The San Francisco Call

JOHN D. SPRECKELS.....Proprietor
CHARLES W. HORNICK.....General Manager
ERNEST S. SIMPSON.....Managing Editor

Address All Communications to THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

Telephone, "Temporary 86"—Ask for The Call. The Operator Will Connect You With the Department You Wish.

BUSINESS OFFICE.....Market and Third Streets, San Francisco
Open Until 11 O'clock Every Night in the Year.
EDITORIAL ROOMS.....Market and Third Streets
MAIN CITY BRANCH.....1651 Fillmore Street, Near Post
OAKLAND OFFICE—1016 Broadway.....Telephone Oakland 1083
ALAMEDA OFFICE—1435 Park Street.....Telephone Alameda 559
BERKELEY OFFICE—SW. Cor. Center and Oxford..Telephone Berkeley 77
CHICAGO OFFICE—Marquette Bldg...C. George Krogness, Representative
NEW YORK OFFICE—30 Tribune Bldg...Stephen B. Smith, Representative
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.....Ira E. Bennett

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Delivered by Carrier, 20 Cents Per Week. 75 Cents Per Month. Single Copies 5 Cents.
Terms by Mail, Including Postage (Cash With Order):

DAILY CALL (including Sunday), 1 year	$8.00
DAILY CALL (including Sunday), 6 months	$4.00
DAILY CALL—By single month	75c
SUNDAY CALL, 1 year	2.50
WEEKLY CALL, 1 year	1.00
FOREIGN POSTAGE. Daily	$3.00 Per Year Extra
Sunday	1.15 Per Year Extra
Weekly	1.00 Per Year Extra

Entered at the United States Postoffice as Second Class Matter.
ALL POSTMASTERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS.
Sample Copies Will Be Forwarded When Requested.
Mail subscribers in ordering change of address should be particular to give both NEW AND OLD ADDRESS in order to insure a prompt and correct compliance with their request.

DIRECT PRIMARY AMENDMENT BEST LEGACY OF THE LATE LEGISLATURE

THE most important service rendered the people of California by the Thirty-seventh Legislature was the adoption of the Held-Wright direct primary constitutional amendment, proposed by The Call, which will be submitted for popular ratification or rejection at the general election in 1908.

When the Held-Wright amendment is adopted, as it surely will be, the next Legislature may and it must proceed to enact an effective and comprehensive direct primary election law. This done, both people and legislators will more fully appreciate that the submission of the direct primary amendment was indeed a most important service, grudgingly rendered though it was. Under the statute which must follow an emphatic popular approval of the Held-Wright amendment, the people will assume the political control, so long usurped and abused by the Southern Pacific and such other corporate interests as the agents of the Southern Pacific chose to bring within the pale of the elect.

The root of the legislative evils under which California groans lies not in the money bags of the men who would buy corrupt legislators' votes, but in a system of unshamed and autocratic brigandage, beside which the efforts of corporation tools in odoriferous New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan are as the stealthy operations of the night prowler and sneak thief—a brigandage grown so bold in the exercise of its mastery of the people that its hirelings may stalk unmasked and unafraid about the floor of Senate and Assembly, commanding alleged representatives of the people as they could not command self-respecting laborers in the master brigand's service.

Nominated by the people under a direct primary system, no legislator need bow the knee to Herrin nor any corporation's Burke or Parker, nor submit to the shameful yoke which many now privately resent, but few have the courage to throw off. Under a direct primary system public servants will serve the public, and no lobbyist will dare to ring bells or blow whistles in their ears.

To this all-desirable end the Held-Wright amendment is but the initial step. It was not accomplished without a fight for each inch of progress. Attempts were made, but unsuccessfully, to emasculate the amendment proposed by The Call. Slight changes were made, but they served only to make the proposition less workmanlike in phrase, detracting nothing from its worth. Failing there, the opposition encouraged the adoption of another and ambiguous amendment for the purpose of clouding the issue and confusing the voters. Beaten again, the machine men went in for the enactment of a makeshift law, which could have operated only to bring discredit upon the direct primary theory. Failure met every such attempt. Now the enemies of direct primary reform seek to damn the Held-Wright amendment with slight praise and captious criticism, hoping against hope that the people may become suspicious and lose interest in the measure, to the end that the affirmative vote will be of such slender proportions that upon an alleged popular indifference to the reform itself may be found a plausible excuse for inaction by the next Legislature.

