

The San Francisco Call

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THE bucket shop campaign to defeat the Hewitt bill is characteristic and is worth attention only because its methods are by themselves sufficient proof of the desperation of the cause that inspires them. The bill in question, introduced in the senate by Hewitt and in the assembly by C. C. Young, is designed to kill a vicious and dangerous form of sure thing gambling, which gathers in "suckers" to bet on the prices quoted for stocks. No purchases of securities go with these transactions. It is simply and wholly a form of betting on the course of market quotations. There is no essential difference between betting on stock prices and on the result of a horse race except that the bucket shop is more dangerous to the public good, because more readily accessible and more open than the racetrack. As practiced in San Francisco this means of gambling has been wide open. It is a strange anomaly that this crooked industry should be permitted, although every other variety of gambling is under the ban of law.

Of course, this gambling industry is hugely profitable, and in this fact lies the inspiration and motive of the campaign of vilification directed against the bill and its proponents under the disguise of a bogus press association, making a pretense to represent newspapers of this state. Of course, this "press association" has merely hired its name to a literary bureau designed to advance the interests of the sure thing gamblers. As a matter of fact, not a single reputable newspaper in California has raised a voice in favor of the bucket shops. The bucket shops have been effectively closed in Los Angeles by an ordinance drafted by Senator Hewitt when he was city attorney in that town. The same purpose has been accomplished elsewhere by similar legislation, and the Hewitt bill, now pending before the legislature, aims to extend to the whole commonwealth of California the benefits of the Los Angeles ordinance.

No defense is possible for the bucket shop industry that would not be equally good for faro, roulette or book making on the races. It only differs from these games in that it is more easy of access in business hours. It is a peculiarly vicious form of gambling and is so indefensible that it is driven to dubious methods of defense.

PROPOSERS of the Randall apportionment bill, which proposes to rob San Francisco of a considerable part of the legislative representation that belongs to it, are circulating a queer special plea in favor of the bill written by Chester H. Rowell, who appears to have accepted the congenial office of apologist for all the crooked politics conceived in Meyer Lissner's brain. This is an extract from the apology for stealing:

Both in delegates to state conventions and in members of the state central committee both parties give and always have given more representation in proportion to the population to the country than to cities. The rule is almost universal, and the arguments for it are very strong. Not the least of them being that the country usually sends intelligent men to the legislature, while the cities, especially San Francisco, rarely do so.

A very similar plea might be made in favor of filching pennies out of a blind man's tray. Not being in full possession of his faculties, he does not need the money, or at least he can afford to share with others whose fingers are more nimble. It is a mean office that Lissner has thrust on Rowell to defend the dirty work of the machine, but he seems to go to it with an appetite. The professional honest man has his uses, but after a little wear and tear like this the halo that he manufactured with so much pains gets dim and frayed. The difference between the professional honest man and the other kind is that the former accounts his honesty as an asset, while the latter treats it as a liability.

PARTLY the disturbances in Mexico are a revolt against an unpopular leader and partly an aspiration after democracy taking shape in sporadic warfare. The unpopular leader is not Diaz but Vice President Corral, who is an object of dubious regard and grave suspicion by large bodies of his countrymen. Corral is the weak spot in the Diaz government. If his place were taken by General Reyes the so called revolution would speedily expire for want of nourishment.

In its present phases the war amounts to little more than an effective stoppage of business in two states, Chihuahua and Sonora. The scattered bands of guerrillas are able to tear up railroads and stop transportation, but that is about the limit of their strength. The affair is serious chiefly from the injury they are able to do in destroying or shutting down important industries operated by American or European capital.

The situation is thus described:

These states, Chihuahua and Sonora, are the northernmost in the republic. Chihuahua has rich grazing lands, especially those of Senor Terrazas, who is said to be the largest land owner in the world, and who, at any rate, holds 8,000,000 acres and counts his cattle, horses, sheep and goats by the hundreds of thousands. There are great timber lands also in Chihuahua, valuable growths of pine on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Madre, and there are many mines. In Sonora, the neighboring state, which lies on the other side of the mountain range, there is almost as large a choice of industrial possibilities. It is in Chihuahua that the Pearson syndicate of Great Britain has been conducting lumbering operations on a tract of land, which, by the way, it bought from Colonel "Bill" Greene of Greene-Cananea fame. In the two states are two of the four

Getting Into Line



mines owned by the Mines company of America, which has listed its \$9,000,000 capital stock on the New York stock exchange. And the lumbering operations, two of the four mines, and many other industries in which Americans and Englishmen are interested, have been completely "put out of business" by the insurgents.

