

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL AND POST

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COMING AND GOING

The Personality of San Francisco

Splendid Tribute Paid to Our City as Only City Besides London That Is Imperial

San Francisco has been selected among all other cities of the world as the only city next to London that may be styled "Imperial." That classification is made by an Englishman, Stanley Portal Hyatt, in a column printed in the London Chronicle of November 13 last, under the heading: "The Personality of London, the Heart of the World."

Cosmopolitan San Francisco may not admit unanimously that London is the heart of the world; the Frenchman will nominate Paris, the German Berlin, the Italian Rome. But no Englishman would place any city but London in the front, and that point of view established, the San Franciscan may feel a throb of pride that of all the cities that front on the seven seas or the Great lakes, San Francisco is chosen as the city of distinction or personality.

Of London Mr. Hyatt writes: "London is not a city; London is not like anything else in the world—merely because it is the very heart of the world. Today to be a Londoner is equivalent to having been a Roman citizen of two thousand years ago."

"Can any one conceive the world with London eliminated?" Eloquent the Londoner writes of the force with which his city dominates the world. "The American," he says, "boasts loudly—far too loudly, often—of his business ability; but it is in Mincing lane, and not in New York, that his tea, his rubber, his sago flour, all he requires from the far east, is handled. * * * Decadent! Effete! Out of date! The men who could answer those absurd charges leveled by Americans and colonials are too busy supplying Americans and colonials to notice the childish assertions. London can afford to treat all her critics with contempt."

Mr. Hyatt is reasonably proud and exclusive in his London attitude—which makes what he says of San Francisco so much the stronger.

"I prefer," he continues, "to look on London merely as the Heart of the World, and to think of lesser cities as places in which you can, perhaps, feel the heart beats."

The writer mentions Hongkong. "Really, Hongkong is part of London. Calcutta and Bombay are splendid, magnificent; but they are not part of London. * * * Other famous cities, such as Melbourne or Toronto, are merely colonial, with colonial interests. You can not feel the pulse of the world beating in them."

"What other city has a personality, in the cosmopolitan sense of the world; what other city can take unto herself all the peoples of the world, absorb them, make them part of her wondrous self?"

"Paris is—well, Paris. She is unique, delightful, the siren of cities. Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg—these are merely local capitals. Rome is the ghost of a great tradition. New York is a large local town. Its hustling, its noise, its blinking sky signs, its general pretentiousness fail utterly to impress the man who knows London. Its interests extend about as far as the telephone service which supplies it with local news."

"There remains San Francisco, the Queen City of the West. She is an imperial city, the nearest approach to London in the breadth of her interests; and, like London, she has a personality. She is the western counterpart of London."

"Thou drawest all things, small and great, To thee, beside the Western Gate,"

Bret Harte, who loved her and therefore understood her, wrote. He was right, but why, oh, why, did he never use his magic pen to describe the Personality of London?"

Thus do we learn, we of San Francisco, that across the land and sea there is proud London that holds us worthy of her kinship—and no higher tribute could London pay!

What Might Induce the Police Judges to Jail Motorists

If Automobile Owners of the Careful Type Insisted That Reckless Men Be Imprisoned

Once an automobile speeder was sent to jail in San Francisco because he repeatedly broke the law. That man was Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist. He served a sentence at the county jail, and undoubtedly it was deserved, for he had been a frequent offender.

But it is preposterous to assume that Jack Johnson is the only man—or one of a very few men—who has violated the speed law. Every day men are arrested for automobile speeding—some men are arrested nearly every day, or, at least, every month, for the offense, and they are dismissed with a reprimand or a light fine. No jail sentences.

A well to do man does not bother about being fined in a small amount for speeding. His tire bills and his police court bills amount to about the same each month, and he considers both as an incident to the automobile game.

But no man likes to be incarcerated. The stiff benches in the hall of justice cells are different from the cushioned seats of his car. Imprisonment interferes with business, pleasure, domestic affairs; there is a sting in involuntary confinement.

Automobiles are part of modern life. Nearly every family that has an income within the purview of the income tax collector has a car. The average motorist is a careful driver, considerate of his own safety, his family safety and the public's safety.

