

The San Francisco Call

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

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PLAIN DUTY OF THE CONVENTION OF THIRTY

A GREAT civic duty has been laid upon those organizations of labor and capital which have been requested to choose San Francisco's new mayor. It is a duty that cannot be ignored.

The graft prosecution has waged relentless, successful war on governmental rottenness. It has made a jungle of unspeakable administrative filth an open plain. It has razed the citadel of the worst administration that ever disgraced the annals of American municipalities. The destructive work is done. The ground is prepared for the erection of a municipal government which shall be a model for the cities of the world. The constructive work has been placed where it belongs—in the hands of the people.

True to the promise made by Rudolph Spreckels at the inception of the graft prosecution, the district attorney's office has refused to play politics with the situation it controls. For the solution of San Francisco's most important problem the district attorney has submitted a plan which will commend itself to the sane, conservative members of all classes and political organizations.

The rehabilitated government must be built around an honest, energetic, competent mayor. Time presses. Such a mayor must be chosen immediately. The body of the people cannot be appealed to until the November elections. The graft prosecution has turned to those organizations which may be fairly considered representative of the whole people. The delegates and the responsibility appear to be equitably apportioned among the organizations of employers and employees. There can be no question of class or partisan advantage. This is no time for class or partisan differences. The graft prosecution and the people of San Francisco have the right to expect and they do expect that the organizations appealed to will respond as one man. They should and they undoubtedly will assume cheerfully the duty laid upon them. In the manner of their response lies the test of San Francisco's civic virtue—the prophecy of the city's future.

The Call has no candidate for the mayoralty, nor will it have. This newspaper believes that, in this hour of the city's need, the men of San Francisco will do the city and themselves full justice and will select a mayor belonging to all San Francisco and not to any faction or special interest.

Partisan and industrial differences must be left outside the door of the convention. The Call believes they will be. If the delegates enter upon their service animated solely by the desire to serve San Francisco, the work of genuine rehabilitation will be quickly and satisfactorily accomplished.

STANDARDIZING THE MILLIONAIRE

IT is reported on credible authority that John D. Rockefeller regrets his investment of \$20,000,000 in the University of Chicago. He has installed a great plant, designed to improve the breed of millionaires and he gets no results. He is so much depressed that on the occasion of his recent compulsory visit to Chicago he overlooked the child in his pocket as if it had been merely 30 cents. He finds the output of this institution of learning quite discouraging. The effort to standardize the millionaire appears to have failed.

"The only regret I have concerning the university," says Mr. Rockefeller, "is that there are not as many men as successful as I hoped there would be after their schooling there." Such are the sorrowful limits to the power of wealth. Mr. Rockefeller spends \$20,000,000 to make men after his own image and finds in the end that they look like college professors rather than millionaire products.

Mr. Rockefeller will not, it is hoped, be utterly discouraged. There is room for improvement in the breed of millionaires. He cannot spend "his ill gotten gains" in a better cause, and it is observed with satisfaction that he has two strings to his bow. The Rev. Dr. Faunce, who passed through San Francisco the other day, is president of Brown university and was formerly pastor of Mr. Rockefeller's church in New York. Dr. Faunce freely gives a handsome certificate of good moral character to Mr. Rockefeller. "The integrity and high purposes of Mr. Rockefeller's life," says Dr. Faunce, "cannot now be properly understood, but his detractors will learn in time that he is what his intimates believe him to be, a simple and sincere man."

