

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

WHEN the bull moose press agency announced the other day that extraordinary precautions would be taken to keep the colonel's newest platform secret until the bull moose convention met, it forgot the colonel. To keep the colonel speechless ten days in a row is not in human power.

The colonel has disclosed his panacea for all woes, public and private. It is a noble nostrum. Corporations that do a continuous business, like railroads, factories and similar industries, are to be compelled to guarantee an eight hour day and six days' work in seven. Then there is to be a minimum wage, fixed by law, for women who work. And the colonel says it will probably be necessary later to fix a minimum wage for men.

This, then, is the panacea, the cureall. No wonder the president spoke contemptuously of the quack nostrums of the colonel and his assistant political doctors. A measure so stupid, so childish and so certainly harmful to all interests—to capital and to labor alike—has never been propounded by an American politician above the sandlot level of intelligence.

If Mr. Roosevelt knew anything at all about the history of economic legislation, which he does not—and it is less than six weeks since he publicly confessed that these topics had never interested him and that he knew nothing about them—if he knew anything at all about that history, he would know that the experiment of putting fixed prices on goods and labor, below which and above which no man could buy or sell, has been tried hundreds of times in ancient and modern countries, and that it has always been a dismal failure. Not only has it been a failure, but it has invariably caused want and distress among the workers and disastrous loss to invested capital.

The utmost freedom of trade and commerce is just as essential to the economic prosperity of a people as political freedom is essential to the sustenance and growth of national character. The only natural regulator of prices of any commodity, whether a man has goods or labor or capital to sell, is the law of supply and demand. And all the statutes ever made by fools in the past or fools to come can never repeal that natural law or stop its working. And every attempt to hinder its natural course always has done and always will do mischief, and only mischief, to all who are engaged in the useful work of producing the necessities and comforts of life. This is the abecce of political economy, the first lesson in its primer. Ignorance of it is a shameful exhibition for a public man to make.

On the principle that it is much better to die a sharp and sudden death and be done with it than to be hacked to pieces slowly, it would be preferable to nominate Debs or Haywood at Chicago next week and let it go at that. These men are frank enemies of existing society and would topple over in a minute all that edifice of order and government which the experience and accumulated wisdom of five thousand years has slowly erected. But they are no more insane in their plans than the colonel is foolish in his; and they would only do quickly and knowingly what the colonel would do ignorantly and slowly.

THIS, from the San Bernardino Index, is characteristic:

It is amusing, in a way, to read the crybaby stunts that are being perpetrated by the Taft papers throughout the state. They lose sight of the fact that in the primaries of this spring the people declared for Roosevelt as against Taft by a majority of some 77,000 votes. And now that Roosevelt is in the race for election to the presidency they say that any attempt to name presidential electors for him by the people who voted for him in the spring will be robbery.

If you are not careful, little man, you will inadvertently tell the truth some day, with probably fatal results, and that won't be so amusing. But you are in no danger this time, that's certain.

No republican paper in this state has ever said that "any attempt to name presidential electors for Roosevelt by the people who voted for him in the spring will be robbery." You can't find such a statement in any republican newspaper, and nobody but a fool would make such a statement.

The republican papers make not the slightest objection to having Roosevelt electors on the ballot. Fact is, they want to see the bull moose run. The circus will be worth the price of admission. But they want him to run in his own colors, not in stolen colors.

Here's the whole question in a nutshell, Mr. Index—and it is put up to you for an answer—not a shuffling, pettifogging evasion, but a manly, straightforward yea or nay answer:

Mr. Roosevelt is the candidate of a new party. It is not the republican party, that is certain, for in many states it has already put in the field entirely different national and state and even district tickets in opposition to both the republican and democratic parties. It is to have a convention of its own in a few days. It will then take the field under a new name. Whatever it is, it is certain that no man in his senses will claim that it is the republican party. You belong to that new party.

On September 3 there will be held a primary election, in which republicans only can honestly vote, as such, and in which, by the indirect methods of a cunningly contrived law, republican electors will be nominated to vote, in case they are elected, for the republican candidate for president.