But there is a great reckless class of automobile owners who consider nothing but their high gear and to whom the speed law is nothing but a document which sets a certain rate of eight or ten miles an hour as a minimum speed to which they shall never drop.

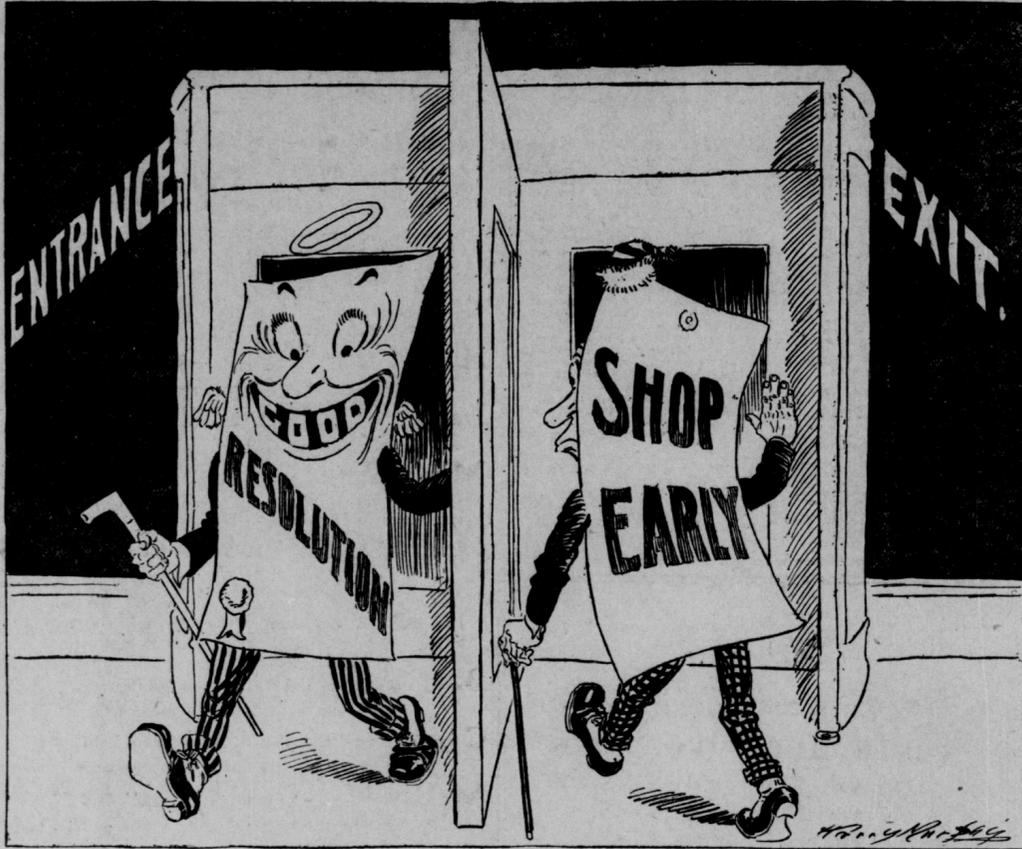
It may be conceded that the associations of motorists are made up for the greater part of the careful drivers. Why do not these associations insist that police judges send irresponsible drivers to jail? It would seem that the police judges need some such impetus.

