

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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CAUSES OF RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

NEITHER improving nor retrograding is the questionable condition of the country in regard to railroad accidents as shown by the latest bulletin issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission and covering the reports for the first three months of this year.

The totals of the tables of fatalities, injuries and destruction of property are not much different from the reports covering the same quarter of last year. The latest report shows collisions and derailments for three months were 3108, or over 1000 per month.

The report, then, seems mainly useful as a study of personalities of workers—their habits of mind which mislead them so as to cause grievous mistakes. A little consideration of the causes of these accidents would be not only a warning to employees who are intrusted with the care of many human lives besides their own, but by analogy might assist the minds of all workers to be more securely careful at their tasks.

Most of these personal causes of disasters have been often pondered upon, such as inattention, sleepiness from overfatigue, drunkenness, etc.; but the one which may most need a comment that will tend to fix it in the memory is the peculiar trick of the mind in getting an impression, or imagining it has got an impression, when there is no real reason or excuse for this impression.

He had not come by this impression in any rightful way, and could not even explain it himself. It was allowed to intrude into his head in some irregular way. The result of that baseless impression was four dead, six injured and over \$15,000 damages.

In many instances it might be a practical rule of thought and conduct when recollection failed to distinguish clearly what was the base or authority of the impression to seek promptly for some better reason for action than a vague impression of unrevealed parentage.

The most gratifying feature of the report is that only one of the accidents was caused by drunkenness. As long as men will stay sober so that intelligence can reign the other defects of personality are likely to be mastered, and the country is certainly improving in the insistence that its workers must not get under the influence of liquor.

TWELVE CENT COTTON.

THE cotton growers, well organized, have determined to make the Wall street speculators pay 12 cents for cotton or be squeezed out. The season's crop is estimated at 9,000,000 bales. The foreign demand is heavy, the old crop is nearly exhausted, and it looks as though the growers are "it," provided they can hold on long enough.

From another standpoint, holding the crop out of the market for a raise increases the energy of such cotton manufacturing countries as England and Germany in developing new cotton raising districts, in order to release them from dependence on American raw cotton. England has been making great exertions in Egypt and India to produce cotton, and it is possible that new fields may be found in the Congo basin and other parts of Africa.

This is true, but it may be doubted that any other crop will be found as profitable. Formerly it was supposed that Louisiana, the first part of the South that was exploited in agriculture, could only produce indigo, and the French planters found that a very profitable crop, until some disease or insect enemy beset the indigo and its production became impossible, and Louisiana switched to sugar cane, of which she has remained the principal American producer.

It is not generally remembered but it is a fact that California has been proved to have as good cotton lands as those of the Gulf States. The fiber was once grown quite extensively in Kern County and the cotton mills in Oakland found it to be a fine product, with good staple and gloss, capable of being worked into as good fabric as any grown anywhere.

It is not impossible that we may yet see a large cotton production in the San Joaquin Valley and profitable hemp or ramie farming in the Sacramento Valley. The tendency here is to increase the variety of our crops, to carry all our eggs in one basket less than we have been doing, and clothing and rope fiber is every year in greater demand.

THE PRESS OF THE NATION.

Rev. Harvey Wood tells Ocean Grove that drunkenness among the women of America has increased 50 per cent within a few years. When Mr. Wood is less busy with unprovable assertions he should study the direful growth of intemperance in utterance among agitators of a certain class.—New York World.

In Baltimore a negro was fined \$50 for beating a mule, while a white man who beat his wife was set free. Now you can figure on whether this is race antipathy. Southern chivalry or a native love for the great American mule.—Cleveland Leader.

Attorney General Moody says the beef trust magnates are to be presumed innocent until proved guilty, so we will have to keep on paying port-house prices for chuck steak.—Washington Star.

The shipping trust lost \$3,000,000 last year, which is one of the best reasons it can find for getting a subsidy from the national treasury.—Rochester Herald.

Any fortune-teller, properly approached will warn M. de Witte to beware of a little dark man who is looking for a bundle.—Washington Post.

Major MacBride avers that Maud Gonne is insane. He might submit the fact that she married him as corroborative evidence.—Chicago News.