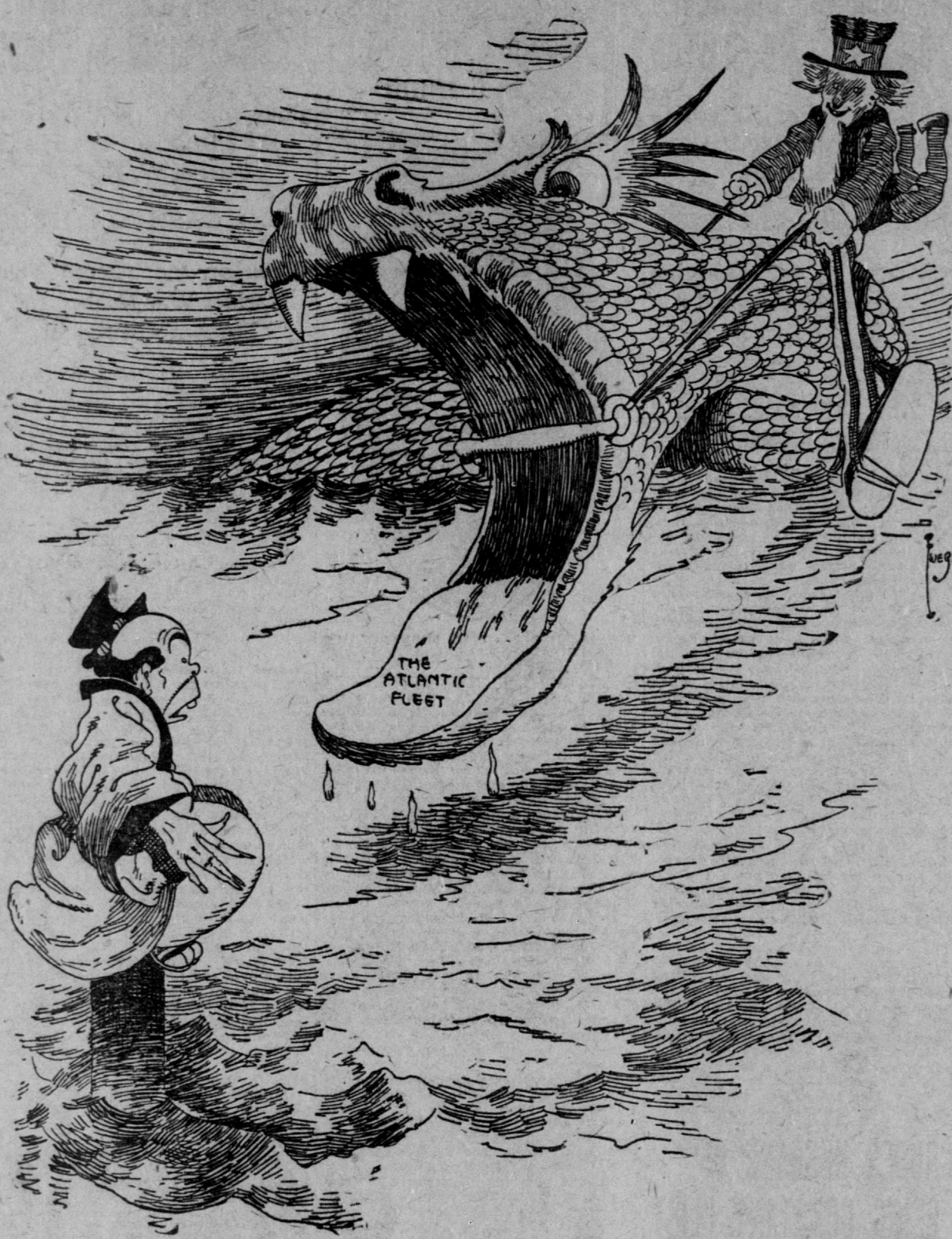
Thus it might seem that the way to the kingdom of heaven must be paved with gold. It makes no difference how the gold was acquired. The appointed guardians for the way of salvation are sure that money carries no taint. Non olet. Mr. Rockefeller pays his way.

As for Chicago, it is humiliating to find that city unable to turn out millionaires with the same facility as sausages. Possibly, the millionaire, like the poet, is born, not made. The poet gives to his airy nothings a local habitation and a name. The millionaire takes his watery nothings and calls them stock certificates. Finance and poetry are chiefly creatures of the imagination—kings in the Kingdom of Humbug.

WILSON TO THE ASH BARREL

AN interesting and instructive commentary on the state of mind of our "governing classes" is furnished by the fact that they can spare a rascal or two, for the sake of appearances, and still retain full control of the reins of power. It is announced that Andrew Wilson will be quietly dropped from the state railroad commission. Indeed, Wilson is unkindly expected to assist at his own unhappy official decease. He will neither be fired nor

Coming His Way



extracted with a corkscrew, but will himself go up the spout. Out of regard for his colleagues he will be given decent burial and will direct his own funeral.

