

THE CALL

F. W. KELLOGG, President and Publisher
JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Vice President and Treasurer

"Baby Bonds" Should Be Issued

Board of Supervisors Should Provide \$10 Denomination Securities for the Investment of Small Buyers

Does the bookkeeper stand in the way of the issue of small denomination bonds—city securities of the \$10, \$25 and \$50 denominations?

The bookkeeper is ever a cruel functionary, and now, in the opinion of members of the board of supervisors, his labors are to be blamed for their implied opposition to the little "baby bonds."

The \$100 bond is a brilliant improvement on the present unit of city securities, which is set at the plutocratic figure of \$1,000.

The charter provides for the issue of bonds of small denomination and recommends their circulation. The people want bonds of small denomination; many have written to the city treasurer asking for their sale, and if there were not already a demand for them, it is the duty of the city officials to stimulate such a demand.

One objection is that the bookkeeping charge against the "baby" bonds is as great as against the larger bonds; that is, it requires as much accounting to handle the small as the large bond.

However, there is a demand for small bonds and the city should be prepared to meet it. If it is a small demand, then the bookkeeping charge will be small. On the other hand, if it is a large popular demand, the city should meet it, whatever the charge.

It was the citizen of small means who was most enthusiastic for the issuance of the bonds to build the street railroad extensions. He should have a chance to prove his enthusiasm is not confined only to his vote, but extends into his pocket.

One Way to Keep Your Children From Typhoid Fever

Persuade Them to Put Lemon Juice in the Water They Drink ON THE RAILROAD.

Drinking water on the railroad trains is necessarily dangerous. Many a child returns from boarding school to spend the vacation fighting typhoid fever.

Often the typhoid germ was picked up on the train coming home.

Every railroad track is an open sewer. This can not well be helped with conditions as they are at present. The railroads are not to blame.

The train as it passes stirs up the dust, including the typhoid germs scattered along the tracks. It settles in the drinking glass, on the ice that is carried.

If you tell your children not to drink on the train they will pay attention sometimes. Sometimes they forget.

They may, however, take the trouble if you especially ask it, to take with them one or two lemons, or get the lemons on the train, and squeeze lemon juice in each glass of water.

Lemon juice in a glass of water WILL KILL THE TYPHOID GERM IF IT HAPPENS TO BE IN THAT GLASS.

Germ do not like acids—that is why a certain amount of acid is necessary to the system.

And that, by the way, is also why THE FRENCH, DRINKING ACID RED WINE EVERY DAY, ARE FREE FROM TYPHOID TO A GREAT EXTENT in spite of an abominable water supply.

Tell your boy or girl to avoid drinking unbottled water on the train, if possible. But if they do drink the water, put lemon juice in it.

Dahlias—A Flower Peculiarly Adapted to San Francisco

Wonderful Changes That Have Come in the Development of this Native Mexican Blossom Into Hundreds of Varieties

Fashions change in flowers and the fads change as do the form of the blossoms, and it is, indeed, a shrewd mother plant of a species over which the hybridizers are busy that will know her own child. To be changed in the cradle is as nothing compared to being changed in the garden bed.

The dahlia is a native of Mexico, as is the domestic turkey, which we Americanize with such fervor on our holy days of refection. But now that the flower fanciers have had their chance with the Mexico blossom it is doubtful if even Huerta himself would recognize the plant as a compatriot.

It is a fine sport training the dahlia to change from red to yellow, from white to lilac. One plant will produce a flower with petals as spiky as a whirling pinwheel and its cousin will show a blossom on which the petals look as if they had been wound over a pencil point.

Any man, woman or child in San Francisco or vicinity who has a few feet of yard space and wants to raise something beautiful should consider the dahlia as his opportunity.

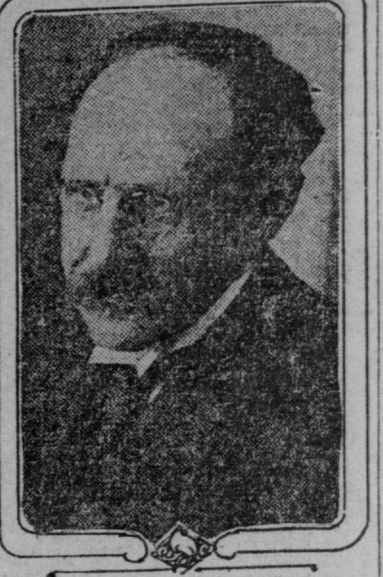
WHAT SAN FRANCISCO SHOULD SEND



WHEN THE WIFE'S AWAY



MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE AND NATURE



Our Five Senses Are Simply Windows Looking Out of the Sphere of Ignorance in Which We Are Shut Up—Some Animals Have Senses We Have Not—We May Develop Others in Time.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

IMAGINE an intelligent being fastened at the center of a hollow sphere, suspended in the air and having five small openings, or windows, giving unconnected glimpses of the world outside.

One of the windows overhead affords him a view of a patch of blue sky across which clouds sometimes drift, and at certain times in the year the blinding sun passes over it, while almost every night he sees a stream of stars moving slowly across it.

