

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE Fresno Republican has been selected to make the plea in extenuation of the burglary of the republican electoral delegation. It is a congenial task, and Pecksniff goes to it with unctuousness. Stripped to the bone, Pecksniff's plea amounts to this: the national convention dishonorably took two delegates from Roosevelt; therefore the Johnson-Lissner machine is justified in dishonorably taking 13 electors by false pretenses. Deciding contests against Roosevelt delegates is stealing; stealing the electoral vote is restitution—according to Pecksniff.

It is never any trouble to find an excuse for dishonorable doings; never any trouble to find an apologist for any baseness. The legal profession is not alone affected with shysters. These moral enuchs are quite as frequent in the journalistic world. But not all the Pecksniffs can hide the fact that an attempt to elect the electors of one candidate by putting them on the ballot under the name and emblem of another candidate's party is dishonorable, political trickery. No fairminded man will approve of such chicanery. And it is peculiarly unbecoming in men whose modest claim is that they are so virtuous, so honorable, so high minded that they can not associate politically with the fourteen millions of their fellow Americans who make up the republican and democratic parties.

There is but one fair, manly, honorable course to be taken. That is to put 13 Wilson electors on the ballot under the democratic heading; 13 Taft electors under the republican heading, and 13 Roosevelt electors under their proper heading—and then let the voters of California say which they choose. Any other plan is simply dishonest trickery, nor can all the Pecksniffs make it appear anything else. A fundamental proposition of common honesty, such as this is, can be grasped by the feeblest intelligence, and admits of no denial.

What is the Johnson machine afraid of anyway, that it doesn't want to go to the people in a fair test of strength with an honest ballot? Doesn't the governor declare that Roosevelt is the people's choice, two to one? Well, why not let them prove it.

HERE is a letter you might like to read:

To the Editor of The Call, San Francisco Cal. Dear Sir: I have only just seen your editorial of June 3, in which you accuse me of "trickiness" in giving the impression that San Francisco is making an assault upon the Yosemite valley, and, to sustain the charge, quote this paragraph from the Century's editorial on "The People's National Parks" in our June number. You quote:

"Nothing else that California can show as an exhibit (in the Pan-American international exposition) will be comparable to the glories of the Yosemite park. Instead of lending support to a mad and wanton scheme of vandalism toward the Hetch Hetchy, the city should be doing what it can to obtain from congress appropriations to make it accessible to the multitude of travelers who three years hence are sure to visit the most wonderful state in the union. To do otherwise were as though a queen should trample her own crown in the mire."

In order to test the matter, I respectfully make this offer: I will submit to the presidents of the University of California and of the Leland Stanford Jr. university and to yourself, as a committee of three, whether the part of my editorial quoted by you, or the whole of it, justifies you in this accusation. If a majority of the committee decides in your favor, I am to send \$50 to any charity in San Francisco named by you; if against you, you are to send me \$50 in a draft on Rome to the order of H. Nelson Gay, as a contribution to the library of the Keats-Shelley memorial in Rome, in which I am much interested, and which needs money for books.

In the latter case you are to print an apology to me on the editorial page. In the former, I am to print in the Century that, so far as I know, the city of San Francisco has never had any designs upon the Yosemite valley, but only on the Hetch Hetchy and its watershed, comprising about half of the Yosemite national park. As I have never said anything to the contrary, this will not be difficult for me. It would be like accusing the man who fired the Ephesian dome of the charge of having blown up the Pantheon.

Very truly yours, ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

On the technicality, Mr. Johnson would win the bet. But how about this matter in its broad aspect?

The people of the east—and, for that matter, most of the people of California—make no clear distinction between the Yosemite park and the Yosemite valley. They habitually speak of the Yosemite—nothing else. And the names, Yosemite park and Yosemite valley convey the same impression. In either case they think of the valley.

The Call will cheerfully bet Mr. Johnson that 98 in every 100 readers of his magazine are under the impression that the city of San Francisco meditates a partial destruction of the beauties of the Yosemite—meaning the valley—and that they got this impression from the articles of Mr. Johnson.

The fact that Mr. Johnson himself knows better—that he knows the Hetch Hetchy is no part of the Yosemite—is not at all to the point. The impression given others who do not know this, is the thing reprobated by The Call.

And in this case, whether intentionally or not, the Century does, by a technical trick of speech, spread the belief that this city intends to destroy the scenic beauty of the Yosemite by turning it into a reservoir—which is not true.

