

# "Fool the People," the Real Watchword of the Colonel's War

THE American public want to be fooled," said P. T. Barnum, the greatest of American showmen, full fifty years ago. The people laughed and approved and good naturedly accepted the charge. Digging into the past for a platform foundation, the Roosevelt people uncovered and adopted this declaration of the showman as the inspiration for their campaign.

The columns of this edition of The Call, set in the smallest type, would not cover the falsehoods, misrepresentations, slanders, absolutely inexcusable misstatements that have emanated from the Roosevelt supporters and have been told to all the people and believed by some of them.

How to meet this condition is a perplexing problem. The projectors of the campaign know this only too well. Uncover one falsehood and they invent a fresh one or go on repeating the same old story in one community after another. Cunningly enough they mingle falsehoods with appeals for the "rights of the common people," "for social and industrial justice," and denounce every one who opposes them as being trust owned or boss ridden, opposed to social justice and not to be believed. They have hit upon a happy combination, and this sort of a campaign really puts to the test the intelligence of the people.

When Medill McCormick asks the people, "Have you forgotten that when it was possible to overthrow Cannon the president gave his support to the stand pat czar and re-elected him?" he is fathering or adopting a mean lie.

When Mr. Johnson refers to Mr. Taft's "repudiation of Doctor Wiley," the pure food man, and makes "the people of Santa Ana particularly demonstrative in voicing their approval" of the doctor and their disapproval of Mr. Taft, he is saying something contrary to the actual facts. Doctor Wiley himself says: "President Taft is the one man who stood between me and destruction at Washington. He stood by me, and I am grateful to him. I hope he will be re-elected." But worse than all this, Doctor Wiley declared that the illegal appointment of the Remsen board by Mr. Roosevelt was the real cause of all his trouble.

The Boston Herald published an interview with Doctor Wiley expressing the foregoing and giving voice to Wiley's real sentiments of friendship for Taft. Then in steps the accommodating Chicago Tribune to keep the story afloat—here we have Medill McCormick's interest again—publishing under startling headlines a dispatch saying that Wiley repudiated the interview, and making Doctor Wiley say: "I am for Mr. Taft's renomination if he will clean up the department and enforce the law, but not otherwise." The Herald correspondent went again to Wiley, who reasserted the authenticity of the original interview. The correspondent then attached an affidavit to the interview and swore to it. But the lie is still traveling, because it is a good lie, a serviceable lie, and few people out west have read of its repudiation by Wiley himself.

The whole campaign has been sickening to thoughtful men. The speech which Mr. Taft was fairly driven to make at Boston would have completely annihilated any other man than Roosevelt and would have driven him, shamed, into hiding, with the jeers of the people ringing in his ears. It was an unimpassioned appeal for a square deal from the apostle of fair play, and carried with it an exposure as merciless as it was complete. Mr. Taft proved his case with the testimony of Roosevelt himself as a witness. Had any one said and proved the same things against Mr. Taft, it would have left the president without a leg to stand on. After Mr. Taft's speech the question at issue at once became Mr. Roosevelt's personal honor and veracity. It pained President Taft to present the indictment; it gave no rational American any pleasure to read and believe it; to read was to believe. We hoped, though we saw no way out of it, that Roosevelt might be able to explain or justify his course. We wanted him to do so as earnestly as did any of his supporters. This man had been our president for seven years. He was again seeking the nomination for that office. He had been saying the things charged against him—we all knew that. We all knew that Mr. Taft had remained silent while Roosevelt rained blow after blow upon him, but we did not know the things that Mr. Taft had kept locked up for old friendship's sake; we did not know that he could have replied to Roosevelt months before, and were shocked when the truth came out.

You would think where a man's personal honor was at stake he would stick to that issue and never quit it until he had thoroughly and completely re-established that honor and his veracity.

But—and we say it sadly—Roosevelt did no such thing. He flung at the president of the United States a string of billingsgate that was shocking, spoken by an ex-president of the United States and of a present occupant of that high office. Shortly following this, at Boston, on a stage that had been roped and canvased as a ring for a prize fight, our ex-president "climbed through the ropes," after a hat had been thrown into the ring, and from that ring delivered another attack on the president. Daniel Webster often spoke at, and was once the idol of, Boston. Daniel Webster never achieved the presidency, but the spectacle of such a man delivering a speech from such a platform would have shocked the American people and prevented his election to any office on earth at the hands of this people. Imagine, if you can, President Taft indulging in such a performance.