The Open Book of a President's Daily Life

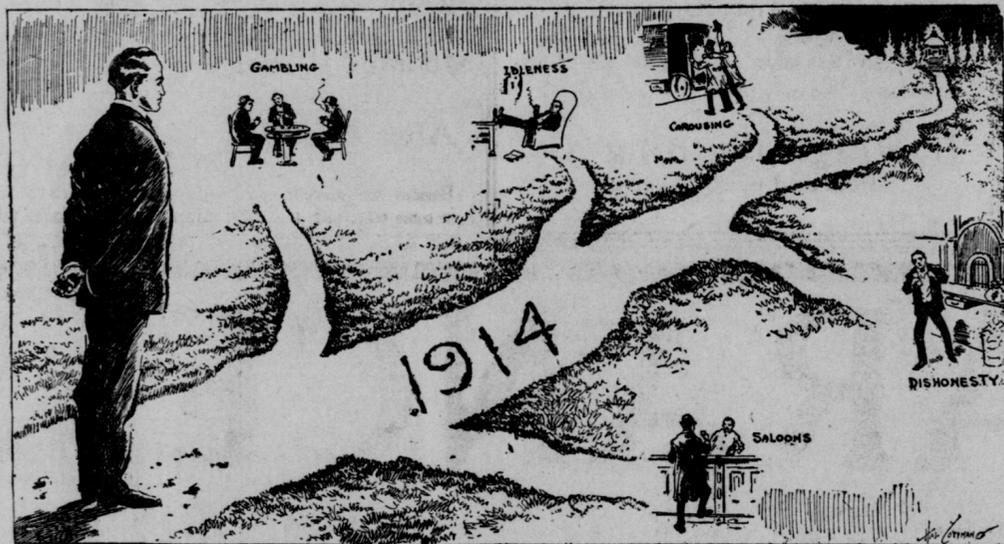
Excellent opportunity is afforded students of character for the perusal of their favorite subject by the daily newspaper reports of the actions of the successive presidents of the United States. While a man is in office—and frequently after he has filled that office and is more or less a private citizen, professor or literary man—every action of his which deviates in the slightest from routine is chronicled.

President Roosevelt's energies, his unusual assortment of callers and his catholicity of tastes, as they manifested themselves were reported; President Taft's sanguine life, his easy ambles through four years of administration and travel, were given to current history day by day. Now it is President Wilson's turn.

It is a matter of news that President Wilson informed a neighbor that her house was on fire. He went into the place and lost no time. He did not climb to the ridge pole as a former president might have done, but he would have been willing to tote a bucket of water had the secret service men and chauffeurs not extinguished the flames. There is a succinct display of the man's character when he was "under fire."



WHICH ROAD FOR YOU?



Evening Calls

Won't the colonel be jealous because no fire occurred near him when he was on the job!

Have you exchanged that set of Lamb bound in morocco for a section of lamb bound in sheepskin?

Small boys are engaged at the new baseball park informing the fence builders where to place the knotholes.

The high rollers among the waves as well as the "high rollers" of the land visit the southern California beach resorts.

Fossilized bones of a three toed horse have been found in the Los Angeles asphalt beds. Almost as great a curiosity as a modern horse in Van Ness avenue.

"The Psychology of Fighting" is to be the subject of a course of lectures at the University of California. Trying to make colleges attractive to the football lads, eh?

Footnotes of Humor

Whistler had a French puddle of which he was extravagantly fond. This puddle was seized with an affection of the throat, and Whistler had the audacity to send for the great throat specialist, Mackenzie.

Sir Morell, when he saw that he had been called to treat a dog, didn't like it much, it was plain. But he prescribed, pocketed a big fee and drove away. The next day he sent post haste for Whistler. On his arrival, Sir Morell said, gravely:

"How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

Lord Henry Bentinck once happened to attend a church on a weekday festival, when the interior was decorated with flowers and evergreens, while very few worshippers were present. After the service the parson said to Lord Henry:

"May I ask what you thought of the service?"

"Plenty of cover, but very little game," was the reply.

When at Brecon the other day the archbishop of York told this story. He said he would not say anything against Yorkshiresmen, but they possessed one characteristic which might be considered as a virtue or as a defect, according to the view they took of it. One Yorkshire native, who had

become well to do, was asked by some one for a subscription. He demurred, and was pressed with the objection:

"But see how you have been prospered in your business," whereupon he remarked:

"Don't you come any of your religion on me. The Almighty wouldn't have trusted me with so much brass if he didn't think I could keep it!"

Mr. Closeooyne (during his wife's reception): "She gives 'em lights; she gives 'em music; she gives 'em food, flowers, champagne, and that's what she calls receiving."

The cabby regarded with a gleam of delight the taxi which had broken down, but did not speak.