Mr. Roosevelt is not the republican candidate. You are not a republican any more. How can you—or any man in your case—go into that republican primary, represent yourself as a republican, and there vote for electors pledged not to vote for the republican presidential candidate—how can you do that and call it fair, manly, honest politics? Is it manly or honest? Will you answer that yes or no, like a man?

The republican papers do not for one minute object to the appearance of Roosevelt electors on the ballot. They object to the appearance of Roosevelt electors on the ballot under the designation of republican electors, when they are not, either in law or in fact. In other words, they object to an obvious and indefensible cheat, a dishonest trick of low politics—one at which the worst ringsters who ever afflicted this state would have gagged.

Put all the Roosevelt electors on the ballot the law allows, but do it like men—you virtuous and righteous individuals who are so holy that you can no longer consent to be contaminated by party association with republicans.

What are you afraid of, that you don't dare to put your third term electors on the ballot under your third term party designation? Are you ashamed of it? Or are you just a little bit suspicious that you will be whipped to a finish if you fight fair, and don't skulk under colors you have deserted?

THE colonel is chasing a variety of rainbows these days. His latest contribution to the gaudiness of the season is a prophecy that he will carry four southern states. At the same time, he says, he will have the negro vote in the north. Whatever else he is, the colonel is certainly not a pessimist when it comes to appraising the chances of one bull moose.

Mr. Roosevelt has about as much chance of taking the electoral vote of any southern state away from Wilson as the justly celebrated snowball has of making a trip through the devil's kitchen without melting. As long as the color question exists in the south, so long will there be two parties there—not republican, not democratic, not bull moose—but a white man's party and a black man's party. There is no other line of division in the southern states when the opposing forces march to the polls. And it can be depended upon that the white man's party will always win, by peaceable means if possible, by force if necessary. That is the actual condition, no matter what one thinks of it.

Mr. Roosevelt can't have the negroes voting for him and the white men, too—not down south. He might as well promise to walk on the waters of Lake Michigan for the edification of his disciples in Chicago next week.

"Out of Work and Despondent"



THE republican county chairman is exactly right in his contention that men who have quit the republican party have vacated their membership in a republican committee. That is not only common honesty and common sense, but it is good law, and the courts will so hold.

Phil Bancroft, John Gilson, Tom Finn, Eddie Bryant, Dan Ryan and their cronies are no more republicans than are Theodore Bell or Gavin McNab or Eugene Debs. They have voluntarily left the republican party, are doing their little best to defeat its candidate and are all members of the bull moose congregation. Not one of them should be recognized in a republican committee gathering. If one of them forces his way into such a gathering he should be thrown out.

These men have an undoubted right to leave the republican party. But they have no color of right to join another party and still claim seats in the councils of the party they have deserted. It is time for republicans to quit submitting to these bullies' bluff and bluster. Fire them out.

FROM W. C. Reese, a private in the ranks of Company E, Sixth United States Infantry, comes an indignant reply to a most scurrilous and lying attack upon the characters of the men who enlist in the nation's military service.

This insulting abuse of decent soldiers first appeared in the San Francisco Bulletin and is now being distributed as a disloyal circular by the anarchist groups. In it the charge is made that the enlisted men are thieves, blackjack thugs, stew bums and the vilest and basest of the criminal element, whom the government agents pick up, by the use of liquor and other enticements, in houses of low resort.

Private Reese writes that the men of the army are deeply incensed by this shameful and traitorous abuse. Don't mind it one bit, boys. The men who thus insult you are the men who spit at the flag and hate the government you honorably serve. They are as cowardly as they are treasonable, and ten of you boys could chase a thousand of them, with guns in their hands, clear across the state. If a foreign enemy were at the doors of San Francisco they would be hiding in the hindmost canyons of the Sierra, waiting for you to do their fighting, and they wouldn't sneak out of cover until you had made it safe for them; then they would come out to abuse you.

They are a lot of sneaking coyotes, bold only to hurt in the dark and bite in the back. Their newspaper friends and abettors in abusing you are of the same sort. You could kidnap one of them with a wooden pistol and he wouldn't be man enough to put up a fight. But hide him in a safe place and he would throw mud and spit all day long at brave men, serving their country honorably and upholding the honor and renown of its flag in any corner of the globe to which duty orders them.

