

Queer Cross Purposes Of A Presidential Campaign

ONE picks up the morning paper in the confident expectation of seeing somebody called a thief or a liar, and when the expected has happened one turns with a yawn to the sporting page and dismisses the excited language with the careless comment, "What, again?"

The intelligent foreigner who may happen to find himself caught in the vortex of flying billingsgate might be forgiven for asking what sort of people are these who fill the atmosphere with hard words, flung indiscriminately at the bigwigs of the nation, nor may the astonished visitor be greatly enlightened by any laborious endeavor to explain to him the dubious significance of what the native easily recognizes as "hot air."

Perhaps the situation lends itself to humor in certain of its phases, but on the whole it is not creditable when men who have been honored with the highest office should be heard vociferating abusive epithets on the most trivial provocation and on grounds so slight. When Colonel Roosevelt, for example, shouts "Stop, thief!" and finds his most ardent supporters unable to join in the chorus, it might give him pause if he had not acquired the habit. It might give him pause, we say, when he reflects that the decision of the national republican committee on the ninth Alabama district contest was based on grounds which Cecil Lyon of Texas, that valiant rough rider, declared irrefragable.

Another of his supporters on the committee, Sidney Bieber of the District of Columbia, joined Mr. Lyon in saying that the grounds of contest in this case were so flimsy that they might be considered negligible. Yet, it was this decision that the colonel characterized as "theft."

All this makes the judicious grieve. It is not consonant with the honor of the nation that men who hold high place in the esteem of their fellow citizens should cheapen themselves by resort to abusive language constantly repeated, and the American people easily grow weary of the hard loser. The situation is not improved by the introduction of the dubious figure of Mr. Bill Flinn, a champion accomplished in the roughneck politics of Pittsburg. Bill, the Pittsburg millionaire, has organized, one learns, a "vigilance committee" of uncertain purpose, but presumably designed to carry off the nomination by force and arms or under threat and duress. Just how this fell purpose is to be accomplished a wondering nation is left to conjecture by the unaided light of nature, unskilled in the methods of Pittsburg ward politics.

To be sure, our untrifled Bill is loaded to the guards with threats of a bolt and other forms of political ruin, but here supervenes the unhappy perplexity of Dixon and other camp followers, who see themselves stranded without a party by the ruthless tactics of Pittsburg. They are going around imploring and begging, for they have little relish for the uncertain pickings to be had outside the breastworks.

Most of us, perhaps, will be easily consoled for the tribulations which these vociferating statesmen have brought upon themselves, and the English language will have to stand it for at least another ten days of increasing violence, if, indeed, the vocabulary of abusive epithet has not already been strained to the point of exhaustion.

It is a trying world if you believe everything you hear, but custom hardens, and we can always turn to the baseball scores and histories for a change of adjectives.

Still, we should like to know what Bill Flinn is going to do to that convention.

It becomes evident that smuggling operations are being conducted on a considerable scale between Lower California ports, chiefly from Ensenada, and the coast of this state. The condition is not surprising when we reflect that the introduction of contraband Chinese is highly profitable. It is stated that one Chinese paid \$550 and another \$400 for being landed by Adolphson at Halfmoon Bay, and, notwithstanding the arrest of the smuggler, another landing was made from a boat at Moss Landing within three days from the conclusion of the expedition conducted by Adolphson.

Revenue Cutters Must Patrol the Coast

No doubt the trade in contraband Chinese has been going on without detection for a considerable period. The long coast line of California lends itself easily to the trade.

The obvious conclusion from these facts is that an effective preventive service, including a thorough sea patrol, must be organized if the exclusion laws and the prohibition of opium importations are to be enforced. The revenue cutter service is good as far as it goes, but the cutters are for the most part needed in Alaskan waters during the summer to protect the seal islands and for other necessary purposes. The result is that more than a thousand miles of coast is left without any effective patrol service.

The cutters that remain in San Francisco bay are small and are daily needed for other purposes, so that the whole burden for the enforcement of these laws falls on the land forces of the immigration bureau. By the time these officials get word of a landing made down the coast the mischief has been done and the contraband Chinese are hidden by their countrymen.

The way to stop this trade is to capture the smugglers before the landing is effected, and this can be done only by a material increase of the sea patrol. If the exclusion laws and the opium prohibition are to be enforced the services of at least two revenue cutters will be required to protect the coast all the year round.