As to the merits of the case, there is only this to be said, as San Francisco looks at it:

Here are a million men, women and children dwelling around this bay. Presently there will be two millions; afterward three, four—no one knows how many millions. They must have water to drink. They must have clean, sweet water. The Hetch Hetchy is an unfrequented, seldom seen valley in the Sierra—a deep canyon—a natural reservoir. Its beauty will not be destroyed—it will be enhanced by turning it into a clean mountain lake—just such a lake as lovers of nature go far into the wilds to see and to play in other mountain ranges. And if the conversion of this canyon into a lake did destroy the pleasure of half a thousand visitors in a year, what is that to the comfort and to the health of a million people?

Shall we drink bad water, collected in the future from God knows what contaminated sheds? Shall we risk health and life in order to maintain a pleasure resort for visiting mountain climbers? Mr. Johnson, in our philosophy, rude and uncultivated as we are in these western wilds, there is postulated a beauty in use as well as a use in beauty.

And we are so hopelessly inartistic that we hold the life of even one little human baby worth full as much as the pleasure of a great number of tourists who might come to rhapsodize in the Hetch Hetchy—more especially since there are in the Sierra any number of valleys and canyons that make the Hetch Hetchy look like 30 cents spent, and well enough known to men who have the ardor and the enduring legs to explore mountains on their own hook, without a guide book and printed directions as to the proper spots in which to dilute with emotions.

THE colonel says that it is economic conditions which need attention. So he has taken up the study of the cause of the high cost of living and will change all that as soon as he can get around to it. This is an extract from the colonel's maiden speech on the subject, delivered at Oyster Bay the other day:

I am not sure that the tariff is the chief factor in the high cost of living. So far as I can see, the articles that have gone up in price most are butter, eggs and meat. Butter and eggs, of course, are not affected by the tariff. In regard to meat, I think it is less the tariff than the trusts that have caused high prices.

Don't laugh. Of course, there is a tariff on butter and eggs, and a pretty stiff tariff, too—five cents a dozen on eggs and six cents a pound on butter; but what are facts and figures among friends?

The colonel doesn't know as much about economics as a school-boy; he hasn't the faintest conception of the true causes of the high cost of living; he doesn't even know that such articles of food as butter and eggs are dutiable; and his talk puts men familiar with these matters on a wide grin.

But never mind, the colonel does know what he wants. He wants a third term, that's what he wants, and he's going to try for it if he has to talk anything—from tariffs to Sanskrit.

A Deserved Indorsement



The Linotype

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

SELECTING language riper than language needs to be, we roast the linotype from Cleveland to K. C. We daily place before him our badly written bits, with curlycuts that bore him and throw him into fits; with blots, erasures, splashes, and sprawling chicken treads, until the poor man thrashes his intellect to shreds in efforts to determine what tongue it's written in, and whether it's a sermon, a poem or bulletin. And we, who do the scrawling, with fountain pen or spade, indulge in caterwauling about the errors made. "That heartless, lop-eared viper, that sacrilegious dot, the swayed-back linotype, has spotted my Gem of Thought! Oh, bring me hither, prithee, a caudron full of oil, and by the village smithy I'll cook that son of toil! Or bring me rusty fetters—I'll make his bosom bleed who never learned his letters and yet pretends to read!" The patient linotype is tolling by me now, his old bandana wiper festooned about his brow; he isn't loud or yawpy, he doesn't tear his hair, although his bunch of copy would knock a saint to swear; and those who knock his errors and say he should be whipped, should see the greswome terrors in bughouse manuscript! If you who write a story intended for the press made copy hunkydory you'd side-step much distress.

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A Limit

His Kinsman—So you uns are goin' into the next state where the law can't touch yer, hey?

The Outlaws—Yep! But understand, we ain't goin' t' incorporate over there. We ain't that crooked!—Puck.

The Wretch

"Why are you rushing around so today?"

"I'm trying to get something for my wife."

"Had any offers?"—Exchange.

JULIUS CAESAR

By GEORGE FITCH. Author of "At Good Old Swab"

THIS is the birthday of Julius Caesar, a Roman politician, who flourished in the last expiring gasps of the R. C.'s, and started a bunch of history which wasn't finished for a thousand years.