Theodore Roosevelt never stood higher than when he stooped to let a crippled child touch his face.—Chicago Post.

Governor Hoch's Pretty Daughter to Christen the Big Battleship Kansas at Camden Saturday



MISS ANNA HOCH.

THE United States battleship Kansas, to be launched at the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company, Camden, on the 12th, will be the largest battleship that has ever glided into the Delaware and will be christened by Miss Anna Hoch, daughter of Governor Hoch of Kansas.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"Tommy," said the young man to his prospective brother-in-law, aged 5, "will you be sorry when I marry your sister?" "Yes," answered the little fellow; "I'll be sorry for you."

MIRROR OF DAME FASHION



REDINGOTE COSTUME IN TOILE BRODEE. THE redingote is built somewhat upon the bolero order for the top, the vest embroidered to match, and a little cravat threaded through the collar. The fit of the body portion is close and the belt of linen is drawn through a handsome pearl buckle at the waist.

OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS

By A. J. Waterhouse

HUMAN nature's human nature, and it's queer. Which is easy, quite, of demonstration here. So I'll cite a case or two.

He dropped a little nickel in the slot. And its rattle as it fell was what he got.

That and fun; So he dropped some ten or twenty. Having fun, of course, in plenty. But cigars to bring content, he hadn't one.

He thought he'd lost a nickel (there you are!) So he loudly yelled, "Conductor, stop the car!" (Wouldn't you?) Then he hunted on the ground, in his perspiration drowned. While a crowd assembled round— We all do.

He gave a little dinner to a friend, And it cost him thirty ducats in the end; Yes it did. But he didn't mind the cash. Said he'd made a stunning mash— Were you he would conscience lash? Heaven forbid!

He meant to give a quarter to the Lord, Which he hoped the blessed angel would record (There you are!) But he dropped a gold piece then. Saw too late it was a ten. And he never smiled again— Don't it jar?

Human nature's human nature, so I guess, And its kinks are far from easy to express, And if you the fact deny, Well, it's up to you, for I— Whatsoever the allegation—I confess.

THE FORCE OF HABIT. CHAUFFEUR DEATH had got out of his automobile and was about to carry the lately released soul to the Highest Court of Appeals.

The lately released soul stood in the automobile for a scant moment, and then suddenly and wildly made a convulsive grasp at the empty space above its ethereal head.

"Here!" the great chauffeur cried. "What are you doing?" The soul looked vaguely about it, grasped the situation and gasped, "I—I—well—excuse me."

"I—I—well, to state the fact, I have been in the habit of riding home from the office on a street car, and I can't get over the feeling that I ought to grab a strap."

The great chauffeur smiled pityingly. "Well, do the best you can," he said. "Nobody has to hang to straps on this side of the river."

The lately released soul sighed, but the sigh was one of ineffable content. "Drive on," it said; "drive on where you will. Wherever you take me it is evident that there will be at least one heavenly characteristic connected with it."

"As they rode on the soul was smiling blithely. As you say, Ezekiel, energy and skill are winning cards in the big game we play down here. Still, I trust that will not blight your faith in the least when I call your attention to the fact that the man who broke the bank displayed much energy, and even more skill—yet he is reposing in a penitentiary at the present time. Possibly it depends more or less on how the energy and skill are directed, does it not?"

WORST OF TROUBLES. I HAVE had my share of troubles. As I've marched down the line, And I've worried much about them. For I couldn't help repine.

The troubles great, the troubles small, The ones of medium size— Whenever I thought about them all, I wiped my weeping eyes.

But the trouble of all troubles Of the dreary sort I've met here, Was the cruel, cruel trouble— The one that didn't get here.

Most other folks are much like me, Or so I dare opine; Their troubles and their worries Meet them in a dreary line; They take their troubles to their beds, And woo and pet them there, While they're frequently remarking "They are very hard to bear!"

But still with them, as 'tis with me, One trouble brings regrets here Beyond all others that we meet— The one that never gets here.

"Is the fellow poor?" "Poor! That is no name for it! Why, he is so desperately poverty stricken that he doesn't even venture to say a word against John D. Rockefeller."

