would be all right but for the fact that the reversible back does not sit snugly against the seat. There is an opening just wide enough to allow the coattails of the man in front to work through.

I saw a man on the Berkeley train the other evening so particular about his raiment that when he sat down he tore a sheet from his newspaper and carefully brushed the dust off the window sill before resting his elbow there. He saw the dust and he sacrificed part of his paper to get rid of it. What he didn't see was that the tails of his coat were hanging down below the back of the seat. The man behind him didn't see those tails, either, and when the man in front got up to leave the train a little later on he bore on his back the dusty imprints of the feet of the man behind.

The moral of which is that what we do not see doesn't worry us.

From the Marin county brigade of the commuter army comes a plea for 15 minutes longer in bed in the morning, and the following communication is respectfully submitted to the executive officers of the Northwestern Pacific railroad:

"I want to make a suggestion through the ferry tale column," writes the Marin county commutator, "that will enable the commuters who live over here in the summer to capitalize in the form of an extra nap or another cup of coffee, the time now spent in the otherwise wasted trip on the bay from Sausalito. To reach the city in time for work we have to get up earlier than those of us who live in San Francisco in the winter are accustomed to. It has occurred to me that if we could postpone shaving until we boarded the boat we could either set the alarm on about 15 minutes or longer that much longer over the breakfast table. This latter consideration is more important than it may seem, as living over there whets the appetite and makes a real breakfast a necessity.

"I would not suggest the establishment of barber shops on the boats. That would hardly pay. We had the matter up at a meeting the other evening and here is what we decided would help us out and at the same time increase the company's revenues:

"There is a lot of waste space on all the ferry boats. Let the company set apart a section on the upper deck and there, in a good light, install a series of mirrors. Under each mirror there could be a locker which the commuter could rent for, say, 75 cents a month, and in which he could keep his shaving gear. In addition to the mirrors and lockers the company could provide paper towels and hot water—there is always a lot of hot water that goes to waste on a steamer. A space in front of the mirrors could be roped off to insure sufficient elbow room, and we could do our shaving and traveling both at the same time. In addition to being a great convenience it would furnish the other passengers with a novel form of entertainment. Do you think the railroad commission would go to the front for us?"

LITTLE MOVIES

Hiking Home

He had telegraphed his wife for money. "I shall count the hours until I see you," he would up with a touch of pathos. "Also the ties," she briefly wired back.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Consideration

Rich Helms—I would give a good deal to find a man who would love me for myself. Penniless He—H'm, yes, well, how much?—Fliegende Blätter.

Heard in a Store

"I want an absolutely reliable alarm clock." "We guarantee these, madam." "Gun metal, isn't it?" "Yes, madam—sure to go off."—Boston Transcript.

A Variation

"Do you wish to marry my daughter?" "So you think you can pay her bride losses at the rate to which I, her father, have been accustomed?"—Boston Transcript.

Everything Gives Way

The most terrible enemies among women are forgotten when another dame is needed to play bridge.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ways of Mankind

"People are queer." "How now?" "The round shouldered man straightens up for five minutes when he is being measured for his spring suit. When he slumps again, of course, the suit doesn't fit."—Kansas City Journal.

Homeward Bound



HOTEL NEWS

Dr. Robert T. Legge of McCloud is staying at the Union Square. W. W. Talmage and wife of Dinuba, Cal. are guests at the Sutter.

G. E. L. Verner of London and Mrs. Verner are guests at the Palace. H. G. Butler, a real estate dealer of Marshfield, Ore. is staying at the Bellevue.

A. Alberti, a well known merchant of Stockton, is staying at the Hotel Antlers. William Helms, a tourist of Hamburg, Germany, is a guest at the Fairmont.

C. A. Bemmerly, sheriff of Woodland, is a guest at the Manx with Mrs. Bemmerly. Dr. R. C. MacDonald, a physician and surgeon of Los Gatos, is a guest at the Argonaut.

F. T. Maguire, a mining man with large interests at Mount Bullion, is a guest at the Stewart. Fred Klodian, a lawyer of Marysville, and Dr. W. H. Henderson of Sacramento are guests at the Argonaut.

W. G. Barnwell, general freight agent of the Santa Fe, with headquarters at Los Angeles, is a guest at the St. Francis. He will be here on business for several days.