The Held-Wright amendment is in substance and effect the amendment originally proposed by The Call and presented to the Legislature by the men whose names it popularly carries. It contains ample authority for the enactment of an adequate direct primary election law. It is the bridge over the chasm between the California electorate and political freedom. Regardless of the fact that it will be but one of many constitutional propositions on the ballot, the people will search it out and by an overwhelming vote set at rest for all time the baseless charge of popular indifference.

MORAL VALUE OF BLOODY NOSES

THE going controversy between President Roosevelt of the United States and President Eliot of Harvard over the merits and demerits of football has a certain picturesque value, even although it is not at all likely to change popular opinion either way; for, in truth, what a man thinks of football or other rough sports is born with him or, at least, bred in the bone.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his recent address to the student body at Harvard, indulged in rather extravagant laudation of football, and he deprecated any college regime or restrictions calculated to produce what he described as "mollycoddles and weaklings." Bloody noses and cracked crowns, it seems, go to the making of a man. Your shillelah is the real missionary and the stiff punch points the way of civilization.

On the other hand, Dr. Eliot believes that football, even in the recently adulterated forms, is brutal and brutalizing. A recent report on the new football by Dr. Eliot says:

> The open plays did not cause any increase in either the number or the severity of the injuries received. The spirit of the game, however, remains essentially the same.
>
> It is properly described by the adjective "fierce"—a term which is commonly applied to the game by its advocates.
>
> It therefore remains an undesirable game for gentlemen to play, or for multitudes of spectators to watch.
>
> No game is fit for college uses in which men are often so knocked or crushed into insensibility or immobility that it is a question whether by the application of water and stimulants they can be brought to and enabled to go on playing. No game is fit for college uses in which recklessness in causing or suffering serious bodily injuries promotes efficiency, and so is taught and held up for admiration. In hunting, mountain-climbing, boating and other sports which involve danger it is not recklessness but good judgment and prudence combined with boldness which promote efficiency.

We seek not to mingle with this heady conflict. Not for us the free fight or the stiff buffets of the champions. But in aid and comfort of the Sidesteppers' Brigade we beg to offer a small contribution, illustrating the moral and economic elevation produced by shedding blood.

It appears that our gentle neighbors, the Cubans, refuse to work if they are not permitted to fight cocks. The American works for a wide variety of reasons, but the only inducement that will persuade a Cuban, gentle or simple, to labor is that he may acquire money to be spent on cockfighting. Now, the meddling gringo, whose other name is Taft, has forbidden the favorite pastime of the Cubans. Therefore, the island lies fallow and the islanders take their ease. The wants of a Cuban gentleman forbidden to fight cocks are few. He splits a watermelon in two, scoops out the meat, sits in one-half of the rind and puts the other on his head. Thus is he provided with food, drink and clothing. We know what Satan finds for idle hands. The Cuban gentleman, with his single motive to exertion shut off, can afford to take to the woods and go on a little revolution in default of other pastime. Shall we permit cockfighting to keep him honest and industrious?

If it be urged that this is a parable rather of economics than morals, so much may be admitted, with the suggestion that a like confusion probably lies at the root of Dr. Roosevelt's thesis on mollycoddles.

