

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE Johnson press bureau is still explaining to the faithful that stealing a party's name and place on the ballot is a virtuous act. The pettifogging contention is that it is a matter for the republicans of California to decide whether the electors in the republican group shall be men pledged to vote for Taft or men pledged to vote for Roosevelt.

Why, so it is. It is a matter for republicans, and for republicans only.

Then why do bolters from the republican party insist upon helping to decide the matter?

Mr. Roosevelt says he is no longer a republican. He affirms that the republican party is corrupt and doomed. He is arranging to hold a convention in Chicago to organize a new party, under a new name, which shall put him in nomination to oppose both the democratic and republican candidates—not only in the national, but also in the state campaign. This party Johnson and Lissner and Rowell have joined. They have signed the call for the Chicago meeting. What right have they to call themselves republicans, to vote in a republican primary?

The law—as well as common honesty—presumes that a man who votes in a republican primary is a republican. A man may, indeed, so vote in a primary and afterward change his views and still be an honest man. But the man who goes to the primary polls intending and declaring that he will not vote the republican ticket and who then represents himself to be a republican in order to put in nomination as republican electors men who are known to belong to another party—whether an old or new one—such a man is, on the face of his own acts and words, a cheat, and the result he aims at is another cheat.

No jugglery of words can conceal the fact that such conduct is dishonorable and mean.

Yes, this is a republican affair. No man who has signed a call to organize a party in opposition to the republican party of the United States has any right to mix in it—or to vote in the republican primary election in September. The man who does so vote is a cheat, and a mean cheat, whose word is not worth the price of the cheapest postage stamp.

BASHFULLY, but with a pleased grin, the attention of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson of the Century Magazine is called to the report just submitted to the secretary of the interior by Consulting Engineer John R. Freeman. If Mr. Freeman has left Mr. Johnson any leg upon which to stand in opposition to San Francisco's use of the Hetch Hetchy as a water reservoir, people out this way would like to borrow the leg in 1915. The fair will have no more interesting curiosity.

MAYOR MOTT insists that the recall election which he must contest is a scheme to discredit the new legislation.

The Fresno Republican insists that good progressives should not sign initiative petitions, because the ballot is going to be so cluttered up with proposed enactments that nobody can vote intelligently.

Some other folks pointed out the likelihood of this sort of thing quite a time ago. They were then denounced, if memory serves aright, by the indignant Mott and the superfluously holy Pecksniff as dastardly enemies of The People—capitalize this cant, please, Mr. Proofreader—and pictured as emissaries of the Money Devil, whose only delight was to put on hobnailed shoes and walk on the bleeding faces of the downtrodden masses in order to get up an appetite for breakfast.

Now that the recall is keeping Mr. Mott awake at unseasonable hours, and now that the initiative is giving orders to Governor Johnson's hand-picked legislature in advance of Al McCabe, the star-eyed goddess of reform seems to have developed warts on her countenance, as she is seen by once passionate lovers.

THE Office Cat—an omnivorous animal with a carefully cultivated appetite for odd tidbits of news—stole this yesterday from the Candid Friend's desk, after that entertaining and indefatigable collector had scissored it from the society columns of the New York Tribune. If not a lily, it bears a resemblance to a peach:

ROMANTIC EXCURSIONS.

To the Editor of the Tribune—Sir: The colonel continues taking moonlight walks with his fiasco.

EVEN the most accomplished balancer on fences will slip on a banana peeling, sometimes. Witness this stumble on the part of Pecksniff Rowell, who can come nearer praying to God and the devil in the same sweet hour of prayer than any member of the holyroller band, not excepting the eminent Mr. Ruf. Pecksniff has been recounting the incident of platform making at Chicago—not forgetting the nobly virtuous part played by the member from California, and he takes this crack at Governor Hadley—who had not then fallen into holyroller disfavor:

Governor Hadley preferred the opposite course. He had his suggestions adopted until the platform was satisfactory to him, and then, of course, had to deliver Missouri to vote to approve it.

What! What! Is it possible? "Delivered Missouri," did he? Why, haven't we all been told that on one side of the convention the ruthless Taft bosses delivered their delegation as they saw fit, while on the other side a band of independent patriots, scorned a boss, refused thus to be driven like cattle, and voted, each man according to his solemn convictions, untrammelled and unbosomed?

