

THE CALL

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The Peace Victories of the United States Army

Secretary Garrison Skillfully Shows What the American Soldier Does to Help His Countrymen

Peace hath her victories for the United States army no less renowned than war, and Secretary of War Garrison, speaking in defense of the service in New York on Saturday night, had a long list of the victories of peace to cite in behalf of the men who commonly are behind the guns.

These men are commonly behind the guns, on parade, in maneuvers, in barracks; but when there is need for them in the cause of peace they will stack their rifles in the racks and go out to wrest victory from a foe, unarmed in all things save the important equipment of discipline and fidelity.

The secretary of war cites as instances of the noble work of the army its service in San Francisco at the time of the fire in 1906 and its subsequent work in forest fires, including the recent Tamalpais fire and the disastrous forest fire in southern California; its work in Omaha at the time of the tornado and in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys during the flood period of last spring; and its administration of the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico and Santa Domingo, and the building of the Panama canal under the control of army officers.

The peace movement is spreading and there doubtless will come a day when armies need not be recruited for service in battle. Does that mean that the garrisons will be empty and the barracks unused?

What would the country do for its emergency peace soldiers? In time of disaster a disciplined force is needed to keep order, to perform deeds of valor and of self-sacrifice. No one would claim that the average soldier is more courageous than the average man one meets in civil life. But the soldier is trained to obey orders, he is trained to efface himself to a common good, and that is not the training that the individualistic life of today gives the average man.

The American soldier is not a swaggering bully. If he were he would not, as an individual, last long in the street. The American army officer is not always crying war, although it is instinctive to his profession to desire battle, for along the bristling line of entrenchments lie honor and promotion and a niche, maybe, in a hall of fame. It is as natural for a soldier to desire war as for a surgeon to desire an opportunity to display his peculiar skill. But as the surgeon does not go about breaking sundry arms and legs, neither does the American soldier go about scattering cause for international trouble.

When war time comes, if it does come again, the American soldier will do honor to his flag and his uniform, and in the meantime it is wonderfully convenient for us to have him about to fight our forest fires and handle our refugees in time of disaster.

To Build a Model City

The American sculptor, Christian Andersen, has interested various governments, including our own, and that of the kaiser and the king of England, in a plan to build a modern international city to cost a hundred million dollars.

The matter is really seriously discussed and sites have been suggested on the New Jersey coast, the coast of Holland near The Hague, on the Mediterranean between Cannes and Monte Carlo, on the shore of Lake Neuchatel in Switzerland; at St. Germain, just outside of Paris; in the sea of Marmora near Constantinople, and other places.

Discuss with your family what YOU would call a model city and how you would build it, if you had a hundred millions to spend. We are inclined to think that it would be impossible to construct a pleasing city even with unlimited money, just as it is impossible to construct a new pleasing language.

A language or a city is A GROWTH OR AN EVOLUTION LIKE AN INDIVIDUAL.

The best that humanity can do is to improve the individuals and the cities that exist.

Chicago has done marvels in this direction as regards making it a city for the mass of the people.

Berlin has done more, perhaps, than any other city in existence in the way of general improvement.

San Francisco is the marvel of the world in her sudden uprising from fire, but it is not a new city, for the city IS THE SPIRIT OF THE CITIZENS, and that spirit was here. Neither fire nor disaster could destroy it.

Alexander the Great planned a really remarkable combination of a model city and a piece of gigantic self-glorification.

His modest scheme was to cut a statue of himself out of a solid mountain of rock, a statue so vast that the outstretched arm would support wide boulevards and aqueducts AND THE CITY BE BUILT IN THE PALM OF THE STATUE'S HAND.

That notion of building a city and having the city in the palm of your own hand was worthy of Alexander. He might have carried out the plan if he had combined with the power to rule others THE POWER TO RULE HIMSELF—that is to say, in plain language, if he could have kept from getting drunk. The getting drunk exposed him to disease and disease killed him, and the statue holding a city in its hand was not completed.

If the nations should combine to build a model city it would be very interesting, very pretty.

But one single villa perched high on stone walls above a deep cut street in a corner of Rome would supply more food to the human imagination than the entire model city.

And one queer little village like La Tourbie, perched on a rock and overlooking the Mediterranean, would be more interesting than 40 model cities.

As a matter of fact, model city or otherwise, as we now know it, will, in our humble opinion, before long be only a memory like the nest of the roc that used to lay eggs as big as your market basket, or the colonies of beavers.

The flying machine will mean the end of the city for dwelling purposes.