H. E. Noble, a well known business man of Portland, is staying at the St. Francis with his wife and Dr. A. D. Walker and wife of Portland. They are visiting in San Francisco.

F. W. Darlington of Boston, who has the distinction of having installed the first electric light in San Francisco in the old Baldwin hotel, in 1888, is staying at the Union Square with his family.

J. E. Dunne, owner of one of the largest stock ranches in southern California, located at San Felipe, is a guest at the Palace with Mrs. Dunne. Mr. Dunne says the crop prospects are poor in his territory because of a dearth of water.

Frederick Melvin Van Dyne, a capitalist and orange grower of Los Angeles, who spends the summer months at his home in the Saratoga foothills, is a guest at the St. Francis.

"By our methods of precooling the fruit the shipper is saved nearly \$50 a car in ice bills. The oranges are reduced to a low temperature by an injection of dry ice immediately after they are packed. It is not necessary to use refrigerating cars for the journey east. By the old method constant vigilance was necessary to keep the oranges in good condition, while the expense was also heavy, because of the fact that it required three 'chills' during the trip. The cost of icing is \$25 each time. We are now able to send a car of oranges east at a cost of about \$35 for the cooling expense."

Rev. J. S. Moser, a prominent clergyman of Washington, D. C., who is known as the "Globe Trotting Missionary," is a guest at the Manx. He says he has been in every state in the union without finding a spot so beautiful as the Santa Clara valley.

"The Santa Clara valley is just about the garden spot of America and it offers unlimited opportunities to the home seeker or the money maker," he said. "Its one drawback is the fact that irrigation is expensive and in some localities almost impossible because of a lack of water. For three seasons the rainfall has been below normal and the crop conditions have suffered to some extent. But where irrigation is carried on the land yields a thousand fold. I spent several weeks traveling about the valley and everywhere I found an expensive and prosperous people living in comfortable homes."

H. R. Martin, a manufacturer of machinery and hardware of Reno, Nev., is a guest at the Palace. Mr. Martin is staying several days here on a business trip.

"The mines of Nevada are picking up wonderfully," said he. "The production of the various minerals, including gold and silver, has been climbing up steadily for several years and this year is expected to outdo in quantity any previous year. We are selling machinery by the car load, and that is always a good indication of prosperity in the mining fields. Nevada will some day outdo Arizona in the production of various kinds of minerals."

HUMBUG AND NO HUMBUG

San Francisco makes no mawkish pretense of virtues she does not and can not possess; but Los Angeles is not only the Tartuffe of cities; she is a combination of Pecksniff-Urban Heap of cities. San Francisco is always willing to be condemned for what she is not; Los Angeles is constantly striving to make the world think she is better than she really is. San Francisco is a wanton jade; Los Angeles is a jaded wanton masquerading as a vestal virgin. San Francisco laughs; Los Angeles snivels. San Francisco attends strictly to her own business of sinning, neither inviting the outlander to partake of her wickedness nor admonishing him to forsake his evil ways; Los Angeles proclaims in the name of all that is decent and virtuous while cultivating jonquils in her back yard—sending her preachers into the halls of legislation to exhibit the slayer of repentance and to penalize him with laws of felony if he refuses to heed the admonition, and at the same time supporting with lavish liberality secret dances to the rag time of the turkey trot; Los Angeles refuses to dance in any time because dancing is sinful.

San Francisco wears short skirts because she has pretty legs; Los Angeles is like the queen of Spain, who decreed that it should be a crime of lese majesty to even hint that she had legs. San Francisco's litany begins, "Good Lord, love us and don't call us too soon!" Los Angeles prays in the high places of the temple: "Oh Lord, make us not like unto these other men, for we are thy chosen people and the salt of the earth; the holy elect of the synagogues and tabernacles!" San Francisco is not a hypocrite; and Los Angeles is very far from being the saint she would have the world believe. Her raiment is of sackcloth when she walks abroad, but when she is at home she wears a crimson kimono embroidered with yellow jonquils. The jonquil is her favorite flower; and her house is redolent of musk and patchouli. In the street she is the virtuous mate of praise-god barabones; behind her lattice she is the consort of Don Juan and Lothario. In the open she is a hypocrite; under the rose she is what she is and no better than she ought to be. Los Angeles should be reformed and uplifted—not reformed from her sins or uplifted from her wickedness, but stripped of her pretense and compelled to show herself as a horrible example of what a holy city should not be.—San Diego Union.

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