It has become clear that Diaz has not been greatly interested in the fate of these important industries operated almost exclusively by foreign capital, and there is some reason behind the theory that the massing of American troops on the frontier was a move to bring him to a realizing sense that the situation in a business, if not in a political way, was serious. There is no doubt that these great interests were clamoring for protection, which Diaz did not appear inclined to give them until the movement of American troops showed him that if he did not get to work with energy there would be an effective intervention.

REAR ADMIRAL CONE, at the recent conference of the Navy league in Los Angeles, declared that the chief reason for keeping the main naval force in the Atlantic was the inadequacy of the local coal supply on this coast. This excuse will not hold much longer, because on the admiral's own showing the future warships of all classes will burn oil, and not coal. As Admiral Cone said in his address:

We are at present designing ships which will be particularly effective in the Pacific because of our large supply of fuel oil on the west coast. So far as can be seen at the present time, the United States navy of the future will consume oil instead of coal. In fact, we have already in commission 10 destroyers that burn nothing but oil. The battleships being designed for the next year's program are to be vessels that burn only oil. In order that members of the league may be informed of the situation with regard to oil burning, which I consider the most important technical question now confronting the department, I will state briefly the reasons which caused this decision to burn oil.

The advantages of oil over coal are that a smaller weight of fuel is necessary to produce the same power, and that it can be taken on board ship, readily, without manual labor and without interruption to the routine of the ship. The problem of fueling at sea is therefore solved. Full power in such a vessel can be maintained as readily as low power, and a vessel burning oil is capable of prolonged runs at full speed, without fatigue on the part of the personnel. Oil can be burned smokeless, which is, of course, an important tactical consideration. A considerable reduction in personnel is possible. Coal and ash handling gear is eliminated, rendering unnecessary the piercing of the hull for coal trunks, etc. The storage and handling of oil are much easier than that of coal and will result in a cleaner ship, with consequent increase of time available for training and drills. The mechanical supply of oil fuel to the boilers gives a prompt and delicate control of the steam supply, and permits more sudden changes in speed than can be made with coal—this being a decided tactical advantage.

This is an overwhelming presentation of the case in favor of fuel oil. It is so strong and so convincing that the surprise lies in the fact that it took the navy department so long to make the discovery. Now, if the scarcity of coal on the Pacific coast is good reason for keeping a coal burning fleet in the Atlantic, where it is not needed, the argument is much stronger in favor of keeping an oil burning fleet on the Pacific coast, where oil is plenty and where there may be need for the ships in a hurry.

SAN FRANCISCO'S public utility bonds are gilt edged securities, paying a better return on the investment than money deposited in the savings banks. The professional bond buyers do not particularly care to trade in these issues because the margin of profit is small and the city does not and can not under the charter offer inducements in the way of discounts, as corporations usually do in the case of large flotations of securities.

Nevertheless, there is a margin of profit in buying these bonds of the city, and there is no reason why the individual investor should not be invited to take that profit for himself in the proportion of his ability to buy. If the banks and bond houses hang back and discourage the market for the city's securities it is time for the administration to offer them over the counter in small lots to the citizens. There is money enough in the local savings banks to buy the whole issue a hundred times over, and the investment will pay better interest than the banks.

Intimations have been thrown out that banking and other financial institutions were disposed to look coldly on the municipal bonds issued for the purpose of acquiring public utilities. We do not attach much importance to gossip of this character, because any such policy as it indicates would be most unwise as well as illiberal. The banks do not own the money in their vaults and are only custodians for their depositors. The one question that a banker has the right to consider is whether the investment pays a reasonable interest and is secure.

A Word of Advice

"Just one word of advice, son, before you go out into the world." "Yes, dad." "Always be kind to democrats. They have their turn now and then."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Did She?