NEW MARVELS OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

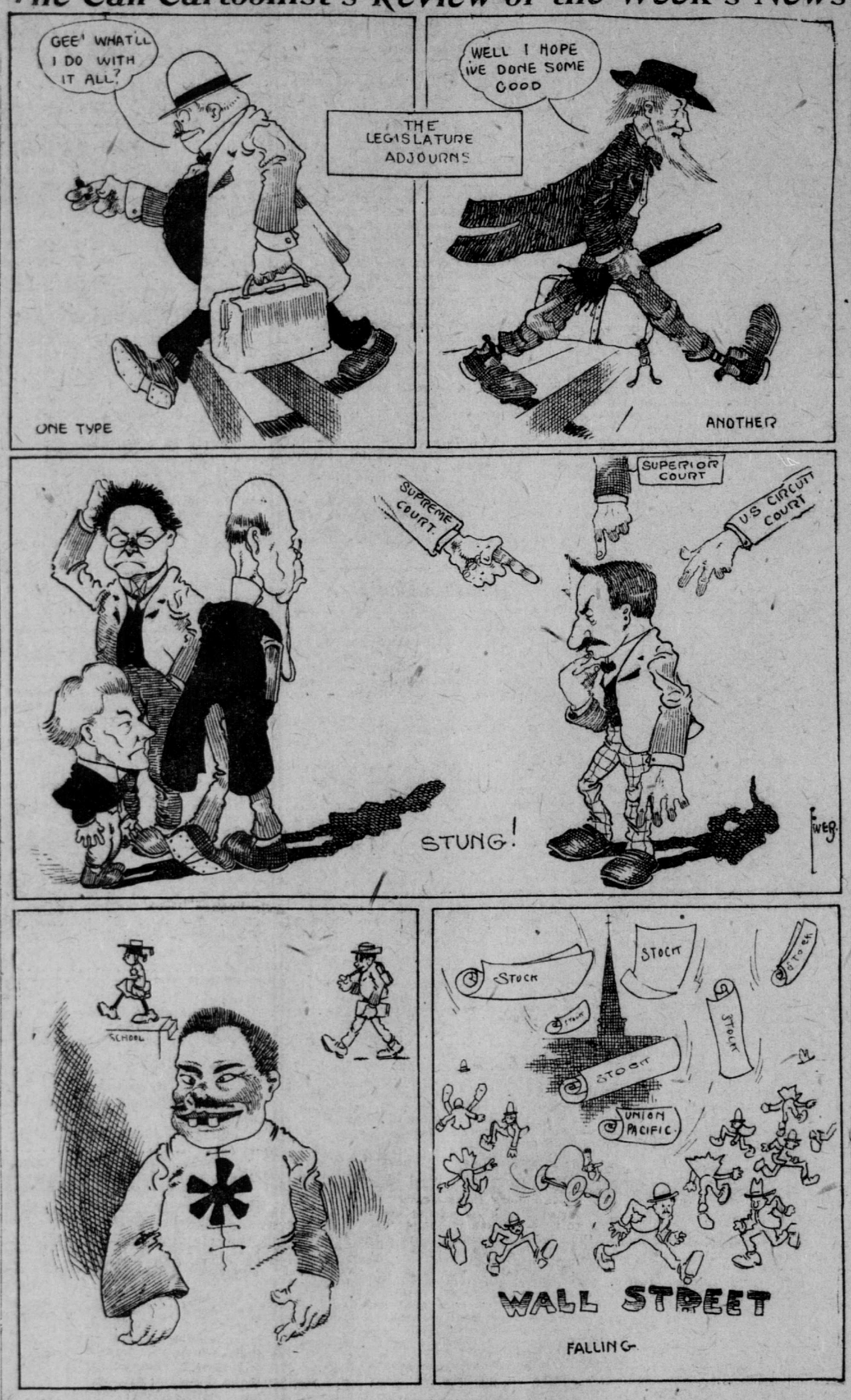
THE surprise and even incredulity with which the claims of Marconi in relation to wireless telegraphy were received is still a recent memory. Nowadays instantaneous transmission by electricity of messages without wires is an everyday matter, no longer cause for wonder. Constantly we hear of extensions of area subdued to uses of the wireless telegraph.

The most notable recent achievement in this line was the accidental discovery made by the Government operator at the Point Loma station, San Diego County, that he could pick up messages delivered from Atlantic coast stations for points with a 500-mile radius or thereabouts. In a word, Point Loma was eavesdropping at a distance of more than 3000 miles.

The development of wireless telegraphy furnishes one instance where the Government has completely distanced private enterprise. It is a great triumph for the signal service and the Navy Department. The finest and most nearly perfect apparatus for the purpose has been invented and applied in this service. It is one of the rare cases in which an invention developed for warlike purposes may and will be used to promote the arts of peace.