The day is not far distant when what we now call the city will be a great office building with a gigantic factory to which the workers will fly in the morning from their separate homes on the hills and the plains far distant, and from which they will fly at night—like seagulls flying to and from their work.

Men have gathered in cities because walking is painful and travel is slow. Human beings now living will see the workers of the humble kind travel 100 miles in 25 minutes or less, from their little houses and their little patch of ground, to the big industrial beehive or city in which their work will be done.

The city will be a building perhaps a mile or more high, with landings at various altitudes.

The late Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, used to talk about tearing down the old building, which has since burned down, and building another building. He said that if he was not afraid of being laughed at he would certainly plan a tower for a landing place for flying machines.

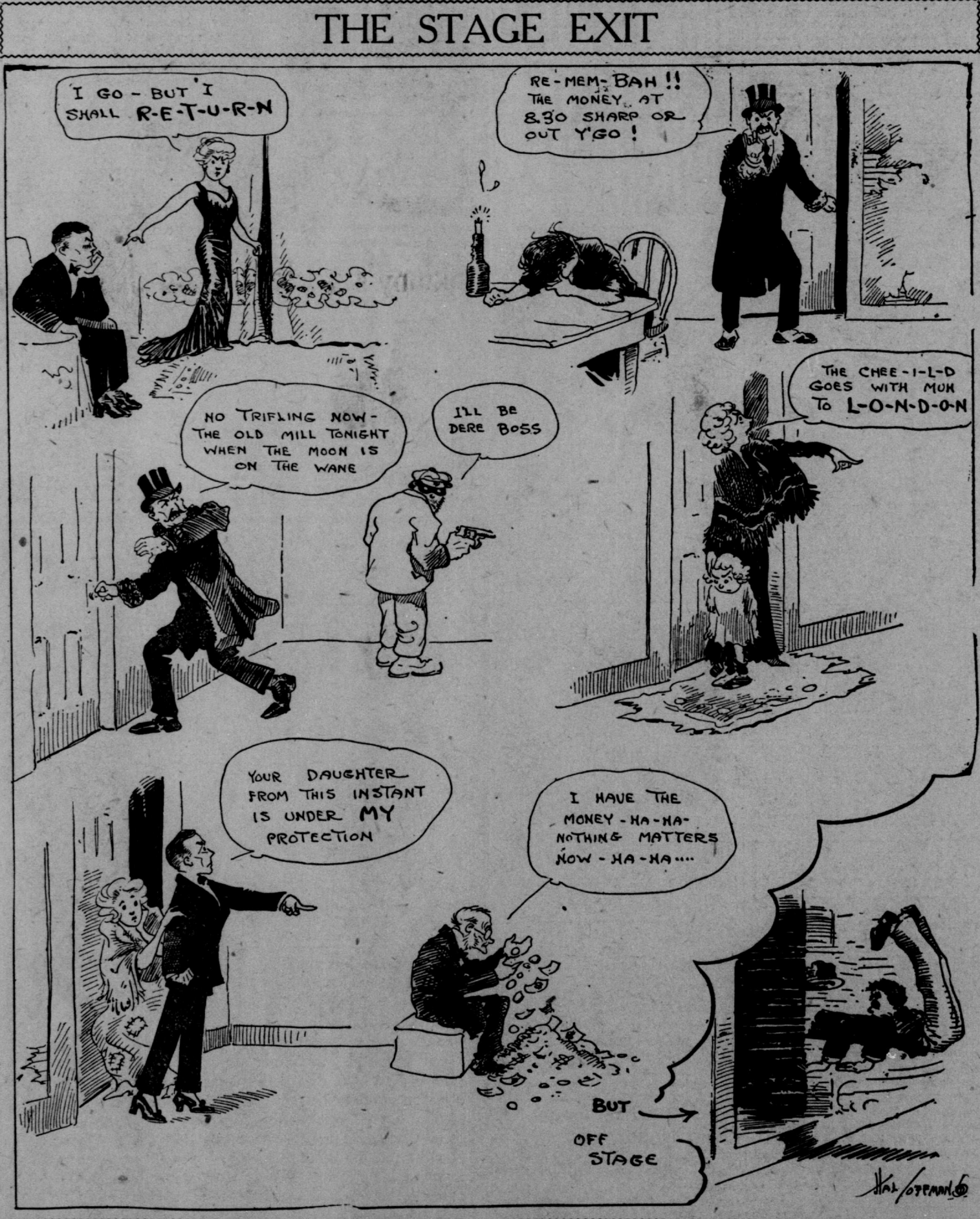
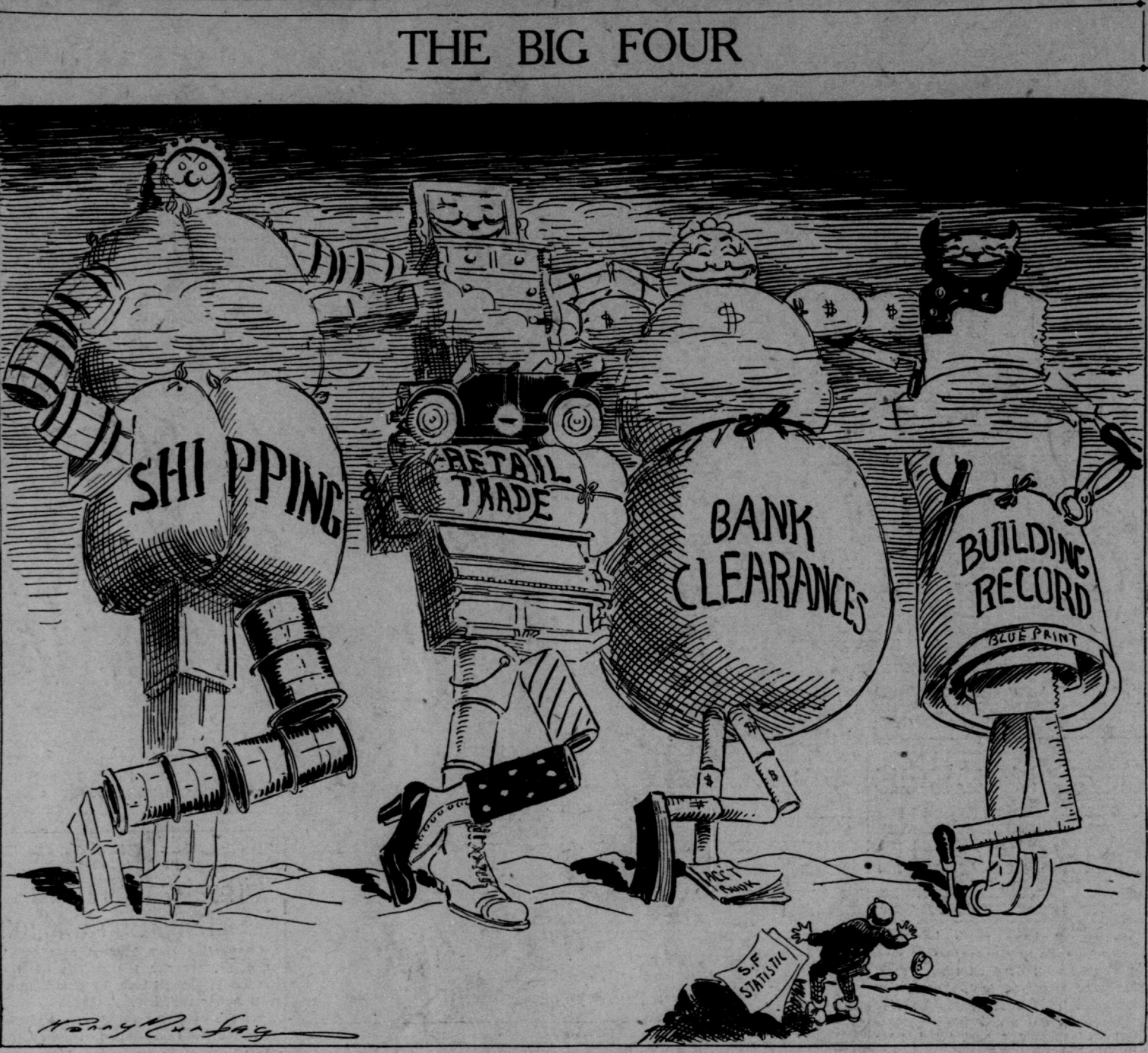
Those living will see such towers and many of them.

They will see the day when all men and women will go to their work THROUGH THE ROOF INSTEAD OF FROM THE GROUND FLOOR.

The high hills now abandoned will be covered then with individual palaces and model apartment houses.

The city with its dirty, dusty, filthy, crowded streets will vanish and in a material way civilization will begin.

If you want to make money for your great-grandchildren buy hilltops cheap. They will be choice real estate before very long.



Evening Calls

The Golden Gate is the bay window of our harbor.

Now the postscript to the baseball season has been written and sent to the orient.