It is the homage that vice pays to virtue when Wilson's master draws the line at felony. "Never more be officer of mine," he says. "I have 500 as good who have not been found out and will never confess. Your offense is rank and smells to heaven." The language of Wilson's master is a little rude, but he can't help quoting Shakespeare when his passions are aroused.

The process of keeping a straight face on the government of California entails certain hardships. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Mr. Herrin never knows which of his rascals will break loose next. Schmitz and Ruef and Wilson have spoiled on his hands and salt peter won't save them. So it is Wilson to the ash barrel. This is what is called "a measure of reform"—about half an inch.

NOTE AND COMMENT

It cannot be successfully maintained that Boxton is not a logical successor to the red automobile.

"Everybody knows," shrieks Mayor Schmitz, "that I have been railroaded." Just so—street railroaded.

Schmitz has resumed his violin practice, and his rendition of "Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose," is said to be characterized by great feeling.

Brother Herrin may have retreated in the first skirmish of the campaign, but it is a case of "walk right out and turn around and walk right in again."

The Schmitz sentence was not spoiled by the fact that it contained a parenthetical clause aimed at the methods of one of the lawyers of last resort.

"Buttermilk Charley" Fairbanks has washed out the memory of those indiscreet cocktails by a supposable cold water dip involved in one of those heroic and romantic rescues which justify the political press agent's high salary.

Personal Mention

F. W. Oldfield of Denver is at the Palace.

Charles Steele of Portland is at the Jefferson.

W. R. Spalding of Eureka is at the St. Francis.

Colonel O. P. Posey of Goldfield is at the Fairmont.

A. L. Sayre, a Madras capitalist, is at the Baltimore.

F. M. Buckley and wife of Spokane are at the Hamilton.

A. Kirkpatrick and family of Chicago are at the Hamilton.

Oscar Wallen of Chicago is registered at the Dorchester.

L. L. Patrick, a Goldfield mining man, is at the Fairmont.

Garnish Turner of Modesto is registered at the Hamilton.

T. B. Hunter and wife of Monterey are at the St. Francis.

August Mathez, a Denver mine owner, is at the Fairmont.

Albert Pissis and family have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

John Lebold, a globe trotter of Attica, O., is at the Imperial.

C. H. Anderson, a Seattle merchant, is at the Savoy with his wife.

John Donovan of Australia is spending a few weeks at the Savoy.

Ransome Moore of Ennis, Tex., registered yesterday at the Palace.

A. Hamburg of Honolulu registered yesterday at the Majestic Annex.

Mrs. F. W. Swanton and daughter of Santa Cruz are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Evans of New Orleans arrived at the Hamilton yesterday.

G. Bauer and wife of Alexandria, La., are at the Majestic on a tour of California.

Dr. W. W. Allen and wife of Jefferson, Ore., arrived at the Majestic yesterday.

F. W. Carew and wife left yesterday for a three months' trip to the principal European cities.

In the Joke World

Hicks—It costs more to live than it did a hundred years ago.
Wicks—And yet very few of us would like to be the people who lived then.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Money Bags—I hear you have spent a great deal of your time in Italy?
Mrs. Parvenue—Oh, yes, my dear; we're quite Italicized.—Tit Bits.

Knicker—What is the sixth sense?
Bocker—Horse.—New York Sun.

Answers to Queries

THE FARALLONES—R. City. The distance from the Cliff house to the north Farallon Island is 24½ miles; to the middle island 23½ miles, and the south island 22½ miles.

THE FIRE—A. W. City. The area of property destroyed by the big fire in San Francisco April, 1906, was 614 city blocks, about 3,000 acres.

JAFFA—G. G. Alameda, Cal. Jaffa is distant 23 miles northwest from Jerusalem.

In Railway Circles

B. H. MORRISSEY, grand master of the brotherhood of railway trainmen, and R. M. McIntyre, chairman of the grievance committee, met R. H. Ingram and E. Buckingham, representing the Harriman lines, in conference yesterday. Morrissey has come to San Francisco to throw the weight of his influence in trying to obtain from the Harriman system the concessions which his order is seeking. The trainmen, it appears, are not satisfied with the Chicago schedule, and are seeking to secure an additional 2 cents an hour over the 4 cents additional they were granted by the agreement made in Chicago. This movement was started by the switchmen on the roads east of Denver, and their reason for demanding 6 cents an hour instead of 4 cents was, they said, owing to the high cost of living in the west. They were not, however, successful in their request, for most of the roads have signed with the men for the original additional 4 cents an hour. The railroad officials say that the switchmen are well paid. They are getting 34 cents an hour, and engine drivers are receiving 37 cents an hour. All have the opportunity of making overtime, and their wages run from \$125 to \$140 a month.