Let them bark, boys, at your backs. They'll never face you. Why, the good old boys that limp around in the honorable uniform of the Grand Army could take their canes and crutches and drive a million such coyotes ahead of them on the run—sneaking, backstabbing, dynamiting cowards, anarchists, traitors and haters of all that is good and decent that they are!

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- MORRIS BIEN, a civil engineer and lawyer in the United States reclamation service, is staying at the Palace.
GEORGE A. ARNOLD, proprietor of a general merchandise store at Vacaville, A. Caminetti, an attorney of Jackson and prominent Democratic politician; Dr. J. A. Clifford, a physician of Santa Barbara; George A. Smith, proprietor of a hotel at Placerville, and C. J. Cal, a harness manufacturer of Vacaville, will make up a group of recent arrivals at the Argonaut.
DR. R. W. ANDERSON of Honolulu is at the Sutter with Mrs. Anderson. Mrs. Anderson is a sister of Mrs. Joseph L. Howard, who lives at the Stewart. Young Anderson, who companies them, is on his way to enter Cornell.
Z. F. ELDRIDGE, an insurance man of Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Adams of Los Angeles; J. B. Ratigan, Mrs. Ratigan, Russell and J. Edward Ratigan of Worcester, Mass. have apartments at the Stewart.
E. H. WINSHEIP, a banker of Napa; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Rowlock of Portland, J. W. Titum of Bakerfield and his family and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cooper of St. Helena are staying at the Hotel.
THOMAS F. FITZGERALD, a real estate operator of New York, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Fitzsimmons and Miss Agnes Fitzsimmons. They have been visiting Yosemite.
W. C. MAZE of Modesto is at the Palace with his family, which includes Mrs. Maze, Mrs. M. Maze, Mrs. N. Maze and Miss Alice Kelley.
M. E. GILBERT, president of the Sutter Leather company, is spending a few days at the Palace, registered from Los Angeles.
M. F. VAN HORN, district passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad at Los Angeles, is at the St. Francis with his family.
P. J. HARKINS of Sacramento is registered at the Union Square.
E. E. JACKSON, a stock and bond broker of Los Angeles, is registered at the Sutter.

The Advertiser

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

OLD Faker, of the gold brick store, spent rolls of rubles by the score, announcing special sales of cheese and setting hens and bumblebees. These goods, he said, were fresh and clean, the finest goods he'd ever seen. He had to sacrifice them all to buy his stock of junk for fall. All goods had been marked down one-third; the people took him at his word and blew themselves for shoes and hats and garments that would hide their slats. And soon they found the things they bought, like Faker's promises, were rot; the goods that he declared so nice were mighty dead at any price. He fooled them in this way divers times, and gathered in a lot of dimes, but soon they tumbled to his game and swore at mention of his name. The cobwebs grow in Faker's store; he has no business any more, and every time a man goes past, he sighs, "The sheriff's come at last!" There's nothing like the truth in ads if you would gather in the scads. Just fool your patrons once or twice—the customers who have the price—and you will see them chase themselves to buy from t'other merchants' shelves.

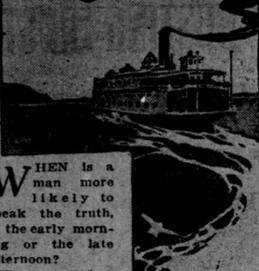
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The Commercial Sense Small Boy—The cyclist who's just come in wants new laid eggs with his tea. Mother—Cackle a bit while I run over to the store.—London Punch.

Proper Treatment "Why don't you rub your furniture with a little crude oil?" "Law! Maria wouldn't let me use anything that wasn't strictly refined."—Baltimore American.

Out of Sight Fat Lady—"Ah! What a beautiful landscape. Cawn't you paint me in the foreground?" Artist—"What, then, would become of the background?"—Judge.