It has been thought that the high cost of living has been high only to the working folk, that the higher salaried class has not experienced the rigors of enforced economies. The Wall Street Journal, however, would not have us believe that. It says:

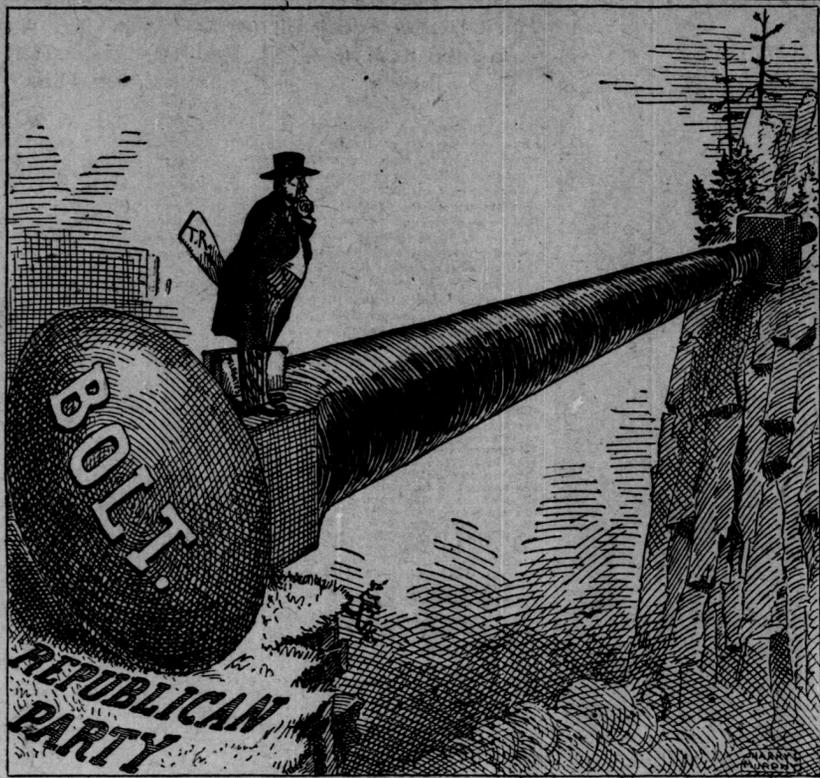
High Cost of Living Stings Wall Street

Higher cost of living is undoubtedly keeping some out of the investment market entirely. One dealer reports that small investors who used to buy a few bonds about twice a year are now making no purchases at all. Neither are they putting money in the savings banks, and for that reason the banks are not buying bonds. Institutions, when they make purchases, are also looking for the higher yield securities.

We may pass lightly over the euphemism with which the Wall Street organ opens its paragraph, "the higher cost of living." That must mean that the Journal considers the present prices of potatoes and suet only comparatively steep and promises us still higher, the highest cost of living. Let us hope that such a trusted financial scout as our Wall Street contemporary sees no such smoke signs of hostile prices on the distant warpath to ambush us or our children.

The suggestion in the quoted paragraph is of more immediate consideration. If the market for bonds fall off, if the deposits in savings banks fall off and the banks can not buy industrials, it will mean a stoppage of progress. Big enterprises can not be financed if

Will He Go Across?



there is no market for bonds, for on bond sales are railroads built and city halls and expositions constructed.

June 1 found the cost of living higher than ever before in America in time of peace, but there was no suggestion that it had reached its zenith. Man has learned the secret of flying, but not what has caused the high cost of living or what will correct the trouble.

Overpopulation, overproduction of gold, overproduction of middlemen, overcongestion of cities, overeating and overdressing have been mentioned as contributory causes.

The slackening in the demand for bonds might have one beneficial effect. Corporations will issue bonds only to raise funds which will be spent legitimately. Great issues, of which from half to two-thirds are promoters' profits, will be curtailed. The water will be squeezed out. With the promoters' profits cut, enterprises will not be so costly. There will be less fixed charges and, as a consequence, the wares of the corporation may be sold more cheaply.

In that meandering syllogism may be found, somewhere, the solution of the high cost of living problem.