And Governor Hadley was Mr. Roosevelt's floor leader. These fearless and independent patriots, facing the boss ridden slaves, were represented by that as yet unsullied, so dear governor of Missouri. And yet, when he got ready to go his own way, he delivered his delegation—delivered these free and unbosomed sons of progress, delivered them all in a herd—just like any other old delegation personally conducted by a boss!

Well, well, well! It's funny what some folks will tell when they talk in their sleep.

IT is said that Miss Anite Smith of Pasadena has grown a new variety of the dahlia which looks exactly like the colonel—teeth and all.

Well, God's will be done.

THAT peculiar outfit of quacks, nostrum venders, prayer peddlers, ill meaning schemers and well meaning cranks called the League for Medical Freedom—in which our own Works is a burning and shining light—is bitterly opposed to medical inspection and to the teaching of the germ theory of infection in the public schools.

These people should have lived three hundred years ago. There was no medical science then, no knowledge of the process of growth in plant or animal, no knowledge of the functions of the human organs, no knowledge of therapy, anesthetics, antiseptics, sanitation or hygiene. Any cunning charlatan could peddle elixirs, charms, nostrums.

As a result of this entire freedom from medical interference and

"Good Boy"



absence of pestiferous medical teaching and inspection, our ancestors had the inestimable privilege of dying like poisoned rats whenever the smallpox or pestilential fevers broke out in any community, and the capitals of the civilized world were decimated at regular and not infrequent intervals.

Plagues, such as modern medical science has made unknown, ravaged whole kingdoms, slew thousands by day and by night, until the living were too few to bury the dead, and made veritable those hideous narratives which hold one's horrified eyes glued fast to the pages of Pepps and De Foe.

How any human being able to read and to compare the history of medical ignorance and its awful results in the past and of medical knowledge and its wonderful, beneficent results in our times can deliberately set himself to oppose the spread of that knowledge and the extension of that noble teaching and practice is beyond the comprehension of normal reason.

Nothing can be more certain than that if we were to be deprived of all sanitary, hygienic, surgical and therapeutic precautions and remedies which scientific medical men have given us—often at the heroic sacrifice of their own intrepid lives—the whole structure of modern civilization would fall to pieces, and where now millions of people dwell in health and security the terrible angels of fever and pestilence would, at awful intervals, fill the streets with mourning, the houses with the dying and the cemeteries with the loathsome and infectious corpses of the thousands of the dead.

It fills one with indignation to hear men and women who should have more sense denouncing, in spite of the testimony of all history and in spite of the evidence of their own eyes and ears, the magnificent and blessed achievements of the sciences of therapy and surgery and hygiene and sanitation, and actually advocating a return to the methods, the ignorance and the horrible conditions of three hundred years ago. And the fact that a man misrepresenting California in the senate house of the United States is the leader of such a wicked and senseless crusade against the public health and welfare adds to a natural indignation a still stronger feeling of infinite contempt and disgust.

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is not only president of Columbia university and one of the foremost educators in America and a ripe scholar, but he is a leader in social, economic and ethical progress. About everything that is good in civic thought or attempt has its earnest and able champion in Doctor Butler. There is not a more admirable figure on the stage of contemporary American life.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is one of the "thieves" who stole Mr. Roosevelt's delegates, and, just to put the capsheaf on his infamous, burglarious and porch climbing activities, he wrote the republican platform. It certainly is tough to have to associate in politics with such a character as the president of Columbia.

FAT MEN

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

A FAT man is a man who thanks Providence and is happy whenever he weighs a pound less than he did a month ago.

Fat men are globular in shape and wear collars that look like a draw-string. They have legs and feet like other men but have to take some one else's word for it. If a really fat man were to meet his own feet on the street he would pass them by as strangers.

Some men weigh 300 pounds and are not fat, while others weigh 900 pounds and brush buttons off on both sides working their way through the dining room door. It all depends upon height. If a man gains six inches in height when he falls down he is genuinely fat and should not be joked about it.

Fat men come in odd shapes and are usually not artistic. They bulge in peculiar places like a Turkish mosque, and when a tailor starts a suit for a pear shaped patron he plots out its curves with a wagon tire. There is nothing more pathetic than a pair of pants which have just been completed for a man who wears two bushel socks. They look like a pair of knee braces for Goliath.