The switchmen, also, are demanding another concession. They want to legislate for the yardmasters and the assistant yardmasters and the officers of the system say this cannot be, as yardmasters and assistant yardmasters are officers and so are outside of the jurisdiction of the brotherhood.

F. W. Hoover, industrial agent of the Southern Pacific, was at Lake Tahoe the other day and was so engaged in the pastime of slaughtering trout that he overlooked the dinner hour, and when he went to the hotel the dining room was closed. He had to face the pleasant prospect of going hungry until he reached Truckee on his way home. George R. Gay was, however, on hand to console him and holding out a menu expatiated on the fine dinner the Tavern gives. When they got on board the train Gay found that his berth had been pre-empted and he had a fair chance of sitting up all night.

"Why don't you go to bed?" urged Hoover, who was preparing to retire. "The Pullman car is the ideal place to sleep in. Do you know," he added thoughtfully, "I much prefer sleeping to starving?"

E. Black Ryan, tax attorney of the Southern Pacific, says that it is a most refreshing thing to find nowadays a public official who has a conscience and is also thorough. "They are rare as white blackbirds," declared Ryan, "but I know of one who is the most conscientious man in the state. He is the assessor of Compton, which, by the way, is a flourishing dairy center in Los Angeles county. He writes me to send him an account of all the assessable property the Southern Pacific owns in the town, also the real estate out of town, all about our right of way and the length of the side tracks, the length of our long distance wires and the number and size of our telegraph poles. I suppose he will assess the poles according to their size and for the sake of the company's exchequer let us hope they are short."

Harry W. Adams, commercial agent of the Rock Island-Prisco lines, is spending a few weeks at Bartlett Springs.

Melrose Joyce, district passenger agent of the Colorado Midland in Los Angeles, has been in this city on a short visit.

L. N. Snyder, city passenger agent of the Washington-Sunset route, is spending his vacation in the Yosemite.

H. A. Jones, freight traffic manager of the Southern Pacific, has left for Los Angeles to be present at the meet-

The Insider

Tells of democratic tendencies of Mrs. Peter Martin and of relief committee's decision to spare the feelings of aristocratic sufferers

Trundles Her Baby on Newport Walk

THE society scribes treat the expected visit of Mrs. Peter Martin to her mother in law, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, with the extreme attention accorded to royalty abroad. Her progress across the continent will doubtless be recorded in all its details, and her re-entree to the city which she formerly graced with her presence will be heralded by a brass band and appropriate ceremonies. I wonder how all this sort of thing strikes the young matron herself, and what she really thinks of those who subject her to this sort of thing. Any one to read some of the stuff written about Peter Martin's wife would imagine her to be some great personage who conveyed a tremendous honor upon our little city by occasionally spending a few days in it. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Martin makes no pretensions to being other than a New York girl of the "inner circle," who married Peter Martin, unbillioned as he was, because she loved him. They have been a happy couple ever since their marriage, and they bid fair to keep on in the same Darby and Joan like unfashionable harmony.

Mrs. Peter has done many things that, though unconventional in her own set, are common in the middle class walks of life, where they do not furnish food for criticism or paragraphs. For instance, when her baby was a few months old she used to wheel it in its perambulator along the board walk at Newport, instead of employing the service of a nurse maid. This was considered worthy of comment at the time, showing how Newport society regards such things.

Whatever the society paragraphs and the dispatches would have one believe, Mrs. Peter Martin is not such a beauty as would win a prize in an international contest. She is tall and carries herself with a certain air, and her small head has an aristocratic poise, but there are many California women who do not rank as beauties who would deserve the title as well.