CALIFORNIA history easily lends itself to pageant. We realized this fact in San Francisco when we first instituted the Portola festival with its gorgeous setting and inspiring pomp and circumstance. Now John S. McGroarty of Los Angeles has gone a step farther and has provided a noble setting of words that tell the story of the mission period and illustrate its picturesque pageantry of monks and soldiers, Indians and paisanos.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, in the West Coast Magazine, gives some account of Mr. McGroarty's historical play, given in the open air at San Gabriel, in which Padre Junipero Serra is made the central figure. To quote:

The first act's beginning, necessarily explanatory, prepares us, with its bluff Catalanian soldiers and brown cowled friars, for the story and works up to an excellent entrance for the saintly hero. It is rich in pathos and courage and moments of tense emotion and wonderful stage pictures—the cheerfully borne sufferings of the brave little band, the joyfully greeted but sad return of Don Gaspar and his men, footsore and weary from the vain search for Monterey bay, Padre Junipero's thrilling prophecy when he hears of the finding of the "harbor of St. Francis," the baptism of the first "Indian gentiles," Portola's decision to abandon California and set sail for Mexico with the tide and the old priest's passionate protest and the glorious climax—all kneeling in the light of the setting sun, the gallant Governor, his worn and hungry soldiers, the lean, gaunt friars, listening to Junipero Serra, praying with the faith that moves mountains and "just below the curve of the sea lay a ship, with God's hand pushing it on to starving San Diego."

Mr. McGroarty is the author of a history of California and is an accomplished and competent student of the traditions handed down to us from the romantic period of the days before the gringo came. We may hope to see his play presented in this neighborhood. The climate of California everywhere within the confines of the state lends itself to open air production of spectacle, and we have in the Greek amphitheater at Berkeley a most advantageous and competent setting for shows of this character.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- T. F. AITKEN, a mining man of New York, who has large interests in Alaska, left yesterday for the north. He was called suddenly on business. Mrs. Aitken, who is a bride of two months, remained at the St. Francis. She intends to make a trip to Honolulu, joining her husband here on his return.
H. WOOLLEY, music dealer of Woodland; A. W. Hanson, a wholesale and retail liquor dealer at Seattle; S. T. Crippen, an oil operator of Bakerfield, and J. E. Turner, a merchant of Eureka, make up a group of recent arrivals at the Anconaut.
FRANK M. KELSEY, general agent of the United States Fidelity and Guarantee company, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Kelsey. They make their home in Los Angeles and have been spending a few days at Del Monte.
J. W. GILBERT, city editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, is spending a few days in the city. He arrived yesterday on the steamship Governor and is registered at the Stewart.
FRANCE KALAMIANAKOLE, territorial delegate of Hawaii to congress, arrived from the east yesterday and is on his way to Honolulu. He is registered at the Stewart.
LIEUTENANT JOHN A. BARRY, Mrs. Barry and Miss Barry have apartments at the Palace. They arrived from the islands yesterday.
OTTO MATHI, who is associated with the Anheuser-Busch brewing interests, is at the St. Francis, registered from St. Louis.
WALTER E. TRENT, an attorney of Reno, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.
JUDGE V. J. TRABUCCO of Mariposa and Mrs. Trabucco are guests at the Stewart.
J. A. MAXFIELD, a business man of Los Angeles, is registered at the Palace.
W. M. WHEEDEN, an architect of Portland, is registered at the St. Francis.
G. C. OYRIL, a business man of Sacramento, came down yesterday to find a cook for his home. He placed a want ad in the papers, telling the hour of his arrival. He was accompanied by his wife and two children. They arrived yesterday afternoon in the lobby of the Marx. There were 50 applicants for the position.
C. F. SOBER, a manufacturer of leather goods at Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Armstrong of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Dodge of Honolulu and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Bidde of Los Angeles are guests at the Marx.
F. T. CROWWELL, a real estate operator, who has founded the town that bears his name on the division line between California and Nevada on the Western Pacific, is spending a few days at the Palace.
LIEUTENANT J. ABBOTT arrived on the transport yesterday with Mrs. Abbott. They have apartments at the Fairmont.
LIEUTENANT MARR O'CONNOR, U. S. A., is at the Bellevue with Mrs. O'Connor, registering from Fort Clark, Tex.
M. L. LUTUIS, a business man of Chicago, is here for a few days and is registered at the St. Francis.
A. E. LEWIS, a globe trotter, is at the Bellevue with Mrs. Lewis, registering from New York.
S. G. POWELL, a diamond dealer of New York, is staying at the Palace.
A. E. MOORE, a manufacturer of Riverside, Ill., is at the Bellevue.
MAJOR AND MRS. GEORGE E. STOOKE are guests at the Stewart.
H. FRALY, a business man of Reno, is a guest at the St. Francis.
R. G. ADAIR of London is staying at the St. Francis.