Definition—Candy store: A branch of the United States mint located near a schoolhouse.

Vincent Astor didn't get any presents on his twenty-second birthday. He still has left, however, a little of that \$87,000,000 he received on his twenty-first.

American "immortals" are planning a hall of fame in which their portraits are to be hung, thereby establishing an interesting guessing game for posterity.

The polo season has opened. All amica remaining on hand at Stanford and Berkeley will be immediately forwarded to El Cerrito and Burlingame.

O'Shaughnessy's title is "Charge," but on the whole he's a credit to us down in Mexico.

Persia dedicated its site at the Panama-Pacific grounds today. British papers please copy.

New York is having its annual horse show. All those little evening entertainments help out the taxicab man.

No man is worth more than \$25,000 a year, says a college professor. Note: No college ever pays a man anything like that.

The railroad commission has cut the telephone tolls on "long distance," but has done nothing to cut what is told over our party line.

A burglar effecting an entrance into a house was hit on the nose by a novel and quit discouraged. It must have been an old fashioned burglar; the new ones all encourage the burglar.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

—ON—

Married Life

Unless the Man Is a Drunkard, It Rests Within the Woman's Power to Make Him What She Will.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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WIFE, of a man in comfortable circumstances, and mistress of a good home, what are you doing with your opportunities for usefulness and for happiness?

What are you doing to keep your husband interested in you, to make your children proud of you, and to render your home a center of light and bright, wholesome pleasure for your family and friends?

Those are the duties which confront every woman who takes marriage vows.

They are the first and foremost duties of the world for a woman who is married.

If she is not filling these duties to the utmost of her abilities, she is making life a failure, no matter if she is singing like Lind, writing like Sappho, painting like Bonheur or leading an army toward suffrage goals like Joan d'Arc.

We must better ourselves before we can better the world. That is woman's great work. When she rounds out her own character and her own home life she may then talk and sing and write and make speeches for the benefit of humanity if she has the talent.

But first—let her make herself.

The woman who takes marriage vows must consider her husband and her home her world until she has done in every possible way her entire duty toward perfecting that world.

Unless a man is a hopeless degenerate or drunkard, it rests greatly in the woman's power to make him what she will.

Love and Tact Can Accomplish Anything

The average man starts marriage with more love in his heart than the average wife brings as her dower.

A large percentage of women marry for a dozen reasons, in which great and absorbing love is not included.

The majority of men are led into marriage through love of the woman selected to be a wife.

That so many men do not remain in love is due to various causes. And these causes can be traced very often to the failure of the wife to do all her role calls for in the great drama of life.

Men demand a bright, interesting, orderly, cheerful, comfortable environment.

They want a woman to look pleasing, to dress tastefully, to be entertaining, to be amusing, to be economical: yet to supply all their needs in the home.

It is a difficult task, especially if the man is inclined to be close in his money dealings.

But just there is where woman's tact should be employed. A tactful woman, who loves her husband, can make him see the necessity of enlarging her income; and she can accomplish this without any humiliating methods of begging or arguing. THERE IS NOTHING LOVE AND TACT CAN NOT ACCOMPLISH IN THIS WORLD.

Are you using these admirable methods in your home?

Are you making good use of the many hours in the day, when you are away from your husband, to render yourself and your home more attractive?

Are you giving even one hour daily to some form of self-culture?

Pious, Preachy Wife Not Popular These Days

It is little to give, but it means to receive much.

And it enriches life and enables you to be a better wife and mother and friend.

Pray much—but talk little about it. The "pious," preachy woman is never popular, and she limits her sphere of usefulness. Ask for light, guidance, growth—and power for usefulness—and power to radiate happiness. It shall be given.

Footnotes of Humor

Adoring Grandmother—Isn't he a lovely baby?

Calm Visitor—Yes, he's a nice little baby.

Adoring Grandmother (enthusiastically)—And so intelligent! He just lies there all day and breathes, and breathes and breathes.

"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?"

"Certainly."

"Well you picked them before they were ripe."

"I am inclined to think," said a man, "that our friend, Mr. Grafton Grabb, was created on the Sabbath."

"For what reason?"

"We are told that an honest man is the noblest work of the Creator, and also that on the seventh day the Creator rested."

A woman, coming down the garden walk, was horrified at seeing her son standing on his head against the garden wall.

"Johnnie, you wretch," she cried, "what are you doing now?"

"Standing on my head," replied Johnnie. "Didn't yer tell me to play at summat that wouldn't wear my boots out?"