Caesar was born in 102 B. C., and came from a noted standpat family. But Caesar himself was an insurgent. He belonged to the great populist party and shouted for reform. This so irritated old Sulla, who was running the government just then, that he fired Caesar out of his public job and tossed up to decide whether to hang him or make him the Roman equivalent of vice president. In order to escape both fates Caesar went to war. He was very successful, and when he came back was elected pontifex, quaestor, aedile and consul in rapid succession, defeating his opponents both in the primaries and at the elections with great ease.

In 59 B. C. Caesar opened a copartnership with Pompey and Croesus, the J. P. Morgan of that time, and conducted Rome as a limited monopoly with great firmness for several years. He afterward went north with an army to introduce the celebrated Roman legion into Gaul. Gaul was composed of three parts when he arrived, but no one was able to enumerate its pieces after he had left.

In the meanwhile Pompey, being in control at Rome, fired Caesar's friends out of the cabinet and packed all the caucuses with office holders. He then invited Caesar to come home and be killed. Caesar came, but carelessly brought his army with him, and Pompey beat him out of town by one car. It was before starting for Rome that Caesar performed his famous feat of hesitating on the banks of the Rubicon, a little stream which has never done anything since.

Caesar was now master of Rome and was made dictator and praefectus morum, which is roman for "the whole works." For several years he roamed through Africa and Asia, swatting all enemies with skill and thoroughness. (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)



In Egypt he moved in the best of society, and Mrs. Ptolemy, better known as Cleopatra, worked him for the throne of that country in a manner which has been frequently written up by our best authors.

Caesar was now so powerful that he began to reform the laws of Rome and to regulate the sun and stars by putting in a new calendar, in which the seventh month was named for himself and the eighth for his son. However, no cigars, hotels, motor boats or Pullman cars were named after him, which proved that even the Romans had their limitations.

It was now feared that Caesar would become king, and he was accordingly surrounded by a few personal friends and stabbed to death. He tried to defend himself with his stylus or pen, but found it was not mightier than the sword. Caesar was a medium sized, bullet headed man and a high liver. He was a great warrior and reformer, a good politician, and wrote many books in his spare hours, for which he is fervently disliked by the schoolboys of the world. His most famous words were "Veni, Vidi, Vici," in which he announced the result of an entire war to the senate. This indicates that cable tolls in his day were even higher than they are at present.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- A. BERGNER of Sydney and Lindsay A. Cor-mack are guests at the Marx. Bergner represents German interests in Australia, particularly wines and beers. He spent a number of years here in his youth and has a host of friends in the city.
W. E. McMillan, an attorney of Eureka, L. T. Hatfield, an attorney of Sacramento, Joseph Hiddle, a rancher of Hanford and James Whitake of Galt are among the recent arrivals at the Stewart.
J. F. NOLAN, who is managing a large ranch at Sargent, is spending a few days at the St. Francis.
C. G. HUME and family, of Wellington, New Zealand, are among the recent arrivals at the Arlington.
B. E. BREAK, a Casadero mining man, is stopping at the Argonaut.
J. W. BELL, a Modesto real estate man, is stopping at the Stanford.
C. FREED, an Orland automobile man, is staying at the Von Dorn.
E. G. STONDS and wife of Los Angeles, are staying at the Court.
S. H. ROBERTSON, a Taft oil man, is registered at the Dale.
E. P. TIVORY, a Spokane manufacturer's agent, is at the Bellevue.
MRS. A. P. EYRAND of Bakersfield is stopping at the Baldwin.
L. M. HERMON and wife of Chico are registered at the Sutter.
J. BENJAMIN of Globe, Ariz., is a guest at the Columbia.
W. E. WILKES, a Seattle lumber man, is at the Bellevue.
J. A. CLARK, a New York attorney, is at the Colonial.
DR. J. JACKSON of Lincoln is stopping at the Dale.
E. K. WOOD, a lumberman of Los Angeles, is staying at the Sutter.

THE prohibition party is holding its national convention at Atlantic City, and if the demon Rum has any feelings at all becoming a demon and a gentleman, he must blush when he hears some of the language addressed to him.

In addition to the demon Rum, demons Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt also got theirs from Temporary Chairman Clinton N. Howard. Mr. Howard even averred that demon Roosevelt's personal habits were immoral, from which it is to be inferred, presumably, that demon Roosevelt occasionally nods to a highball or looks in upon the wine when it is red in the face.