Shortly we may expect to be placed in easy communication with our "noncontiguous possessions" in Alaska and Hawaii by wireless telegraph. That highly respectable proverb that "there is nothing new under the sun" is up a hard row of stumps.

The Call Cartoonist's Review of the Week's News



Answers to Queries

BANGS—Subscriber, Oakland, Cal. Frank C. Bangs, actor, was born in Alexandria, Va., in 1836.

* * *

PRIVATE ADDRESSES—E. R., City. This department does not give the addresses of private institutions, for the reason that it does not advertise such.

* * *

PROCLAMATION—Subscriber, Elmira, Cal. The proclamation by the President of a legal holiday does not make that day a national holiday. The States declare what are legal holidays. The 22d of February is a legal holiday in all the States except Mississippi, also in the District of Columbia, Arizona and Oklahoma.

* * *

MUST BE PREPAID—Subscriber, City. All communications to United States Government officers and to members of Congress are required to be prepaid with stamps.

Personal Mention

G. H. Hayes of Goldfield is at the St. Francis.

Charles J. Kaffa of Washington, D. C., is at the Palace.

J. J. Mullin, a Tonopah mine owner, is at the St. Francis.

E. B. Walbridge, a hotel man of Red Bluff, is at the Savoy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Warren of Brooklyn are at the Jefferson.

C. W. Gates, a business man of Los Angeles, is at the Hamlin.

Julian Fried, a mining man of Rosebud, Nev., is at the Hamlin.

W. A. Hillis, a well-known rifleman of Portland, is at the Imperial.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Goodhue of Toledo, Ohio, are registered at the Jefferson.

Jacob Wertheim and Henry Straus, cigar manufacturers of New York, are at the Hamlin.

Frank J. Shaw of Seattle, one of the promoters of the exhibition to be held in that city in 1909, is at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Strobel of Utica, N. Y., and en route from Portland to Los Angeles, registered at the Hamlin yesterday.

H. A. Galleway, James Higgins and J. H. Riley of Butte, Mont., are at the St. Francis. They are connected with mining interests in Tonopah.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Considine of Seattle are at the Savoy. Considine is a lumberman and is returning home from a trip to Los Angeles.

F. Alba de Costa, a prominent mining man with large interests in Nevada, arrived at the Palace Hotel yesterday. He is accompanied by his wife and family. They are about to make an extended trip abroad, starting from New York.

In the Joke World

"Pandora removed the lid and trouble has been abroad ever since."

"What a pity Secretary Taft wasn't around at the time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

"Paw-uh! Do the good die young?"

"So it is said, Johnny."

"What do they die of, paw-uh?"

"Oh, I dunno. Starve to death, I reckon."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

Hicks—I am going to give you a little conundrum, and I wonder that the newspapers haven't had it yet.

Wicks—Well, fire away.

Hicks—When a man in a restaurant complains to the waiter because the beef is tough, what famous English author does the waiter name in his reply?—Somerville Journal.

* * *

He—Why did you let George kiss you?

She—Well, he was so nice about it. He said—

He—Surely you are big enough to be able to say "No."

She—That's what I did say. He asked me if I would be angry if he kissed me—Pick Me Up.

Gossip in Railway Circles

C. S. Fee of the Southern Pacific announced recently that there would be special rates both East and West made during the year of practically one fare for the round trip during the time of the Jamestown Exposition, which will open on April 26 and will last till November 30. Special rates will also be made for the American Medical Association, Atlantic City; Theatrical Mechanical Association, St. Louis; Knights Templar, Saratoga; Young People's Christian Union, Boston; Elks, Philadelphia; Grand Army reunion, Saratoga; Eagles, Norfolk; Imperial Council, Los Angeles; National Educational Association, Los Angeles; International Christian Endeavor Association, Seattle, and Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars, Seattle. Summer excursion tickets will be sold daily June 1 to September 15, inclusive, from Eastern territory to San Francisco and Los Angeles at reduced rates, namely, $55 from Cheyenne and Denver, $60 from Kansas City, Council Bluffs and Omaha, $75 from Chicago, $69 from St. Louis and New Orleans and corresponding rates from other points. These tickets will bear final return limit of October 31, 1907, and will permit of stopovers going and returning.