SONGS OF THE SEASON

AN APPROPRIATE NAME
We have a sister May
Who has persuasive powers;
A beau, too, by the way.
We call him "April Showers."
Why this peculiar name.
At which he always glowers?
Oh, he acquired the same
Because he brings May flowers.
—Courier Journal.

JOYS OF FISHING
With a \$10.00 rod
And a 6.00 reel,
With a 2.00 line
And a 4.00 creel,
A book of 2.00
And..... 4.00 ..... flies
Away, with his.....12.00 ticket he hies.

Thus he spends.....\$40.00 before he starts out.
And returns in a week with..... .10 worth of trout.
Of course he's tanned; but does this justify That.....\$39.90—the sum he is shy?
—Chicago Tribune.

A MULTIFORUM MICROBE
Bright and balmy days like these
We grow restless, ill at ease.
There's a germ gets in our veins
And our zest for labor wanes.

Should you microscope this germ
'Tis indeed a Protean worm.
For in Letter's blood 't is seen
Shaped like club used on the green.

While within the veins of Brackett
It looks like a tennis racket.
Take a little gorp from Platt.
There it's like a baseball bat.

Do the same with Mr. Hallet.
Lo, it's like a croquet mallet.
Then the blood of Mr. Ladd 'd
Show it shaped like canoe paddle.

If it's from the veins of Dodd
It looks like a fishing rod.
But while it has shapes a-many,
Its effects don't vary any;

Where'er this germ doth lurk,
There's a deep disgust with work.
—Boston Transcript.

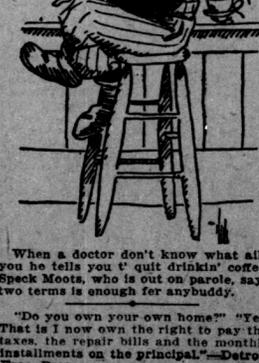
BEER?
The seasons vary through the year,
And varies too the atmosphere—
One day is humid, heavy, hot;
The next succeeding day is not.

The fashions change from day to day—
The derby hat is now passé;
The hobbie skirt is comme il faut,
But rumors of the pannier grow.

The fortunes of each candidate
Are daily seen to deviate;
One "carries" this, another that—
There's even change in standing pat.

The old town alters often, too;
The skyline changes to the view—
And now the subway situation
'Tis said, shows symptoms of mutation.

But regularly through the years
This line recurrently appears,
And haunts the press the country round:
"Beef has advanced a cent a pound."
—New York Sun.



MOTORCYCLES By GEORGE FITCH.

A MOTORCYCLE is a bicycle with a pandemonium attachment, and is designed for the special use of mechanical geniuses, daredevils and lunatics.

The motorcycle is equipped with a motor small enough to be put in a large pocket and loud enough to fill a coliseum comfortably. This motor is connected with the rear wheels of the bicycle, and when it is in the mood will revolve the wheel with tremendous speed, thus causing the bicycle to proceed from hither and yon over buggies, pedestrians, fences and small outbuildings.

A motorcycle is really a miniature automobile with full sized noise, smell and dirt output. It is not started by cranking, however, but by pedaling the whole machine along the road until the motor emerges from its coma and gets on the job. An automobilist can be detected by his vast overhanging shoulders and calloused hands. A motorcyclist, however, may have arms



like pipstems, but his legs are seven sizes too large for him.

A motorcycle is not as comfortable as a camel or a lumber wagon, but it is very swift, and there is nothing that feels more like flying than to ride a large barytone motorcycle over the country roads at 50 miles an hour, leaping lightly from bump to bump—except to leave the machine when it has struck a rock and to soar swiftly through the unstable atmosphere until some jagged section of the United States interferes with further progress.