The last time Peter Martin's wife was in this city she set the mode of dragging the train of a ball gown when dancing, unlike the custom formerly in vogue here. Before her advent our economical belles and buds used to grab their trains with their disengaged hand when prouetting in the mazy valse or the deux temps, and thereby saved their chiffons for another wearing. However, after observing the unprovincial oracle from the east they let their trains drag also, much to the profit of the cleaning establishments, the modiste and the dry goods merchants. Thus does trade receive occasional stimulant by the injection of knowledge.

Relief Board's Work to Be Closed Book

Some of our aristocratic residents who suffered losses in the big fire and who sunk their pride sufficiently to supplicate aid from the relief committee have been bewailing ever since that, by reason of the card system of investigation, their names must go down in history side by side with those of less well family treed petitioners. Now, let those proud beings take heart of grace. I have inside information, which I have no reason to believe otherwise than creditable, that all the incriminating cards, with their pathetic details, are to be destroyed. The names of those who accepted a railway ticket, a bundle of garments, a temporary habitation, a house and lot, or merely asked for a check for a few hundred dollars, will all alike be buried in oblivion, and in a very short time.

The inhabitants of the blue book need no longer tremble. The relief committee's investigations and disbursements may live in the memory of the grateful; perhaps, but the written records will be no more.

Hebrews Support a Gentile School

I was glad to hear that the kindergartens were remembered in the distribution of the relief fund. Many of the kindergartens here are charities, having no endowment, but depending upon voluntary contributions. The Adler kindergarten, which I recently mentioned as having been named after Dr. Felix Adler, is one of these genuine charities. The children are not charged for tuition, and society—with the large S—has never "taken them up." Charitable Jewish women are the patronesses. The school is open to any and all small children, and though it is Jewish money that is the mainstay if not the entire support of the kindergarten at North beach, there is not a single Hebrew child to profit by the charity. I doubt if any other religious sect, or denomination would long sustain any institution that did not help in some way to feather its own nest.

The Smart Set

A PLEASANT bit of news is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Lillian Selz and Stuart Cotton, which was told to their closer friends yesterday and which comes as a charming surprise to many, although the engagement has existed for several years. Miss Selz, who is the younger daughter of Mrs. Harry G. Young, is a charming, attractive girl, who has been a decided belle since her debut a few seasons since.

Steuart Cotton is the second son of Judge and Mrs. Aylett Cotton and is one of the popular young men of the city. He is a Stanford graduate and two years ago went to Key West, Fla., where he has had a number of government contracts. He has had his headquarters there and has recently completed some important work in Cuba. He returned here about six weeks ago on a visit to his parents. Mr. Cotton has decided ability and is well known and well liked both in a business and social way. The wedding will probably be celebrated in the near future, although no date has been announced as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Maynard Dixon have sent out invitations to an exhibition of the mural decorations which Mr. Dixon completed recently. The exhibition will be held at the Sequoia club, 1565 Bush street, tomorrow afternoon from 2 o'clock to 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin have taken a house among the mountains at Cisco and will spend the next several weeks there.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Miss Anita Harvey, who have been detained in the east for so many weeks by Miss Harvey's illness, are expected to leave New York next week and will come directly to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil K. Gordon are re-joining in the arrival of a little son in their home several days ago.

Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney and ing called to inquire as to whether the railroads did or did not discriminate in the distribution of cars for the transmission of oranges east.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shorb (formerly Miss Elizabeth Sheehan), who are in southern California on their wedding journey, have returned from a sojourn at Catalina island and are now in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux left recently for Seattle, where she is spending a month.

Conditions in California

The California Promotion committee wired the following to its eastern bureau in New York yesterday:

California temperatures for the past 24 hours:
Eureka.....Minimum 54.....Maximum 80
San Francisco.....Minimum 59.....Maximum 82
San Diego.....Minimum 62.....Maximum 74
San Francisco building permits for July 10:
Permanent.....7.....Value.....\$254,500
Alterations.....8.....Value.....1,500

The new seven story steel and concrete Garden City building in San Jose is about completed, and all the offices have already been engaged.

Steel for the Elkan-Cohn-Gust building at the corner of Geary and Powell streets, San Francisco, is now being delivered. The structure is to be a 10 story class A office building and will cost \$350,000. It will contain about 300 offices, together with the stores occupying the ground floor.