The fat man leads a timid and worried life. He is always thinking about thin legged chairs and elevator cables, and when he sits down in a streetcar he knows that he is being hated by three people who are standing. Doing a heavy freight business as he does, he is unable to walk far, and no bed has been invented that will hold up a fat man who is a good frog sleeper without getting tired and letting him down occasionally.



The fat man enjoys winter, for even the coldest days can't get through him until about 4 p. m. But in April he begins to melt and by July he has to mop his face with a rubber window cleaner every five minutes. When a fat man becomes intoxicated all the way through he consists of pure misery, especially if he is too polite to wear a collar button and carry the rest of his neck harness over his arm. In spite of all his troubles the fat man is genial and good natured and is usually approached fearlessly by book agents. There is no grayer here than a 300 pound man with a dark red overhanging neck laughing merrily on a hot July day as he jokes about the weather.

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The Weather Again

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

WHEN the large hot sun is sizzling, I some consolation find; when a cold wet rain is drizzling I retain my peace of mind. When the blizzard comes cawing from the polar realms up there, I don't go around snorting in a spasm of despair. Long ago I used to holler every time the weather changed; if it wilted down my collar, I would roar as through demerol; if my dearly loved nose got frosted, I would rant, with fell intent, till my case-words were exhausted and my diaphragm was bent. Then I sat me down to reason, reaching this decision wise: Cussing will not change the season, or relieve the man who suffers. Kicking will not stop unruly tantrums of the rain or wind; and the weather, speaking truly, merely is a state of mind. So methinks I will hereafter take the climate as she comes, greeting all her freaks with laughter, handing posies as she hums. Since I reached that sane conclusion weather troubles me no more; all its pother and confusion can not make your uncle sore. With philosophy so handy all the weather hits the spot; every day is just a dandy, whether it is cold or hot.

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AGENTS ATTACKED BY SUMMER RUSH

DURING the balance of July California agents of eastern lines will rush around the state in a feverish way that would be inexplicable to any one who does not know that the state railroad commission has suspended general order No. 33 only until July 29, on which date the protesting railroads will be permitted to make their showing as to why representatives of eastern railroads should be allowed free transportation here. Several agents with long tours of the state to complete within the summer have suddenly dropped everything else and disappeared on strenuous trips. They are all aiming to get as much traveling as possible done with the time they know it can be done free.

The only question is whether they should devote the time between now and July 29 to traveling around to their various duties or to taking their vacations. It will be sad, indeed, if they have to pay their way to and from the places picked out for the annual rest. If this happens many of the agents will spend their outings in Golden Gate park, which is only 2 cents from Market street.

W. G. Bruen, secretary of the Western Pacific, is back from an extended trip to the east.

E. H. Lamb has been appointed traveling freight and passenger agent of the Chicago and Northwestern in Sacramento. He was formerly contracting agent of the New York Central.

F. W. Sherwood, ticket agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, is back from a vacation trip to Alaska.

Outside representatives of the Western Pacific will hold their monthly meeting tomorrow, this time in Sacramento, at the Hotel Sacramento. It is intended to have these meetings at various central locations on the line.

C. T. Slawson, traveling passenger agent of the Erie, is on a trip through the San Joaquin valley.

The board of inquiry convened to ascertain the cause and fix the responsibility for the accident just west of North on the Southern Pacific's San Joaquin division, near Porterville, July 7, when motor train No. 201 was struck by an auto truck, injuring a passenger on the truck, has found that the company employees were in no way responsible. It was found that the truck approached the railroad tracks at a high rate of speed and hit the motor about 10 feet from the point of the pile. The board of inquiry comprised J. L. Hansen, a well driller of Porterville; N. F. Gray, a lumberman of Porterville; and the railroad officials.

J. F. Fahnstoch, treasurer of the Pennsylvania railroad, will headquarter at Philadelphia, in touring the Pacific coast with his family. The party left this city in their private car, the Yosemite valley.