ABOUT this time of year the Spring Valley Water company usually comes asking for more money and uttering threats if the demand for higher rates is refused. As a matter of fact, San Francisco water rates are, and have been for years, higher than in any other city of our size on this continent, but just the same the corporation repeats its annual demand for "reasonable" rates, with the understanding that it shall be permitted to define that term.

For years this company fought in the courts against the rates fixed by the board of supervisors in 1903, but a comparison made on that basis shows that these rates were the highest in the whole United States for any considerable city. A tabular statement making comparisons for all important cities in America shows that the annual charge for water per consumer in Washington, D. C., was \$1.25, in New York \$2.07, in Kansas City \$3.21, in Portland, Ore., \$3.28 and in San Francisco \$5.21. This was the rate which the Spring Valley Water company contended for seven years in the courts was unreasonably low.

Since that comparison was made water rates in this city have not been reduced, and yet the corporation keeps up its melancholy wail and refuses to do anything in the way of extensions if the demand for higher rates is not granted.

It is all part of the holdup game that the corporation is playing against the city to force the payment of an exorbitant price for the plant, or, in the alternative, to exact excessive and unjust rates from the consumers. The attitude of the water company appears to be so unreasonable and obstructive that it is quite useless to waste time in negotiations. The differences between the company and the city are apparently irreconcilable on any basis of reason, and the obvious and only recourse for the municipality is to institute condemnation proceedings and let the courts decide what is reasonable and what is not.

A SOCIETY matron of Massachusetts proposes to "tag bachelors with an artistic button worn on their coat lapel so that their eligibility could not be in doubt." But after all, "eligibility" may not so simply or so easily be determined. A bachelor's button may be a daisy without supplying any indication of the wearer's character, and although a man should hang out a sign, he may prove to be an ugly customer. It appears to be the assumption that the bachelor as a social phenomenon is contrary to the best public policy, and that may be true as a general law. Indeed, a primitive people long ago invented that strange, uncouth verb to "bach it," whereby to indicate a condition of unmanly servitude and reproach. Any man who has ever had the misfortune to "bach it" in its original significance would be happy to surrender at discretion, if that could be done with the help of a button. This is obviously a case in which it pays to advertise.

Yet, certain misgivings arise. This proposition might easily be applied to cause unhappy confusions. Let us suppose that the married marauder should go prowling forth disguised with a button of the singular number and gender. Taken at his button value, he might work all sorts of mischief, for even a button may lie. It looks like a plan to promote bigamy.

No button, however alluring, is equivalent to a certificate of good moral character, or, more important perhaps, of the ability to support a well brought up young person in the style to which she has been accustomed. Besides, there might be other difficulties. What would happen to the bachelor captured untagged? Should he be put in the pound with other unclassified and unauthorized animals? Altogether the proposition raises a problem that might fitly be left for the wisdom of Judge Graham to reconcile in his capacity as the friend of the family.

SOME debate has arisen in the board of supervisors on the question whether the city should build its own powerhouse for operation of the Geary street municipal railway or buy the electric current from some one of the competing power companies. It would seem, if the matter of economy is to have weight, that the city would save money by buying the current and would, moreover, gain time.

The city has had no little experience in the constantly recurring delays that attend any sort of construction under the administration of the board of works and the engineering department. The auxiliary fire protection system and the garbage crematory supply notorious examples of such delays. Possibly these departments are overworked, and if such is the case it would be a mistake to crowd them with another big job.