What with Candidate Roosevelt accusing Candidate Taft of stealing his doll rags, and Candidate Taft asserting that bats are nesting under Mr. Roosevelt's justly celebrated hat, and Candidate Wilson telling everybody that Teddy and Billy use shocking language, and Temporary Chairman Howard conferring the thirty-third degree of the Ancient and Unacceptable Rites of the Demons of Rum on all the candidates, one is almost tempted to hunt up a boiler factory and snatch an hour of quiet and sleep. Or to corral a demon of his own. Happy thought! Waiter, one demon in a long glass.

SAYS Professor Pecksniff, head of the Johnson press bureau, still harping on the single string of his complaint that the national convention stole from the contestants the seats which never belonged to them:

It was reprehensible in the first place, just because all stealing is reprehensible. But we do not start a revolution against most stealing. We lock up the thief. The only stealing we revolt against is the stealing of our liberties.

Whom did you lock up for stealing A. G. Spalding's seat in the senate? What jail are those thieves in, Pecksniff?

HATS off to Jackson! He beat our best ones in the 1,500 meter race, and the man who can do that is an athlete fit to run for his king's life. With that the boys pushed the game Englishman to the utmost limit of human endurance, and he fainted in the very minute of victory. Game Yankees and game Englishman—here's luck to them and all game chaps of any breed! Yankee or Englishman—German, Irish, Scotch, French, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, Swede or Finn—who cares? The stout heart and the strong hand—all the world loves them.

SAYS the Bully Burglars' local hand organ:

In this party's convention there will be no Boss Penrose, Boss Payne, Boss Barnes, no Boss Sullivan, Boss Murphy, Boss Taggart; instead there will be Pinchots, Garfields, Johnsons, etc. Also Perkins, McCormick, Munsey, Boss Bill Flinn, Boss Ward, Boss Dan Hanna, and other pure and holy members of the choir invisible—but don't mention it.

THE New York Sun unkindly asserts that the colonel's campaign is marking time, waiting for an "angel". Not that the Steel Trust went broke, by any means, cultivating that spontaneous demand in the primaries—but there's that ill considered New York law which requires corporate contributions to campaign funds to be made public. And the spectacle of the biggest and worst of all trusts filing a statement of a million or two contributed to a trust buster's campaign would be more than apt to excite ribald laughter among the wicked.

No Enthusiasm for Our "Animal Dancers"

Paris dancing masters have just held their annual congress, and the waiting world may now move on. This is the solemn occasion on which are decided the destinies of our ballrooms for the coming winter. The congress was international, and a number of dances from the new world were presented. The "Matteheche Argentine" of an Argentine professor was a success, and has been added to the repertory of the dancing masters of Paris. The assurance that it in no respect resembles the Spanish "matteheche" is consolatory. Hopeful, too, is the fact that the animal dances presented by several American professors aroused no enthusiasm.

More to the taste of the masters were dances showing the movements of animals, but based on ancient Greek tradition, examples of which were given by Professor Lefort. The dance of the crane, in which a number of dancers imitate in concerted movements the flight of a flock of cranes, seems to have graceful possibilities. The Honess is tersely described as a tragic dance, between the professor's dances and those of the turkey trot variety. M. Lefort disclaims all connection, characterizing the latter as coarse amusements, devoid of all artistic sense. He considers that the dancing in ballrooms is regarded too much as a pleasure, and insists on the necessity of a profound psychological study as the basis of the art of dancing. M. Lefort is a gentleman of generous ideals, but a perverse generation may cling to the comparatively simple psychology of the bunny hug.—Roston Francis

Abe Martin



It seems like th' limelight makes so many divorces. Tell Binkley says a tourin' cat is like a baby. Ever' thing happens t' it th' second summer.

Usual Kind

Willis—What kind of a hotel does he run?
Gills—As usual. In summer you get a little room with no windows, and in winter a big room with no stove.—Judge.

The Colyum

THE FINN WINS

The 5,000 meter race at the Olympic games went to Kolehmainen, the Finn.—News Item.

Whoever thought of Finland as a winter land, but today the sturdy Finnish sprinter wins the race; (How can he win a "heat" when he lives 'mid snow and sleet, but the Finnish at the finish set the pace.) To first place!

Oh, the Finn, Finn, Finn, Watch him win, win, win; Oh, he beats the speedy Briton and the fast American!

At the finish is the Finn, It is where he should have been, Oh, the other Finns they grin When they see the rushin' Finn!