Another, opening in the side of the sphere, enables him to see a part of a large tree whose leaves and branches are occasionally shaken by the wind, and as the seasons change the leaves turn red or yellow and fall off, to reappear some months later.

A third window, at the bottom of the sphere, shows him a piece of ground covered with sand or gravel; a fourth, not far from the third, reveals a portion of a lawn of grass; and the fifth looks out upon a body of water, but does not disclose its shores.

The imprisoned being not only notices the succession of day and night, but the difference between winter and summer, for snow sometimes covers the patches of ground beneath him and ice forms upon the water.

Our Senses Are Windows in Our Sphere of Ignorance

Now, suppose that the prisoner has no knowledge of the world around him except such as he can obtain by looking through his five little windows and reasoning upon what he sees. He will then be in a situation resembling that of men and women shut up in the sphere of ignorance that is pierced by the windows of their five senses.

If he had a complete series of windows affording connected views of the outer world all around and above and below, he could form a correct idea of the form of that world and the relations of its various parts. But, as it is, he would have to possess a very high degree of intelligence in order to infer, from his disconnected glimpses, the shape of the sky and the ground and the relations between them and their various parts.

Now, the five windows of our senses give us hardly less imperfect knowledge of the wider world that is presented to us. Each of them is very limited in its range. The sense of sight covers but a small portion of the infinite gamut of vibrations of which visible light forms a part; the sense of hearing extends over only a small part of another range of vibrations to which sound is due, while the senses of touch, taste and smell, though more closely connected than those of sight and hearing, are in themselves not less narrowly limited.

If the windows of our senses were more and more widely opened they would finally blend

together, thus giving us a complete view of the universe in all its relations. We can see how limited our sense of sight is when we consider that there are animals which see rays of light that are entirely invisible to our eyes. Yet these very rays form an unbroken series with those that we do see.

The animals that perceive them are simply situated at a different point in the sphere, so that their sight ranges through the window of vision in a slightly different direction.

Animals Often Have More Acute Senses Than We Possess

The same is true of hearing, of touch and of smell. Insects hear sounds that are inaudible to us; they also have organs of touch far more delicate than ours; dogs and deer possess a sense of smell that seems almost miraculous.

But not only do the windows of the five senses afford different glimpses to different creatures, but some animals evidently possess senses entirely different from ours. Birds, seals and ants have a sense of direction which enables them to find their way through the air, in the sea and over the ground in a manner impossible to us. If the ant possessed all of our five senses in perfection, and his sixth sense in addition, he would be superior to us in his knowledge of nature. A being with a thousand senses would surpass us almost infinitely in the means of knowledge.

There is reason for believing that all animal senses have been acquired gradually, and it may be that the most important ones have not yet been developed. We get a glimpse of these possibilities in the strange phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance and telepathy. Electricity, as we become familiar with it, is teaching us still more on this subject. Who knows but, after ages of use, electricity may open for us another window in the walls of ignorance and develop another sense of which we do not at present dream?

Our Aim Must Be to Open Other Windows of Sense

All the efforts of science hitherto have been directed to the bringing together and comparing of the impressions made by our five limited senses. In this way we arrive at more or less certain conclusions concerning things that are not directly appreciable by the senses. But this is a very indirect and imperfect road to knowledge. The final result of all our progress ought to be, and doubtless will be, to open other windows or widen those already existing, so that eventually the universe will be directly known to us with a clearness and completeness of which at present we can form no conception.

THE RECKONING DAY

By LILIAN LAUFERTY

WE are going the way of mirth—'tis a joyful way, Come and join us, sons of earth, on the primrose way. Come and join us—hand in hand we will go our way Till we meet in No Man's Land on the Reckoning Day. But the time to pay is so far away, So we laugh and we sing—'til the Reckoning Day.

Of course, to give the Devil his due is what we are intending, And it may mean me and it may mean you before the story's ending, But you have to pay on the Reckoning Day, and the debt seems beyond the spending.

We are going the way of joy—'tis a merry way, Come, good comrades, man and boy, on the primrose way. Come and join us—light of heart we will go our way, Comrades, come—we'll never part 'til the Reckoning Day, Sure the time to pay will be due some day, But we carol and shout 'til the Reckoning Day.

Of course, to pay our debt to life will mean our sad undoing— And there may be tears and fears and strife and bitter pain and rueing, But that is the very chance you take when Dame Pleasure you go a-wooing.

Evening Calls

- Congressman Watson says that he never knew a corrupt man in the house of representatives.
Mme. Schumann-Heink is to sing at a political meeting in the east.
The judge who discourages reckless driving by sending intoxicated motorists to jail is entitled approximately to a life saving medal.
Argentina has been the American republic contributing liberally to the social life of the world—it invented the Tango.
Two employees of San Quentin were discharged for alleged graft. They ought to have been kept there.
The owner of Monte Carlo advises Americans not to gamble, but we won't be so cruel to the prince as to heed his admonition.
A New Jersey justice has ruled that a dog is justified in biting a man who kicks him—what a fine defense for dogs accused of having rabies is thus provided.