

The San Francisco Call and Post

F. W. KELLOGG, President and Publisher
JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Vice President and Treasurer

Geary Street Railway Loans \$50,000 to New Line

Out of Its Quarter of a Million Profits the First Municipal Railway in the United States Facilitates Purchase of Second

A feature of the city's acquisition of the Union street car line which must not be permitted to pass unnoticed is the fact that the initial payment by the city for the equipment of the new line, amounting to \$50,000, came from the profits of the Geary street railway.

The transaction by which the city secured possession of the Union street line is this: The franchise of the road expired on December 10; that is, the Presidio and Ferries Railway company lost its right to operate the Union street line.

Is the Farmer Who Neglects His Hens the Culprit?

He May Be Somewhat to Blame, But It's the Cold Storage Fellow Who Keeps Up the Price of Eggs.

Who is to blame for the high cost of eggs? Some say the indolent hen who, in summer, when the day is long, will devote a few moments in the morning to laying a neat fresh egg, but in winter likes to mope around on one foot and reflect on her former prowess.

The case against the farmer is this: He keeps hens to supply his wife with pin money in summer and to furnish a proper decoration for fried ham on the breakfast table during the harvest season.

But when winter comes and there is no green stuff and no grasshoppers, when the tree is a cold, damp place in which to roost, the hen has a sorry time of it.

The department of agriculture recommends that farmers pay more attention to their hens in winter, thereby insuring an increased production of eggs.

But in the meantime there are eggs in cold storage which would come out if the housewives got real mad and refused to buy eggs at the present rate.

Parcel Post Rates for the Down-Trodden Author

Why Should the Man Who Hatches a Plot Pay More Freight Than He Who Hatches an Egg?

Here is a letter from a reader. We suppose that he is an author:

Editor The Evening Call: Dear Sir—Can you not advocate in your editorial columns that manuscripts for publication be accorded parcel post rates instead of excessive letter postage rates?

Who would believe that in a great republic we charge a very low rate of transportation to the man whose merchandise goes and STAYS and is paid for, and charge a great deal more to the poor manufacturer of "brain stuff" whose merchandise goes out and comes back?

This newspaper is unselfish in advocating parcel post rates for the manuscripts of authors. You would know this if you knew what it is to get many manuscripts, and attend to the heartbreaking duty of rejecting most of them.

We are quite serious in the suggestion that a manuscript written by an author is the same as any other merchandise and might well be treated the same.

Originally the parcel post classed books with whisky—and you couldn't send a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" or a bottle of gin through the parcel post.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



MINCE PIE TIME



Evening Calls

So Ritchie nearly lost by a nose. The election booths are all tucked away. Can it be possible that there is nothing left to vote upon? The man who gives a "scent with every rose" is not more kindly than the sociable newsboy who pays a Call for every cent.

Footnotes of Humor

A story is told of a Dutchman who arrived in the United States on Decoration day, and noticing the flags flying and the people going to the cemetery with large bundles of flowers, he asked what it meant.

DIRGE In Memory of Col. Alexander G. Hawes, Who Died at Honolulu, December, 1913 1833 1913 By Edward Robeson Taylor

Toll ye the bell all solemnly and slow For Hawes now dead— Let Business every carking care forego While tears are shed For him who at the last lays down His all unsullied, brilliant crown.

Our Infant Industry

THE development of the automobile industry in the last five years has been so marvelous that leading authorities hold that within the next few decades 30,000,000 motor cars will be in use in the United States.

PUTTY: He Keeps His Fingers