* * *

He lurched into Frank Fabens' office, overturned a chair, staggered up to a table and steadied himself by putting four fingers of a grimy hand in an ink well.

"I am a hero," he announced briefly.

"A what?" asked Fabens, irritated at the merriment of his staff.

"'A hero," he repeated wearily, as if annoyed at being asked the question. "I averted a terrible wreck on your line near Gilroy. The conductor thanked me for my services and informed me that he had wired a full account of my heroic action to Harriman, and that I would get a reward commensurate with my services. The passengers also thanked me—thanks, that was all."

"Well," asked Fabens, "why do you come to me?"

"I came because I was directed to the general office and because you would be the first to be acquainted with what Harriman intended to do. I want no pecuniary reward. I am an old soldier, besides being a hero. I fought in thirteen pitched battles and twenty-three skirmishes, and I saved this land for you. I lived at the Soldiers' Home in Santa Monica, but the climate of the south does not agree with me, and so I was walking to a home somewhere in Oregon when I saved this awful loss of life. All I want is a pass to Oregon—anywhere in Oregon."

"I am sorry," began Fabens, "but the interstate commerce act forbids us granting a pass. If you show us your papers we will give you a half rate."

"A half rate be sugared!" he yelled (only he said something different). "I have always heard that corporations have no souls. Now I am convinced. You, young man, have a noble face, a classic countenance, a look of kindness, and yet you refuse a hero—the savior of his country—a pass. I came to you hoping to find a haven of refuge, and instead get the glassy eye and the marble heart. Farewell, you product of a vicious age. Never will I again enter a railroad train or a railroad office," and he stumbled out of the office. And the young lady who takes dictations threw open the window to rid the air of the smell of alcohol.

* * *

H. K. Gregory, assistant general passenger agent of the Santa Fe, received word yesterday from Kansas City that three cars of colonists had been delivered to his line, or 120 people, all of whom were bound for this State. The dispatch stated that they were ticketed for Hanford and Oakland. The general offices of the Southern Pacific were notified yesterday that 800 colonists bound for this city had passed Ogden on Friday.

* * *

There will be held either on Monday or Tuesday a meeting of the Western agents of the New York Central lines, passenger department, when Pacific Coast business will be discussed. W. B. Jermoe, general Western agent of the New York Central lines, is already here, and Erwin Tears, passenger agent at Denver, and F. M. Byron, who holds a similar position in Los Angeles, are expected tomorrow. Carleton C. Crane, who represents the passenger department of the New York Central, in speaking of business said: "It is heavier than at this time last year, despite the fact that there is no tourist business in this city."

* * *

C. F. McWilliams has been appointed acting general agent of the Great Northern Steamship line at Yokohama, vice J. S. Van Buren, retired. J. S. Van Buren, it will be remembered, was for many years the agent of the Pacific Mail in Hongkong and last June accepted the agency of the Hill line of steamers.

* * *

"Translate this for me and bring it back as soon as it is done." With these words a railroad official flung the following dispatch at the new clerk. It ran thus:

"Secondary rotative squalid sport rooted rowdy slibbery sable saddled roundness surmount sneezing royalist."

An hour afterward the official sent for the clerk and the dispatch. The message was found and beside it lay the resignation of the clerk.

"I tell you that chap is crazy," he confided to a fellow worker as he left the office. The cipher message was too great a trial for his nerves.

* * *

The railroads in the State announce that a rate of one fare for the round trip will be put into effect between here and Los Angeles at the time of the meeting of the National Educational Association in July. The rate is open to everybody, plus $2, which goes to the teachers' fund.

* * *

Montgomery Schuyler, a well known newspaper man, has published a book entitled "Westward the Course of Empire," which is a record of a fast run across the continent. The book is issued at the expense of the Union Pacific and is well written and handsomely illustrated.

Verse Current in the Nations Press

THE VILLAGE MERCHANT

Upon the quiet village street,
With slanting stoop and open door,
Whose panes are meager for display,
Through which scarce shines the light of day,
Behold the simple country store.