POPULOUS DISTRICT LEFT WITHOUT WATER

For five days more than a hundred families, comprising about 400 persons, on Scotch Hill, Potrero District, have been without water. The Spring Valley pipes in the district between Twenty-second and Twenty-third, Connecticut, Arkansas and Wisconsin streets have been dry. Typhoid fever has gained almost an epidemic foothold in the vicinity, and the toilets and sewers of the district have not been flushed in months. This condition, the outcome of a gradual diminution of the water supply during the last two years, has caused the property owners and residents, after vain appeals to the Spring Valley company, the supervisors and the board of health, to go en masse as an indignation committee to demand the aid of the police in obtaining relief.

Headed by John Cully of 228 Arkansas street, the indignant people marched into the Potrero police station Tuesday evening and told Lieutenant Boyd that the outrage had become unbearable. To get drinking water the women have to trudge two blocks and more and carry bucketsful up the steep hill to their homes. Bats are forgotten luxuries in the homes, and the women tell of how they have not had a good clean clothes washing day for months. The protests finally have awakened the Spring Valley company, according to Secretary John Behan, an effort is being made to restore the supply that the people had previous to last Friday. That means that on top of the hill the people will get about an hour's slow flow of water a day.

The distributing system is the cause of all the trouble. After 1905 the Spring Valley installed small pipes in a system designed to accommodate temporarily the residents in the district at that time. Since then the district has built up about 10 per cent, and with each new house the water system has become more inadequate, in that the houses lower on the hill had such a heavy draft that very little water reached the summit. The district in trouble is on top of the hill, and at the end of the small pipe system. The fact that the pipes are the smallest ever known to have been used in any distributing system of the size has gained for them in the city's rate investigation of the Spring Valley the name of "grass pipes."

For the last two years, according to the residents, there never has been water in the pipes continuously for more than 10 hours a day. Each month the people on the summit found the supply getting shorter and shorter, and finally last Friday night the pipes went dry.

"The conditions are terrible," said Mrs. John Cully of 228 Arkansas street. "Since last Friday there has been absolutely no water at all. I have to go two blocks down the hill and borrow water from the people on the level. Before last Friday we used to get water once a day, about 10 to 20 minutes late at night. This was for many months. Either my husband or I would get up until about 11 or 11:45 o'clock with the faucet open and a kettle beneath waiting for the water to come. Then just before midnight a little cream would come and the faucet would stop, but it only lasted a little while, never more than a half hour."

"I can't remember when our toilet was flushed. We got buckets of water down the hill and throw it in the toilet, but this never flushes it and it is terrible. I can not remember the time when we ever got a bathtub full of water at one time."

"We have complained time and again to the water company but it never did any good. Last month I wrote the city on the hill because we got such little water. The people don't know what to do. We have appealed to the supervisors and the board of health, but they tell us they can't do anything for a while."

"Why the people are getting desperate up here! Last night the delegation that went to the police heard one man telling that he had not washed since Sunday. There is typhoid fever and we are very much afraid that it will get worse. The conditions of the toilets and sewers."

All the residents tell similar stories. Mrs. A. P. Craig of 954 Wisconsin street said yesterday:

"There has been no water in the house since Saturday morning, except

what I bring in buckets from a block below. Before that we used to get a little water between 5 and 5:30 o'clock in the morning. We used to wake up early and gather it in kettles to save through the day to drink. The pipes are too small and the trouble is that lower down the hill the people use all the water so that none gets to the top."

Mrs. M. Baclgaupf of 845 Wisconsin street said:

"We never could get water upstairs in our house, we always had to get it from the tap down in the garden, because there never was enough force to get the water as high as our first floor. But last Saturday we stopped altogether. Before that we had to get up about 4 o'clock in the morning, go down in the garden with a kettle and get just enough for drinking during the day before it stopped again. Once last week I got enough to try to wash clothes in, but I found that when it settled the bottom of the tub was coated with mud and my clothes were dirtier than when I put them in the tub."

Charles Dehne, a grocer at the corner of Twenty-second and Wisconsin street, said:

"No water at all any more. Anyway, before it stopped it was so dirty that I couldn't drink it. One day a few weeks ago I found one of those many legged bugs in it, and I continued to give it a few up and now we all drink beer. We were getting up a petition to the board of health, but a city inspector came around yesterday and said it would do no good. The water company, secretary of the Spring Valley Water company, discussed the situation yesterday and pointed out the attitude of the company. He said that the entire cutting off of the water was probably due to blockage of pipes and that the company's engineers were setting in a tap on the reservoir that would restore the water to its previous flow in the district."