Motorcycles are very useful and have almost annihilated distance and cheap clothes. They should be ridden in costume, except by very wealthy and careless men. A pair of leather pants with asbestos lining and a two bushel hip pocket for tools, a padded vest, heavy gloves, a pair of goggles, and nose and shin guards make a tasty and useful rig for the cyclist. Dressed in this fashion the enthusiast can enjoy himself to the full as he caroms from tree to tree and gorges himself with dust, oil and excitement.

Motorcycles are not as fatal to pedestrians as automobiles, because they can only run over him with two wheels. But they should be treated with respect at all times and should not be interfered with when in a hurry.

Marvelous records are made by intrepid mahouts who have driven large double barreled motorcycles 90 miles on a board track, and most of the way up the golden stairs in one hour by the clock.

Motorcycles are much cheaper than automobiles, and there seems to be no practical remedy for this, and the industry is unfortunately not in the hands of a trust. A good machine can be purchased for \$150. However, if the devotee does not possess \$150 he can get almost as good results by drinking a little lubricating oil, inhaling a vacuum cleaner and setting off two bushels of firecrackers between his legs.

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Answers to Queries

LETTERS—E. M. W. and G. R. W., Oakland. (1) Is there any law against sending a sealed letter, with a postage stamp on it, by person, to be delivered, say, from San Francisco to Los Angeles? (2) Is there any law against sending a sealed letter or any business communication enclosed in an express package via Wells Fargo Express company?

(1) No. The regulations provide that mail may be carried by special messenger as follows: Section 1198. Provided that nothing contained in this section shall be construed as prohibiting any person from receiving and delivering to the nearest postoffice, postal car or other authorized depository for mail matter any mail matter properly stamped.

Section 1197. Nothing in this chapter (criminal code, chapter VIII, offenses against the postal service) shall be construed to prohibit the conveyance or transmission of letters or packets by private hands without compensation, by special messenger employed for the particular occasion only.

(2) No. The rulings of the postoffice department permit the carrying of letters by express companies when such letters are enclosed in matter properly expressible and when such letters relate strictly to the contents of the shipment and are therefore made part of it.

MILDEW—A. C. S., City. What will remove mildew from silk? If the silk you have is worth anything, take it to a professional cleaner to remove the mildew. There are a number of methods for removing mildew, but when these are applied by an amateur the result, as a rule, is the ruin of the material.

THE COLIMA—T. T., City. When was the steamship Colima wrecked and how many were saved? That vessel went down in the latter part of May, 1895, off the coast of Manzanillo. Twenty-three were saved.

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE—Reader, Vallejo. Does a man who goes from house to house to solicit orders for future delivery come under the head of a peddler? The license office in San Francisco holds that such a man is not a peddler.

CIGARETTE HABIT—O. S., City. Will the cigarette habit stunt the growth of youth? Physicians who have made tobacco and its abuses a study assert that it will stunt the growth of a minor.

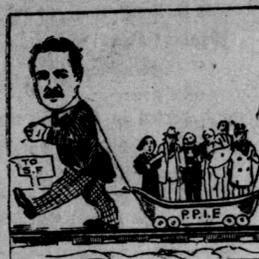
LABORERS—F., City. What is the fitting test for those who apply to the board of public works for employment as laborers? Each applicant must be able to lift and shoulder a 150 pound sack of sand.

FIFTH ARTILLERY—H. L. E., City. When did the Fifth artillery return to San Francisco from the Philippines after the close of the Spanish-American war? September 25, 1899.

LINDOLN—J., City. What Abraham Lincoln elected for the second term on his republican or an independent ticket? On the republican ticket.

The Colyum

HYPOTHETICAL. "The publicity department of the Panama-Pacific intends to bring out to California in August thirty of the leading literary men of America, to show them the Panama-Pacific exposition site, etc."



Sing a song of genius,
Treats low fall of hair,
Thirty famous writers
Coming to the fair;
When the train arrives here
All will start to write
On the wondrous beauties of
The P. P. I. E. site.
Richard Harding Davis
Will a novel start;
Finding many heroines
Eager for a part;
Johnny Kendrick Bangs, too,
Not a moment late,
Will induce jokers that we
Walk with a Golden Gait.
They'd be poems by Carman,
Fares by George Ade,
E. S. Martin's essays—
Would some stuff beget—
Wouldn't it be jolly—
But they haven't started YET!