Ferry Tales



WHEN is a man more likely to speak the truth, in the early morning or the late afternoon? The question suggests itself after hearing opposing views expressed, all within nine hours, by a prominent member of the "Rudder" club. In the morning, to fellow members of the R. C., he denounced every ferry system on San Francisco bay and with each charge he supplied specifications in justification of his criticism. That same afternoon he stood on the after deck of the Claremont and held forth for the benefit of a party of travelers, friends just arrived from the east whom, he was escorting to his home in Berkeley.

"We have the finest system of ferries in the world," he said. "I have traveled in all parts of this country and in Europe and there isn't a place where the same number of people are handled with such expedition and in such comfort as on this bay."

There was more of it and, as in the morning, he proved by example and statistics every statement he made.

What do you think about it? I'm inclined to believe that his breakfast had not agreed with him. Taken by and large, if the transportation systems on the peninsula had been developed and were operated on the same scale and with the same efficiency as the system of ferries and their transbay connections, the army of transbay commuters would be considerably smaller than it is today.

Not every commuter will agree with this. Belvedere to a man would vote "no". But Belvedere is not the only Commuterville on the map and is not even the whole of Marin county.

The commuters using the little local lines connecting, on the way to and from San Francisco, with Mill valley, would all vote for the transportation companies. Here's the way they treat the public there:

All young woman whose business takes her to the city on one of the very early boats stopped the other morning as she boarded the local train and in a stage whisper remarked: "Oh, phaw! I've forgotten those letters!"

Then she consoled herself as she stepped aboard by stage whispering: "Oh, well, Mary will see them and bring them over when she comes."

Exit Miss Absentminded. A few hours later Mary arrived at the depot. The train was waiting. Before she stepped aboard the conductor hurried up to where she stood, raised his cap and with a pleasant smile said: "Did you think of the letters?"

"I didn't! I clean forgot them." It was not until later that Mary began to wonder how the conductor knew about the letters.

"I think she wanted 'em mailed," the conductor continued. "You just run back to the house for them. I'll hold the train."

While on the subject of holding trains it may be mentioned that the commuters on one of the peninsula lines are complaining because the engineer allows Sam Shortridge to hypnotize him every morning and thereby make the train late. Shortridge boards the train at Menlo Park. He is always late. He drives up to the station just as the train is pulling out. He steps leisurely from his carriage, flicks the ashes from his cigar and glares reproachfully over his glasses at the engineer. The brief always works. Brakes are applied and the train stops and stays stopped until Sam has found a car that suits him and has climbed aboard. The people of Belvedere want Shortridge to go over there and glare a few of their troubles into submission.

The departure of the revenue cutter Rush from Sausalito has deprived the passengers on the Marine side ferries of rare entertainment.

The Rush's power launch meets all the ferry steamers. For the protection of its passengers from spray, sunshining, rain or wind this launch is provided with a canvas canopy and entrance to the cockpit is through narrow openings, of which there is one on either side. These openings are about three sizes too small for any officer now on the Rush and, worse than that, for some of the visitors that frequently use the launch. Every time the Rush's launch appears at the ferry there is a rush of commuters to watch the occupants of the launch work themselves out from under the canopy.

This was not written for the purpose of jeering at these involuntary but public and sometimes pathetic acrobatic performances, but, to explain how it happened that a full size canopy was not more generously provided in the matter of entrance and exit.

In the revenue cutter service, as in the navy, the executive officer is the "whole works" on board ship when it comes to getting things done. When the launch with the obstacle race openings was first received on board the Rush, Lieutenant Randolph Ridgley Jr. was executive officer. The canopy was built under his direction and the openings were made to fit Ridgley, and Ridgley, they say on the Rush, in oilskins and sea boots weighed only 93 pounds.

G. L. C.

"In Which the Native Son Sees..." "I suppose," said the city man, "there are some queer characters around an old village like this."

"You'll find a good many," admitted the native, "when the hotels fill up."—Uncle Remus's Home Magazine.

KANSAS CITY

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

KANSAS CITY, the largest and loudest city in the middle west, is located beside and occasionally under the Missouri river. The city is in Missouri, but is so close to the state line that about 100,000 of its inhabitants have spilled over into Kansas, where they are irretrievably lost for census purposes. In spite of this Kansas City has 250,000 citizens who do as much work and make as much noise doing it as a million New Englanders.