The chauffeur began operating on his machine. He turned and twisted it, and banged it, but to no avail, and still the cabby spoke not. Then the chauffeur wiped his brow, and the cabby, still with the gleam in his eye, crossed over.

"Ere," he exclaimed, grimly, holding out his whip. "Ere yer are, mister. It 'im with this."

"Gentlemen," shouted the speaker, "a man is known by his works."

He paused impressively, but a heckler took advantage of the pause to yell:

"Then yours must be a gasworks."

We have just read of a famous Russian general. Was he on Mars during the war with Japan?

Violet hair is being worn by men in Paris. Lie-lack hair has long been common for bald headed men.

The warden of Folsom prison says there are too many convicts there. Two San Quentin inmates thought the same of their institution.

A man has sued his wife for divorce because she told him she had taken poison, when she hadn't. Some men can't stand disappointment.

Denver is to become the center of the world's radium industry. Is the effete east now to be pestered with rough and ready radium millionaires?

Carl Browne waited 20 years to finish a speech he made on the steps of the national capitol when he was with Coxe's army. Oh Carl! Think of the poor folk who waited 20 years to hear the peroration!

From Our Readers

A TRANSCONTINENTAL CANAL. Editor The Call and Post: I have read with considerable interest the various editorials in your recent issues on the subject, "What will be done with Panama machinery and Workers?" The making of a canal across the United States, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, by utilizing some of the great water highways, which are now practically obsolete, has often occurred to me as being not at all impossible.

I would congregate the convict labor of every state in the union, and, with the assistance of the army of unemployed, together with those who have united the Atlantic and Pacific across Panama, it would be a matter of but a few years until we would see the gigantic liners of the Atlantic passing to and fro through the Golden Gate and dropping anchor at the foot of Market street, thence south and through Panama.

This canal would be of untold benefit to every state in the union, whether or not such state bordered immediately upon it. From the main canal branches might be made, as down the Mississippi river to connect with Panama, etc. D. T. ROGERS.

Curious Facts

Princess Mary, in accordance with a promise made to her some time back by the duchess of Fife, secured the last maiden signature of her royal highness—excepting the signature in the marriage register. The duchess signed the princess' autograph album at Buckingham palace on the afternoon before the wedding. A lady who is a noted autograph hunter had offered the duchess \$500 to be paid to any charity her royal highness might name for her last maiden signature.

The president of the United States has a new mascot—a large black cat which wandered into the breakfast room of the White House and jumped on Dr. Woodrow Wilson's knee. The president was so pleased with the

lucky cat that, after feeling it, he gave orders that it was to be fed, housed and looked after as long as it cared to stay.

A bride's dressing room is to be provided at a church in New York. The organ loft over the church entrance will be removed, and in its place a beautifully equipped room will be built. Here the bride will be able to put the finishing touches to her attire.

Mr. Philip Raschke, a German tailor, floated upright in the Thames from Lambeth bridge at Vauxhall bridge recently in a special pneumatic costume he has invented. He smoked a cheroot, ate and drank as he moved along in the water.

Dr. Parkhurst's Article

ON— Vivisection—The Arguments Against It Are Gaining Popular Favor Every Day—The Uselessness of Much of It Is a Fact—But Contempt and Ridicule Are No Arguments.



By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

It is painful to witness the troubled state of mind into which vivisectionists have been precipitated by the welcome which the president has extended to their opponents gathered in council at Washington.

Some of us are exceedingly gratified by the publicity given to the anti-vivisection protest by the fact of the conference being held at so influential a centre, and especially by the report, if it be a true one, that Mr. Wilson regards it with at least a degree of sympathy.

There is no reason why there should be any sacrifice of courtesy or loss of temper over the matter.

Men who believe in vivisection are not necessarily wicked and those who believe otherwise may still be honest and intelligent. Conflicts of this kind are not settled by epithets. The question involved is a serious one and can only be solved in a spirit of candor.

There are two sides to it, and it is perfectly evident that the side which vivisectionists have been disposed to cover with reproaches is gaining in popular favor.

The writer of this article is, and always has been, an earnest disbeliever in vivisection maintained on the wholesale and indiscriminate scale now in vogue.