About the door are grouped the things
Most useful for the farmer's needs;
Some rakes and hoes, an ax and spade,
Some kegs of nails on which are laid
A box or two of garden seeds.

Long shelves of canned stuffs greet the eye,
Each counter, too, is burdened well;
While fruits and spices, coffees, teas
And scores of other things like these
Send forth a most inviting smell.

The merchant, now a man of years,
Behind the counter spends each day,
Or labors o'er some musty book
With slow and scrutinizing look
To keep a just account alway.

Began he here when but a boy,
He looks with pride around his store;
No great commercial venture his,
A simple, honest trade it is—
He seeks enough and nothing more.

He ne'er has been to foreign lands,
Nor yearned his neighbor to excel;
In honest toil he's passed his days
In giving, yet not asking praise,
And served his township long and well.

On Sunday he is found at church,
The same receives his loving care;
A class of trusting boys is his,
And in the midweek services
His voice is heard in song and prayer.

Now who successful more than he,
And who more worthy of a name?
No statesman, prophet, bard or sage
In this or any future age
Shall more deserve enduring fame.

Upon the quiet village street
This man has built his monument,
No tower of stone, a simple store,
An honest life and nothing more—
Who would not be like him, content?

—Joe Cone in New York Sun.

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them gently under the mold.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme;
For the Rose is Beauty; the Gardener, Time.

—Austin Dobson.

THE BEST MAN

Oh, give me the man with the sun in his face,
And the shadows all dancing behind;
Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace,
And never forgets to be kind;
For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab,
I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

—John L. Shroy in Lippincott's.

French Artificial Silk Industry

SEVERAL manufacturers in and around Lyon are employing artificial silk in the manufacture of light goods for summer wear, and one company states that the exports to England, Belgium and the United States are holding their own and in some countries are marked by an important augmentation. It is being used in some factories in combination with the natural silk. In mousseline de soie the warp is made of natural silk and the woof of chardonnet, as the artificial silk is called. In some houses a thread of chardonnet and a thread of natural silk are passed alternately on two different shuttles.

A great difficulty the manufacturers of goods from artificial silk have had to contend with is that the stuff could not stand exposure to dampness or the least rain. I am told that in blending the artificial with the natural article this difficulty is very largely overcome. It is also said that by combining a thread of chardonnet with a thread of natural silk the former adds a very desirable brilliancy to the finished material, which adds to its value as used in laces, passementerie, mousselines, ribbons, gauzes and anything used in trimming.

A new article called chifolinels, a species of goods manufactured from crin de chardonnet, is used very largely in the trimmings of ladies' hats. All the milliners in France use it, and one firm in Lyon has orders for it for six months ahead.

The works in Besancon, which had dismissed many of their employes on account of a period of depression, have now been working on full time for a month or more and giving employment to 1500 to 2000 men. They export their goods to all the countries in Europe except Germany, where an arrangement has been entered into with the German company by which the French company will not invade their market. The stock in this French company, which had fallen very low, has been marked by a steady rise and is now quoted at 800 per cent above par. It is reported in Lyon that an effort to establish a mill in the United States for the manufacture of chardonnet silk has been abandoned on account of the high wages paid to American workingmen. The manufacturers here say that it is more profitable to pay the 30 per cent duty than to put up works there and pay the high wages to American workingmen.

Grizzlies Lassoed in Pioneer Days

THE present generation of Californians knows little or nothing of a phase of strenuous life practiced on this coast by the old vaqueros in the early days. It is a matter of common report that fifty years ago, when Southern California was one vast stock ranch, the roping and taking alive of the grizzly bear was not an unusual feat and was sometimes accomplished by a single man. We have all heard of it in a vague way, but know nothing of the detail of the circumstances which surrounded such occurrences.

This lends an especial interest to an account of such a capture written by one of the actors in it—Hancock M. Johnston—which appeared in the New York Forest and Stream of January 12. The scene of the capture of four grizzlies and the subsequent bull fight was the San Pascual ranch, where the flourishing city of Pasadena now stands. The article is vividly written and to a Californian is most interesting.