Kansas City was first located beneath the bluffs of the Missouri, but climbed these bluffs with great exertion many years ago, and has now spread over several dozen hills in a manner which makes a ride in a Kansas City street car resemble a trip in a scenic railway. The business section occupies two hills and a valley, and the quickest way to get down to Main street is to sit down on Ninth and slide or take an elevator on the ground floor of a Grand avenue building and go down four stories. Kansas City cellars are made of rock and have to be pried out with dynamite whenever a building is inserted in them. Digging cellars is a favorite Kansas City excitement and the resident who has not been shot in the neck with a jagged piece of real estate is not considered naturalized.

Kansas City started out to become the metropolis of the world in 1890, but after building an elevated railroad and 19,000 real estate offices it sustained a puncture and ran with a flat wheel for many years. It is now growing at the rate of 80,000 people per decade and will eventually pass New Orleans, Milwaukee, Cincinnati and Washington. Kansas City packs hogs and cattle, sells implements and groceries to the westward.

Kansas City has more good looking \$10,000 homes than any other American city, owing to the fact that when the builder gets his cellar blasted out he has enough material to build his house. Kansas City men work hard, but will always stop an hour or a day to talk about Kansas City in a low, well modulated shriek of enthusiasm. The city is full of concentrated hustle, but is also abusing itself by building parks, boulevards, paseos, cliff drives and art galleries, and is going to be as handsome as any city in the world or know the reason why.

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Answers to Queries

TOBACCO LEAF—Sub. Elmhurst. What will prevent bugs or insects from eating tobacco leaves? Without information as to the character of bug or insect that attacks the leaves it is impossible to suggest a remedy. Different kinds of destroying antiseptic require different treatment. Apply to the experimental station, college of agriculture of the University of California for information.

THE LIMIT—Hunter, Oakland. Is it illegal to shoot the limit of doves and cottontails in one day? The California fish and game laws say that the bag limit is 20 doves in one day and 15 cottontails in a day. You may go the limit.

IMPRISONED HUNTEMAN—F. E. G. Baggor. Does "The Lay of the Imprisoned Hunteman" appear in the "Lady of the Lake," by Scott? Yes; it is in canto 4, xxiv.

MARRIAGE LICENSE—Subscriber. Does a man who contracts parties, the man and the woman, have to appear before the county clerk in order to procure a license to marry? Yes.

DIAS—G. L. P. Deane. Has former President Diaz of Mexico any Indian blood in his veins? Yes; he is of Spanish parentage, but part Indian descent on his mother's side.

FINDING THE RANGE—F. J. T. City. What is used on warships to find the range, by day or by night? An instrument called the range finder.

OAKLAND'S CHIEF—F. M. Crockett. Who is chief of police in Oakland and what is his address? Adelbert Wilson; address, city hall, Oakland.

POLL TAX—R. D. M. San Jose. Has a company that employs a man a right to hold out of his wages the amount due for poll tax in this state? Yes.

PENSIONERS—Subscriber. Mr. [Name] which state in the union has the greatest number of pensioners? Which the smallest? Ohio, 86,474, is the largest, and Nevada, 415, the smallest.

DAY OF THE WEEK—R. D. M. San Jose. On what day of the week did September 29, 1900, fall? Friday.

Life Bud refused two good situations yesterday to accept a position. As long as 'n' people are afraid of burtin' business they'll never rule.

Bits of Humor

The Legal Aspect Bacon—Who is that talking about the law's delays? Egbert—He's a lawyer. Bacon—What's he saying about the law's delays? Egbert—He says they're too short.—Yonkers Statesman.

Detachable "He just loves my hair. You should have seen how feelin'!" he kissed it last night. "I suppose you were looking at him through the keyhole!"—La Sourire Paris.

All the Ingredients What luscious pies will make us glad When the days chilly grow! Ma's putting up preserves, while dad Is putting up the dough.—Boston Transcript.

Abe Martin

MILK STATIO