"Does James Jamb's drink to excess?" "Well, I shouldn't want to say that exactly. Binks told the fellows up at the club that he had seen him sober several times recently."

"Oh, well, probably Jamb's all right." "Yes; but Binks was expelled from the club for willfully maligning his reputation."

Anxious Inquirer—Do you think it possible, Mr. Lawson, that any good could come out of Frenzied Finance? Mr. Lawson of Boston—Well—er—modesty, you know—but I—ah—I sort of came out of it myself.

THE LISTENER. WE all know various people Whom we like, or more or less, For divers pleasant attributes, Say, grace, or helpfulness; But the one we like the best of all To meet or have about Is he who listens to our "blow" And doesn't breathe a doubt.

MANY a man is in the penitentiary today, my boy, who—well, probably he deserves to be there, but it is impossible to avoid a lurking feeling that his parents ought to be in his place.

When people permit their children to grow up about as they will, with the street corners for their principal school and vice as their educator, the law may not recognize their grim responsibility for whatever may result, but it is theirs, nevertheless. The gallows trap has swung for many a man whose father or mother, or both, should have stood by his side.

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE! LITTLE drops of water, Bigger drops of rye, Little crowd of fellows To help the moments fly; Little nights of pleasure, Little songs you bawl; But, oh, your head next morning! It isn't near so small.

THE SMART SET

By Sally Sharp

This will be a day of brides. Three will plight their troths. At noon the nuptial vows will be spoken by Miss Mabel Handy and Alvo-

Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Apple (Ella McCloskey) will be the guests the evening at a dinner given by Lieutenant and Mrs. Bidwill at their Sacramento street home.

The Holluschuck Club gave a dinner last evening in the clubrooms on Sutter street, severely at a dinner given by the smart set were guests at the affair, the club being composed of the leading benedictines and bachelors of society.

Mrs. Frederic Spencer Palmer was mistress at an informal bridge party a few days ago, three tables being occupied by very enthusiastic players, who spent a delightful afternoon.

Miss Beatrice Kidder will be married to Howard Ridgley Ward of New York City on September 20, the ceremony to take place in Grass Valley at the home of the bride's mother.

October 3 will see the marriage of Miss Pearl Sabin and Captain A. W. Bjornstedt. Of the many early fall weddings this will be one of the most important and probably brilliant, although the full details are not yet arranged.

Captain and Mrs. Robert Franklin McMillan have been guests for several days at a house party given by Mrs. Silas Palmer at her summer home at Menlo Park.

Secretary Victor H. Metcalf was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Prather on a recent automobile run to Monterey.

Miss Ada Lewis, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams at their country place on the McCLOUD, left last Monday for the East with Miss Blanche Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman are at home after several weeks spent at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will spend the rest of the summer at her Burlingame home, having just returned from a month's visit to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins of Sausalito are planning to spend the winter in San Francisco and are looking for a house. Miss Mabel Watkins will be very heartily welcomed for she has spent most of her time in travel ever since making her debut.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt is a guest at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Collier at Clear Lake.

Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney is at home after a summer spent at Monterey.

SOME HINTS TO NAVY DEPARTMENT

Disaster Like That on Bennington Could Not Have Occurred on Any Merchant Steamer.

THE deplorable disaster on the United States warship Bennington could not have occurred on any merchant steamer; it would not have occurred had the navy system in regard to the care and operation of ships' machinery been half as good as that which obtains in any merchant service; it would not have occurred had a similar system in regard to engineers in charge on naval ships been in force as is maintained in every merchant line.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



THE REASON. Mr. Wise—Why were so many of the women in your literary club anxious to become presidents?

Mrs. Wise—It's lovely. When you are in the chair you are able to snub so many people at once.

HAD EIGHT DAUGHTERS. Mr. Tymid—I asked your father for his consent over the telephone.

Miss Chance—What did he say? Mr. Tymid—He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."

TRUE. She—Are there any set rules regarding betting suits? He—I think it's all a matter of form.

SUBURBANITE. First Suburbanite—Is he lucky? Second Suburbanite—I should say. Why, even his neighbors' hens come and lay their eggs in his yard.