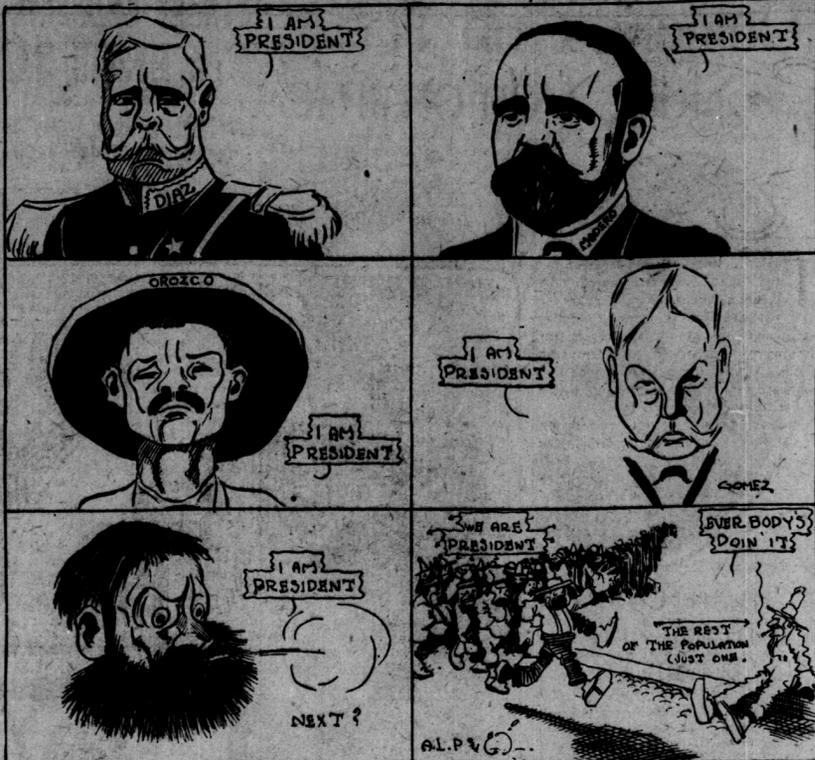
Electric current can be bought in large quantities in San Francisco on comparatively reasonable terms, because there is strong competition, and the service is fairly reliable. If it should happen, through consolidation or combination, that competition should cease, it would be time enough to install a municipal power plant. In the meantime the city would save the heavy capital investment required for building the powerhouse. There are many other municipal improvements on which that money can be more profitably applied.

A SOLUTION for the Magdalena bay controversy is offered by the San Diego Tribune, which proposes that the United States shall buy from Mexico the peninsula of Lower California. The suggestion is not new, and the trade would be so obviously profitable for both parties that it appeals to the imagination as a commercial proposition. But unfortunately there are political difficulties that seem to stand in the way.

It may be admitted that Lower California is quite useless to Mexico and of little use to anybody in its present condition, but hitherto the owner has not wanted to sell and national jealousy has stood in the way. Besides, there is in the constitution of Mexico a rigid provision forbidding the alienation of any national territory. These are the political difficulties. Whether they could be overcome by the offer of a round price for the territory at a time of national stress and a depleted exchequer, we can not say.

In a geographical sense Alta and Baja California belong together, and a scientific readjustment of frontiers would unite them; but this adjustment can not be made without the free and cordial consent of the neighboring republic. It would be a good trade for both parties, but it can not be forced.

# Everybody's Doing It



## Hard to Please

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

"THIS rain," I said, to Farmer James, "will surely boost your little games. It is a good thing for the wheat, and you should chortle and repeat." He looked around with gloomy frown. "I hate to see rain coming down. We farmers want to sow our oats, and can't unless we sail in boats." I met him later, when the sun was shining till it took the bun. "Why lookest thou," I asked, "so tough? This weather surely is the stuff." "We need a rain," the farmer said; "the grass is looking brown and dead; my squashes scarcely are alive; my peas and pumpkins do not thrive." I met this farmer every week, and tears are always on his cheek; he wants dry weather when it rains, and when it's wet he still complains; he kicks because there's too much wind, and says the weather bureau's stoned, and when we have refreshing snow, he springs a little spiel of woe. And when his crib in autumn strain beneath their loads of golden grain, he stands around and sadly yawns about the shortage in his crop. "Had there been less sunshine and rain," he wails, "I hadn't toiled in vain!" I sometimes wonder that the gods don't lamm him with their chasening rods; they must grow tired of roasting rude, complainings and ingratitude.

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## OMAHA

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Sivasak"

OMAHA, the big town of Nebraska and the easternmost whop of the great unmythified west, was first discovered by Messrs. Lewis and Clark, who encountered a magnificent smell while ascending the Missouri river more than a century ago, and reported later that the locality possessed great natural resources for the packing house business. This proved to be the case, and millions of hogs have met an untimely, but scientific end in South Omaha, which is connected with the city proper by a steady and highly nutritious southwest wind.



Omaha was first settled half a century ago, but remained a village until the world tried to crowd into Nebraska in the '80's. Then it arose and became a city at the rate of one ward per diem. In 1880 it had 140,000 people, according to the census takers, who were not only loyal Omahans, but who were getting paid on the piecework system. In the next 10 years Omaha held a census and the government changed its census supervisors. The result was appalling. Omaha could only muster 102,000 people in 1890 and Kansas City began metropolitanizing for the Missouri valley. Omaha now has 125,000 citizens, while South Omaha, which impinges on the city from the south, has 26,000 citizens and 27,146 distinct odors.

Omaha distributes farm machinery, groceries, automobiles and culture to the people of Nebraska and vicinity and also returns them their hogs and cattle done up in neat packages. Most of the transcontinental trains from the west disintegrate at Omaha also, while tourists from the credulous east usually leave the cars in this city and spend a few hours hunting for Indians and buffalo cutlets.