Even Tender Hearted Are Callous to the Pain of Animals

We are sensitive enough to our own pain, somewhat so to the pain suffered by other people; but even children, tender as their hearts are supposed to be, will not only witness with composure the suffering of animals, but even find fascination in causing it.

People of gentle refinement would oppose the establishment of the bull fight in New York state, but great numbers of them do frequent the bloody exhibitions when they get as far away as Spain and Mexico, and among people who do not know them.

A man, even though credited with qualities of tender heartedness, will go as far from home as to Africa for the purpose of satisfying his passion for slaughter. The impulse is a brutal one and its gratification necessarily fosters brutality.

Vivisectionists have publicly testified to the delight they take in the excruciating performance. I would not knowingly have any friend of mine dealt with or operated upon by a surgeon whom I knew to be in the habit of sticking needles into rabbits' eyes, boiling or roasting them alive. I should have the suspicion that during the operation he would get in some sly work with his knife in order to satisfy his curiosity.

Least of all would I allow a vivisectionist to practice in the poor wards of a hospital, occupied by people who had no friends and no money to protect them from the operator's passion to cut. No vivisectionist would inject boiling water into his own dog. It would have to be some one else's dog or nobody's dog.

It has to be remembered that there is no substantial agree-

ment among surgeons as to whether, after all the slaughtering and torturing of hundreds of thousands of innocent animals, any results have been secured that are a practical contribution to the interests of humanity.

Doctor Coven of the Royal College of Surgeons in London testified in Washington that in an effort to find the cause of cancer, 145,000 animals have been tortured in the last two years with no resulting discovery.

No Need to Introduce Ridicule into the Controversy

Now, so long as men of recognized authority put themselves on record with statements of such tenor it is straining matters a little for vivisectionists and vivisectionist institutions to attempt silencing their opponents by inexpensive application of ridicule.

There is no logical force in contemptuousness. It is not necessary for the anti to go to the extent of claiming that there is absolutely nothing to show for all the killing that has been done in all departments of research, but there is sufficient disagreement among the authorities to bring down the presumption of vivisectionists to a quieter and more modest tone, and to warrant the public in putting an intelligent restraint upon the indiscriminate and irresponsible cutting and torturing in which insensible knights of the knife are indulging and amusing themselves.

If an ante-mortem dissection of a monkey has proved a certain fact, it is neither necessary nor human to prove over again the same fact by the ante-mortem dissection of a hundred or a thousand other monkeys.

In the book entitled "The World of Life," written by the distinguished English scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, recently deceased, occurs the following paragraph: "The moral argument against vivisection remains, whether the animals suffer as much as we do or only half as much."

"The Moral Argument Against Vivisection Remains"

The bad effect on the operator and on the students and spectators remains; the undoubted fact that the practice tends to produce a callousness and a passion for experiment which leads to unauthorized experiments in hospitals on unprotected patients remains; the horrible callousness of binding the sufferers in the operating trough so that they can not express their pain by sound or motion remains; their treatment after the experiment by careless attendants, brutalized by custom, remains; the argument of the uselessness of a large proportion of the experiments repeated again and again on scores and hundreds of animals to confirm or refute the work of other vivisectionists remains, and, finally, the iniquity of its use to demonstrate already established facts to physiological students in hundreds of colleges and schools all over the world remains."

Transformation

By CONSTANCE CLARKE

A DRIFT of perfume in the air, A scent from myriad dew-wet leaves, A splash of crimson color where

The fairy of the roses weaves; An eager grasp, a finger torn And petals soft their scents disclose; But think you that we mind the thorn The while we breathe deep of the rose?

A dazzling wave of golden light, A scene of meadows steeped in sun, A whirl of birds on wing for flight, A deepening sense that morning's done; A sweep of fragile rainbow wings And dainty body poised on high; Think you the grub his message brings The while we see the butterfly?

A sweep of lashes drooping low Upon a soft cheek dimpled in, A trembling arch of scarlet mouth Above a tender cloven chin; A glimpse of eyes, half brave, half shy; With laughter hidden there the while; Oh think you from her frown I'd fly If only she would sometimes smile!