If They Have a Choice
All the details of making the Woman's Federation convention one of which Californians must be proud are being arranged with care. Everything from a pin—no, not a head any color you like—to excursions to all the wonder spots of California, is being discussed.—News Item.

Most women will take the diamond headed pins, if you please. THE OLYMPIC CLUB will move into its new quarters this week. Horizontal, perpendicular and diagonal bars have been installed and the chief feature of the clubhouse will be a tank. THE MOTION pictures seem to be reaching from the mountains to India's coast strand, all right.

TOM VS. BILL
R. McE. contributes: Tom Watson is going to Baltimore as a delegate to the democratic convention, and he says that he will "lock horns" with William J. Bryan. But what's it all about? The two once were the best of friends. Mr. Watson stood for the vice presidency on a ticket with Mr. Bryan.—News Item.

GOOD
Jokes reflecting on the mother in law and other elements of matrimony have been barred by Mr. Hammerstein from his New York amusement. Also songs of the genre of "My Wife's Gone to the Country" are deemed not circus-worthy. Good, however, has been made outlaw.—News Item.

We never expected that Mr. Hammerstein would do such a service to the world. Good for him! May he not be lonesome.

"WHAT IS SO rare as a day in June?" asked Mr. Lowell. We don't know the answer, James, but it certainly isn't a photograph of a June bride.

TOWN TALK, with that wondrous breadth of sympathy which it ever shows for the erring (who are rich) has decided that Senator Lorimer was not elected through bribery. The "jack pot" was evidently raised to buy white wash for the statue of Lincoln. It must be a great relief to the Illinois senator and the majority of the senate committee who investigated him to know that there is at least one disinterested periodical that takes their judgment seriously. It's nice to be sympathetic like Town Talk and come to the defense of whoever is in trouble (and rich).

ANY RESTRICTIONS on "freedom of speech" in San Diego do not seem to apply to Harris Weinstock and Leroy Wright.

What Chance Would a Duke Stand End, has taken up dice, and particularly the Afro-American game of craps. Going to luncheon, he is supposed to be characteristic of the ancient seats of the rich, but they of the West End would better keep Americans out of their game.—News Item.

An Awkward Moment to Reach Your Corner
When you are on a car reading Granville Barker's play, "Waste," and come to this passage:

(Mrs.) Amy O'Connell (whose husband is in Ireland)—Then why do you want to kiss me?—seriously. But I shall in a minute, just to finish the argument. Too much diplomacy always ends in a fight.

Amy O'Connell.—And if I don't fight—it'd be no fun for you, I suppose? Conductor (not in the book—on the rear platform)—Kearny street. (And you have to walk over from Sutter street to the Colyum. The Colyum before you can open the book again and see if he did kiss her or no.)

MUSICAL NOTES
Speaking of paradoxes, "Musical Truth" is the name of a paper published by a man named Conn. F. M. G. writes to The Colyum to tell us that she has a "wash Chinaman" who is a soprano. To prove it the correspondent sends the laundry tag with the name "Sing High."

That musicians are not afraid of employment we are glad to note in the following "want ad" taken from a trade paper:

Experienced first class Slide Trombone player desires location. A. F. of first sight reader, good ear, no objection to light work.

ART AND ARTISTS AND ARTIFICIALS
Does one come naturally by such a name as Dirk Van Erp, or is it just put on for decorative purposes when one becomes a decorator?

J. C. Green, the vacant lotscaper painter, is putting up a few more masterpieces of underwear illustrations along Sutter street. Next to nature is a strong point with J. C. Green.

"Young Rogers," the fighting illustrator, has issued a challenge to James Montgomery Flagg and Charles Dana Gibson at 133 pounds ringside. "Young Rogers" is talented in the matter of making blue eyes black. He is a two fisted fighter.

Eugen Neuhaus, the one-of-the-foremost-California-painters, said he did not drop the final "e" off his Christian name as a pose or through carelessness, but because he can put his hand to more profitable employment than writing a vowel that isn't sounded, anyway.

The printer who put the bathing suit ad next to the art notes in yesterday's paper evidently thought there wasn't much difference in the costumes of the seaside and the studio. Sometimes he's almost right, but not this time.

Some very fine examples of pastels are shown in a Powell street bakery this week. A. L. E.