Omaha is loyally supported by all Nebraska, which meets annually in the city at the fall festival of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben and buys everything from steam threshers to plug hats. The city sits high on the Nebraska hills above the Missouri and is full of handsome homes with vacuum cleaners and good literature in them. It also has the greatest smelter in the world, a suburb presented to it by the Missouri river, which took it away from Iowa, a number of extinct United States senators, the largest Bee in captivity, issuing three editions daily, the finest private art gallery between Chicago and San Francisco and many other interesting sights, including a mayor who makes his own arrests with a lasso and a morgue filled each night with the pale forms of those who have perished from thirst on account of the 8 o'clock closing law.

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## PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- MICHAEL E. NEARY, a capitalist of Santa Cruz, is spending a few days at the Stewart. Neary formerly was in the cloak and suit business in this city and is engaged in ranching. His vineyards are classed with the best in the state.
- JOSEPH FREDERICKS, a well known local capitalist, returned from a trip abroad with Mrs. Fredericks yesterday. They visited every large community on the continent, visiting also Egypt, England and Ireland.
- J. W. RUBEN, a merchant of San Mateo; T. R. Plant, a business man of Los Angeles, and Mat Williams, a retired merchant of Salinas, make up a group of recent arrivals at the Argonaut.
- J. MORNINGER, a capitalist from Germany who is touring the United States to inspect American business methods, is a guest at the Arlington. His wife accompanies him.
- E. Y. GRIFFITH, a capitalist of Fresno, who has large interests in the San Joaquin, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Griffith.
- H. C. COLLINS, a manufacturer of mining machinery of Los Angeles, is a guest at the St. Francis.
- JUDGE FRANK MOODY and wife, from Wichita, are among the recent arrivals at the Colonial.
- R. GALVIN WEAVER of Bethlehem, Pa., is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.
- L. G. SUEWALL, an attorney of Colusa, is among the recent arrivals at the Stewart.
- W. F. CRITCHFIELD, a real estate agent of Vancouver, B. C., is at the Union Square.
- MRS. J. A. SMITH and daughter of Reno, Nev., are recent arrivals at the Cadillac.
- J. P. SNEZLER, a planter of Hawaii, is staying at the Stewart with Mrs. Spitzer.
- R. H. HAMILTON, Los Angeles real estate man, is staying at the Baldwin.
- DR. AND MRS. FRIESTLEY OSBORN of Honolulu are guests at the Stewart.
- E. C. JEFFERY, a real estate operator of Santa Cruz, is a guest at the Bedford.
- EUGENE INCE, a New York advertising man, is registered at the Bellevue.
- DR. PHILIP NEWTON of Washington, D. C., is registered at the Stewart.
- G. A. LAIRD, a publisher of Chicago, is registered at the Union Square.
- D. DONZIDER and wife of Portland, Ore., are registered at the Cadillac.
- F. M. WRIGHT of Portland, Ore., is among the arrivals at the Baldwin.
- R. P. MORRELL, an architect of Stockton; E. W. Nevors of Fresno; W. A. Tilley, a rancher of Martin; R. C. Knight, a banker of Portland, and H. E. Robinson and F. R. Donalds of Quincy are among the recent arrivals at the Main.
- A. G. THOMPSON, secretary-treasurer of the American Association of Demurrage, is at the Palace. He is here to attend the twenty-third annual convention of the association. He makes his home in Boston.
- THOMAS EITICE and John T. Flynn, who are associated with the executive department of the Salvation Army, are at the Stewart, registered from Chicago.
- JOHN KEER, a land operator of Bakersfield, is staying at the Stanford.
- H. H. HUNTER, cattle raiser of Inlay, Nev., is stopping at the Turpin.
- W. H. KOCH, mine owner of Sonoma, is registered at the Turpin.
- E. G. BIGLOW of Coalinga is stopping at the Butler.
- MRS. DE BEL of Kansas City is stopping at the Court.

# The Colyum

"GOLDEN TREASURY"  
We've saved the mint,  
A landmark old.  
Just let us print:  
"We've saved the mint!"  
And gently hint,  
We tolled for gold,  
We've saved the mint,  
A landmark old.

THE CULTURED CORYBANTES  
(A feature of the Senior Extravaganza to be presented at the University of California tonight will be a dance of the Corybantes chorus.)  
So the cultured Corybantes have escaped the Vigilantes of the faculty, and will appear tonight.  
In their prehistoric dances, wanton romps, Ionic trances,  
Such as Bacchus used to view with rapt delight.