Lady—Why should I buy an egg beater?
Peddler—Well, the lady next door thought you might return hers if you did!—Puck

Uncle Walt

The Poet Philosopher

The rich man's daughter, starry eyed, was willing quite to be a bride, but weighed her suitors well.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS

There came to her a stalwart youth—a demigod in very truth—his tale of love to tell. "I have no palaces or lands, I have naught but my sturdy hands, and heart that's stout and true; and if you'll be my bride I'll try to bring you riches by and by, and I will worship you." "Avaunt!" she cried, "you trifling wight! You haven't got your head on right! Think you that I'm insane? Great ginger! Wherefore should I wed a man who lives on graham bread? You fill me with a pain." Then came an old and spavined sport this star eyed damozel to court, to woo her, bonds and mines; he had no hair upon his head, his eyes were weak, his nose was red, from dalliance with wives. "I have no assets but regrets," he said, "and mortgages and debts, and scrofula and gout; but I'm a lord, and so I think you'd better wed me, with your chink, and thereby help me out." The maiden rose, with gentle pride, and to her cringing vassals cried—who hastened to obey: "Close all the gates and lock the doors! I have a lord from British shores, and fear he'll get away!"

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The Morning Chit-Chat

WITH the approach of the magic twenty-first that gives us the right to consider winter over, whatever the thermometer may try to tell us, our minds turn, as a sunflower toward the sun, toward the new season, summer clothes, summer food and summer fun, and, of course, summer vacations replace our winter thoughts.

It seems to me that to a great many young people who are not fortunate enough to have summer homes, the summer vacation is a decided problem.

Especially to those of us who have very tired minds and bodies, a scant two weeks to rest them in for the next fifty weeks of strain, and pathetically slender purses with which to accomplish this miracle.

We must have rest. We want fun and a jolly time. And we simply can't spend a great deal of money.

What then are we going to do with these two weeks?

Now, why can't we help each other?

Why can't you people write and tell me of some especially unique and interesting or restful vacation which you, a girl of moderate means, have taken and let me pass the idea on to your sisters?

I know two girls who have planned a rather unique excursion for this summer. One of them owns a horse and runabout, and so, instead of spending a lot of money for board at some fashionable summering place, they are going to put a few simple clothes and a few good books in a suitcase, and with these and the spirit of adventure and determination to have a good time which is indispensable for any good vacation, fare forth some fine June morning on a two weeks' driving trip.

They have planned a trip which will take them through some beautiful country. They will stop occasionally at friends' homes and spend the other nights at country inns.

Have you ever taken or are you planning some such unique little trip? If you have, tell us about it.

Or tell us about the best vacation you ever had and what feature made it so.

It may be some feature that others could incorporate into their vacations. I don't want you to write over 200 words, but I do want you, if you can possibly think of some good vacation idea, to share, to consider the fun you got out of it an obligation to pass it on.

Ruth Cameron

Abe Ruef and His Soul

The remarks of Abraham Ruef on the eve of his 14 year term in the California penitentiary are most felicitous. Mr. Ruef declares that his face is set toward the future and his back "resolutely to the past."

Considering Mr. Ruef's past, this would seem to be highly creditable to his taste. Most of us, if we had a past like Mr. Ruef's, would turn our backs resolutely upon it, and also pitch some chloride of lime over our shoulder to bury it.

But Mr. Ruef is no mere practical man. He is a philosopher, therefore he proceeded as follows:

The body may be put in jail, but there can be no imprisonment for the soul. Though the heart may be laden, mind will not retain supreme. For me there is neither terror nor disgrace in that which I see before me. Pain, and sorrow, and grief, yes, the anguish and suffering of those I leave behind me. They are the unfortunate victims.

There is no question that Mr. Ruef leaves victims behind him. In fact, that they will hear with some concern his announcement that "if I survive with health not entirely broken down, I will return to San Francisco. I will not run away from the past."

We doubt if San Francisco can afford to have Mr. Ruef's prehensile soul once more at large in her affairs. But Mr. Ruef's solidarity is more than locally interesting; it bears upon a striking oratory which recently set the senate floor awash. Mr. Ruef has no corner on pests or pathos.—Chicago Tribune.

It Was to Laugh

Venus was trying to teach her willful son to discriminate nicely.

"Why," she asked with some severity, "did you laugh at that chap who took his departure so hastily at the sound of his girl's father's footsteps on the stairs?"