Regarding the fact that the residents of the district for two years have had little water, he said:

"The policy of the company is determined by the supervisors, and since the supervisors set such a low rate that the company does not get an adequate dividend, the company can not make any further investment and the policy of the company is to stop any further extension or improvement of the distributing system. The city is fighting the company and intends to become a competitor, and our policy is not to extend our system."

Johns district, although I had not heard of this latest report of its being cut off altogether, is at the end of a small pipe distributing system the company installed immediately after the fire. We have no enlarged system, but the district has grown, and the more the lower part of the hill developed the more water it took, leaving less for the top. The pipes are what are known as the 'grass pipes' and are inadequate and too small, but the company will not enlarge them. The city directs our policy in fixing the low rate."

"Mr. Elliott, superintendent of the distributing system, is at work with men today to remedy the lack of water, and he reports that tomorrow the flow will be as usual."

Dr. Julius C. Vose, family physician of the Cully family at 328 Arkansas street, said yesterday:

"Two months ago I was called to attend Mrs. Cully's little boy. The water condition then was an outrage. There was no water in the pipes except a few hours a day, and in case of illness in a family, from a sanitary standpoint, this condition is outrageous and a great danger."

Dr. R. G. Brodbeck, health officer, said last night that reports made Tuesday were investigated yesterday, and it was found that the water company was taking moves to restore the old supply.

"Everything in that district known as the Russian Hill district of the Potrero is in a terrible state. But it seems that our city government has no control. The conditions of the district, months for sewers in the district, and I believe this more important than the water question. There are many typhoid cases out there and sewers are absolutely necessary to prevent the spread of the fever."

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

E. E. BASKFORD, general purchasing agent of the National railroads of Mexico, is at the Fairmont with his family. He is making a leisurely tour of the state, traveling in a private car. He said that affairs in the capital were quiet and that E. M. Brown, president of the road, who is now in Los Angeles, will be here in a few days.

PHILIP N. MOORE, a civil engineer of St. Louis, is at the Palace. Mrs. Philip N. Moore is president of the General Federation of Women's clubs at Seattle, and she is on her way to Jolo here. They intend to spend the summer in Alaska.

F. F. HARRIS, a Los Angeles manufacturer's agent; J. D. Blake, of Wagonville, and Mrs. and Mrs. E. C. Shepherd of Denver, make up a group of recent arrivals at the Sutter.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY WANKOWSKI of the national guard of California is up from Los Angeles and is staying at the St. Erato.

FRANK H. SHAFER, a Los Angeles real estate operator, is at the Sutter with Miss Eugenia and Miss Dorothy Shaffer.

J. A. SALMON, vice president of the Western Trip and Steel company of Los Angeles, is registered at the Palace.

M. W. SHELLEY, a Los Angeles real estate operator and investment broker, is staying at the Palace.

W. E. SULLIVAN, a Kansas City contractor, is at the Union Square with Mrs. Sullivan.

E. S. MYERS, a manufacturer of Los Angeles, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Myers.

MISS E. GARDNER, society editor of the Portland Telegram, is registered at the Court.

LOUIS GUNDELING, of Fresno is at the Bellevue with Mrs. Gundelinger.

J. L. EDWARDS, a Quincy mining man, is staying at the Union Square.

W. HENDALL of Salt Lake City is among the arrivals at the Bellevue.

F. T. MORRAN, and wife of Charleston are registered at the Colonial.

G. GARNETT, an Oroville teacher, is registered at the Turpin.

JAMES A. V. ARNIN and wife of Fresno are at the Colonial.

E. E. WOOD, of Toronto, Canada, is a guest at the Arlington.

M. A. BRYAN and wife of Salem are staying at the Belmont.

M. S. STURM of New York is staying at the Arlington.



What's the reason folks can't be arable an' pleasant without wandin' around with their mouths open? Well, it's because of the 'Abe Martin' tooth powder. It's the best tooth powder ever made, and it's the only one that's been around since 1880. It's the only one that's been around since 1880.