'Tis easy to assume that the decorous costume that the bacchanallians shall wear  
Will not be quite historical, recalling rites arborical,  
In which their prototypes—so free of care

Disported to a measure hinting alcoholic pleasure  
These cultured Corybantes, whilst 'tis true,  
They're versed in all the histories of early pagan mysteries,  
Are members of the college temperance crew!



While our cultured Corybantes might arouse the blush of aunts  
Who think that college is a place precise,  
Where prim old Latin grammar, not the early Grecian dummer,  
Is taught—their uncles will believe them nice!

In the days of pagan frolicking, the Corybantes talking  
Never thought that knowledge might be worth  
A damn upon a finker's lips—they scorned the words o' thinkers' lips—  
Their Greek was but an accident of birth!

Today, with zeal premeditate, our Corybantes dedicate  
Their lives and souls to learning—as a treat!  
They slave o'er Grek, philosophy and Hinduism, theosophy—  
But has it given lightness to the feet?

Dear cultured Corybantes, dance and carol us your chancies,  
While you're waiting for your richly earned degrees,  
Next year you will be ruling where our children get their schooling  
Tonight—why, dance like wild eyed corybates!

Saved for Posterity  
Rescued from the Society Edritrix's mail, descriptive of a party:  
The early part of the evening was spent in parlor games, the guests then passed to the reception room, where their schooling in readiness. It was at this hour where guests were most entertained.  
Among those present were:  
(But let us draw the veil on the fed.)  
Geyersville Beautiful—Ever Been

Several of our neighbors are doing their part toward a Geyersville beautiful for lawns are being started as well as many gardens being improved.—Healdsburg Enterprise.

Wanted Full Measure  
He: I see they're giving a tabloid version of "The Soul Kiss" at one of the theaters.  
She: I'm sure I don't want it short-ended.  
The Reason  
Strap: Why are most of the street-car advertisements for foodstuffs?  
Hanger: Because the passengers get so exhausted standing in the cars that all suggestion of foodstuffs would make the keenest impression upon them.  
SHERIFF EGGBUS has requested the supervisors to furnish the county jail with five cows to furnish milk to the prisoners. Why not apply to the police court to have five cows? View cows that have been disturbing the peace sent up for indeterminate sentences?

THE QUESTION AT THE FRONT  
Painters have been engaged at the ferry building to paint the heavy bronze grilles that adorn one of the most decorative features of the nave.—News Item.  
When they're finished with the painting of the grill—  
Just to fill  
The payroll with a dozen or a score  
Names, or more  
Of true patriots; they'll put salt in the bay  
By the day  
Or sprinkle down the water with a hose

Yes! Who knows?  
CAFETERIA BASEBALL  
"Roy Corban was the victim. Up to yesterday Roy had never been charged with falling down on one that looked woff. But they will have to throw the switch in on him now. He scrambled the eggs, stewed the peaches and mused the beans all in one. In fact, he executed a regular Putty Boliver combination—a ball that the ordinary busher would have tucked away with great ease."—From Wednesday's sport page. (Affidavit supplied to doubters.)

KILBANE'S TRUST  
NEW YORK, May 8.—Johnny Kilbane has taken up his quarters at Rye and already is working hard for his bout with Frankie Burns next week. With the feather weight champion as his wife and little girl.—News Item.  
Now, Johnny, if you can keep up your lick and continue to win, incumbered as many might think you are with a family (instead, as has been the rule with pugilists, an affinity), the marriage game will receive a decided impetus. In fact, it may come to be looked upon as a respectable vocation by the sporting world, as a state which might be entered with some advantage. Johnny, good luck to you—matrimony's future lies in your mitt.

CAN KEEP IN PRACTICE  
Samuel Davis, a well known pick-pocket, was sentenced to serve three years in San Quentin yesterday by Superior Judge Frank Dunne.—News Item.  
He can keep his hand in by picking juke.

G. B. WRITES to ask what he shall do with his exempt razor blades. "They have served me well, they have been close to me, they have smoothed out the rough places on my cheek. But now they are dull, their brightness is gone. They still have a pull, but it would cut me deep to utilize it. If I had them exert it in my behalf I would not dare look myself in the glass—may I would hide my face in plaster. What shall I do with them? What do you think about the Salvation Army?"  
Has any reader of The Colyum a solution?  
A. L. B.

## Abe Martin



The boy that pays his own way through college never wins the standing broad jump. Tell Binkley has come out flat-footed for the referendum an' re-fill.