Now the rugged heights of Finland are a diad-dad, everywhere The grinning Finns, with Anky de-light, From the polar pines of Viborg to the glacier at Uleaborg They are celebrating far into the night While it's light.

For they won, won, won, And the sun, sun, sun, In the summer time in Finland never knows when day is done; He will work just twenty-one Hours a day and call it fun— No wonder Finns must run There to keep up with the sun!

O. H. F. SUGGESTS: Apropos of the Olympic games, department stores are expected to make a feature sale of stock combs.

T. P. of MARTINEZ writes to ask if we don't think, after reading Elbert Hubbard's political reports that the sage of East Aurora is suffering from cirrhosis of the ideals?

"JOHN BULL FILES PROTEST" we read in the headlines. Jiminy, won't those Brits ever learn to be defeated in the Olympic games with equanimity?

We read further, it isn't so bad as that. England is merely protesting about the canal bill.

THE SOPHISTICATED BEAN Special Agent Bean, formerly special agent of the treasury department in charge of this port, has been appointed assistant supervising agent at Washington, D. C.—News Item.

So Bean has been promoted. We are glad, it can't be said. His superiors have noted That a crook can not string Bean.

THE GREAT INCOHONEE of the Improved Order of Redmen has arrived in town. He is not traveling in cog—just incohonee.

WE HASTEN TO inform our young readers that St. Nicholas Island, on which some Chinese smugglers were captured, is in no way to be confused with the home of St. Nicholas or Santa Claus. (Junior Call, please copy.)

TREADWELL, THE S. P. all expert who has been testifying in the oil land suit, might learn also to read carefully.

A TRUE BEE STORY (At Least, Founded on Fact.) A chemical engine company assisted on last Tuesday in the destruction of a large number of bees which had located in the attic of the Paul Revere school in Corbett avenue. (That is the fact.) Listen, my children, and you shall hear.

Of what occurred at the Paul Revere School, far out on the Corbett road: A swarm of bees had themselves bestowed.

In the attic there, and the queen declared. They were there to stay. How the children started in a fright!

At the honied pupils, who made their hive. There, so learning would have to thrive.

When a little boy would miss his spelling: A bee would sting—it caused much yelling.

When 2 plus 2 was "equal 5," There'd be more discipline from the hive.

When a little girl said Washington Whipped the Spanish in '76, Or Columbus never found a thing— Then a learned bee would come and sting.

And the teachers stared with open eyes. To see their pupils grow so wise. They knew a lot for ones so young. Because they feared they would be stung.

Turned in a general fire alarm. Then the engines came and the bees stung.

To avoid the water and noise and rout.

IN A STRANGE COUNTRY Mayor Rolph has joined the literary colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where he will enjoy a fortnight's rest.—News Item.

The mayor arrives. The expressman takes his trunk. "Which direction, sir—to the poets' corner or the novelists' lane or the painters' beach?"

"I don't know," replies the mayor. "You see, I neither write poems nor novels, nor paint pictures."

"Then maybe you are an essayist!" "You see, I let Ed Rainey write all my essays."

"Rainey—Ed Rainey," ponders the expressman. "Any relation to Ed Hale? No? Ed Hale was a great writer in the old days—put over 'A Man Without a Country,' you know. Kind of similar name, climatically speaking, you know. But what line of junk do you peddle, sir?"

"Oh, I'm just mayor of San Francisco." "Mayor, mayor; oh, yes, San Francisco. I've heard of that place."

"Perhaps," suggested the mayor, modestly, "you might have seen a mention of my name in the public prints."

"Sorry," replies the expressman, "but we never read anything here later than Smollett, unless we write it ourselves."

Precautionary "Wife, I want to go to Victoria with the flying legion."

"All right, dear, but see that your life is insured adequately; this aviation business is so dangerous."

The Effort Was Made If the National Education association didn't use as many hard words per delegate at its convention as were perpetrated at the G. O. P. affair, it was only due to the more limited vocabularies of the educators.

P. C. K. RECOMMENDS that news-stands might do well to keep on hand a supply of court plaster to fill the demands of ladies whose silk stockings begin to rip at the wrong time.

Old Movies Made New To earn is human, to inherit divine. It seems to take more than a stitch at any time to save the nine Seals. The only good Indian is one with a fast fadeaway ball, or a point winner at the Olympic games. A Ross by any other name might "put" as far. A. L. P.