Cupid, or Love, smiled broadly at the recollection.

"He made such a beautiful bolt for the door that I thought he was a locksmith," replied the young god artlessly.—Puck.

In Crimson Gulch

"Can you tell me something about the same laws around here?" asked the stranger in Crimson Gulch. "Well," replied, Threepinger Sam, "I could, but my advice to you would be, if you don't know the rules of a game, don't try to play it."—Washington Star.

A Wicked Game

The Loser—Do you think it's wicked to play poker?

The Winner—Yes, the way you play it.—Toledo Blade.

Central America buys on an average \$27,000,000 worth of American goods yearly, and sends the United States \$12,000,000 of products. In order of importance as customers of the United States are Panama, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- JUDGE FRANK S. DIETRICH of the United States court, district of Idaho, arrived yesterday to sit for Judge de Haven, who is ill. Judge Dietrich will remain until April 10.
- ALONZO M. PEITY, secretary for the Pacific district of the American Baptist mission society, with headquarters at Los Angeles, is a guest at the Hotel Argonaut.
- WALTER DOUGLASS, a mining man of Blaine, Ariz., is registered at the Palace hotel with Mrs. Douglass.
- C. WIEBE of Chicago, who has mining interests in Lovelock, Nev., is registered at the Union Square hotel.
- HENRY A. HEILBRON, a businessman of Sacramento, is at the Fairmont hotel with Mrs. Heilbron.
- MARK O. NORDEN of New York, dealer in lithographic supplies, is at the Hotel St. Francis.
- S. B. LINTHICUM, an attorney of Portland, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace hotel.
- R. H. PEELER, president of the chamber of commerce at Coalinga, is at the Hotel Marx.
- H. F. WESCOTT, a manufacturer of Seattle, and Mrs. Wescott are at the Arlington hotel.
- W. M. HUNTER and wife of Hermosillo, Mex., is registered at the Union Square hotel.
- A. F. STEVENS, a lumberman of Healdsburg, is at the Hotel Marx with Mrs. Stevens.
- JAMES SHEEHY, a fruit shipper of Watsonville, is registered at the Hotel St. Francis.
- C. HOFFMAN, a capitalist of Seattle, and Mrs. Hoffman are at the Stanford hotel.
- JOHN C. LEWIS, a capitalist of Portland, is at the Palace hotel with Mrs. Lewis.
- E. D. CROTHERS, an attorney at law at San Jose, is at the Hotel Argonaut.
- JOHN H. MURPHY of Chicago, head of the hotel and restaurant system of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, is at the Palace hotel.
- L. F. GAY, associated with several oil companies at Oiland, Cal., is a recent arrival at the Hotel Argonaut, accompanied by Mrs. Gay.
- BENJAMIN RUSH of Philadelphia, vice president of the North American insurance company, is at the Palace hotel.
- W. S. HEEFF of Denver, who is associated with the United States light and traction company, is at the Palace hotel.
- E. W. ALLEN, a dealer in pianos and sewing machines at San Jose, is a recent arrival at the Hotel Argonaut.
- W. C. GRATTER, a real estate man of Pacific Grove, is at the Stanford hotel.
- ROBERT DORRITY, a businessman of Hartford, is at the Hotel Stewart.
- C. M. RICH, a businessman of Chicago, is registered at the Fairmont hotel.
- J. RUPERT FOSTER, a hotelman of Marysville, is at the Hotel St. Francis.
- CHARLES RASOR, a merchant of Wilmett, is a guest at the Hotel Marx.
- MR. and MRS. W. B. VAN of Sacramento are at the Hotel Vojvo.
- M. TOWLE, a mining man of New York, is at the Hotel Cadillac.
- J. E. DUNSTON, a mining man of Stockton, is at the Hotel Turpin.
- T. F. HORNING, a husband of Sacramento, is at the Hotel Turpin.
- G. MEYERS, an oilman of Philadelphia, is at the Hotel Cadillac.
- C. H. WEST, a merchant of Fresno, is at the Hotel Stewart.

Abe Martin



Miss Fawn Lippincott says she'll be glad when East Lynne comes an' goes so she kin wear her good clothes every day. Now's the time Christmas jewelry begins t' turn green.