

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE California democratic leaders are having their troubles, too. Incidentally, it may be remarked that if the muzzling ordinance had been extended to include most of these leaders several years ago, the democratic party in California would be more numerous. The party has been sadly short on brains at the top for a long time.

That Bell is a decent chap and a fighter is true enough—and he's probably the best of the lot. But he lacks the thing called magnetism, personality, presence. Besides, he's too fond of hearing his own oratorical periods.

Just now, the state central committee and the Wilson men are at blows, and the horrid strife has reached the point where Frank Drew threatens to run against James D. Phelan for United States senator.

Consequently the air is full of language. In the meantime the steady sound of a saw can be heard in Uncle George's woodshed as well as in several others, and the combined music of industry and oratory promises much entertainment for some months to come.

The democratic party in California has some strong men, but the pettiness of the politics practiced around headquarters has kept them at home. With some prospect of victory in sight, these fellows forget all about the party's interests and fall on one another for all the world like the monkeys among whom the fabled apple was rolled.

It's mighty good politics, most noble ringtails, to postpone squabbling over the chickens till the hen fruit has come out of the incubator.

NO, Lucille, no; you have been misinformed. Mr. Johnson is not the lieutenant governor. He is merely the itinerant governor.

IT is sincerely to be hoped that Congressman Knowland and his allies will not carry the fight for free canal tolls to the point of blocking all canal legislation. It is imperatively necessary that legislation enabling the president to form an operative organization be passed at this session. Otherwise we will be in the ridiculous situation next year of having a finished canal and no force of men to operate it.

This is a serious matter and one that should not wait. The president is in favor of free tolls for American ships—as much so as Knowland and his associates. But he wisely advises that such legislation be passed over until another session, if it proves impossible to get it this time, and that enabling legislation be passed right away, when it can be had.

This is sensible and businesslike advice—very characteristic of Mr. Taft's calm and fair way of looking at situations.

THE bull moose argument seems to be that Taft isn't fit to be president because the bosses captured the Chicago convention, and Wilson isn't fit to be president because the bosses didn't capture the Baltimore convention, which, of course, leads to the inevitable conclusion that the only man fit to be president is the bull moose himself.

It is too bad that the colonel is mortal. When that awful day arrives that he must die, the republic will, of course, at once perish. Without the bull moose, there can be no bull moose party, without the bull moose party there will be no patriots to ride on the pie wagon, without the pie wagon—but why contemplate anything so harrowing to a bull moose patriot's feelings?

The fate of the republic is unquestionably tied to the bull moose's tail, and until the worst is known angels and men will hold their breaths as that impetuous and noble animal tincans across the stage of contemporary history, hotly pursued by Mr. George W. Perkins' personally conducted spontaneous popular demand.

READERS of the Saturday Evening Post are familiar with the name of Roger W. Babson, writer on financial topics. Discussing, in a newspaper article, the living conditions of the poorer wage workers in large cities, Mr. Babson agrees with a commission which has decided that low streetcar fares will solve the problem. By means of low fares, over municipal lines, these gentlemen would give cheaper rent and "a little white house with a green garden" to each city laborer.

Mr. Babson and his friends are better financial than economic students. Cheap car fare is simply reflected in increased land values and increased rent at the points thus brought nearer to the business districts of cities. The money saved in car fares comes out of the street railways' receipts and goes into the pockets of the landlord. Peter is robbed to pay Paul and the poor devil between is still permitted to cut bait.

Doubtless there are advantages to workmen in low car fares; but that this device will permanently lower the cost of living is about as likely as that the initiative and referendum will cure the pip in hens.

THERE are some foolish preachers, too, it seems. Rev. Joseph E. Perry told his fashionable parishioners in Boston, last Sunday, that their extravagance in spending was the cause of much poverty. "The reason bread is so high," he said, "is because so many people with money spend it for idle pleasure. We have a false civilization, satisfied with its wealth and culture, while 90 per cent of the people sit hungry on the edge of the crater."

After that, it is rather comforting to know that Mr. Perry is a preacher of socialism as well as of the Baptist faith.

Of course, such a statement is ridiculously false. A nation in which 90 per cent of the people were hungry would be torn in pieces by human wolves before today's sun set. There are over 90,000,000 inhabitants of this country, and there never has been a day when 9 per cent, let alone 90, were in lack of food.

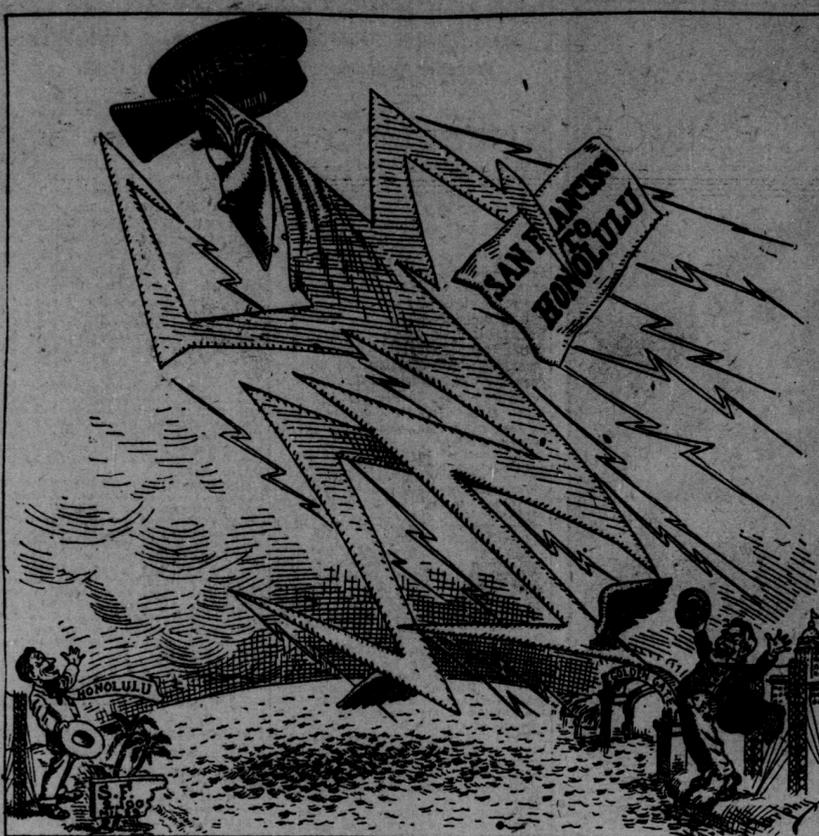
About 35,000,000 persons live upon farms, worth about \$30,000,000,000; and upon these farms they produce wealth, in addition to their own consumption, to the amount of about \$10,000,000,000 annually. Manufacturing establishments add \$14,000,000,000 to this sum of new, usable wealth each year and support in comfort another large fraction of the population. The multifarious occupations, such as transportation, merchandising, professions and the like, occupy the balance. It is indeed seldom that so many as one-half of one per cent of the physically sound workers are unable to secure employment of any kind; and it is very doubtful if that number are ever, in this country, actually without food—not counting bums, barflies, drunkards and that sort of voluntary prisoners of poverty. Parson Perry shows symptoms of the bull moose complaint—much oratory and few facts.

The parson's economic reasoning is as futile as his statements are false. Spending never hurt a nation. High living is good for a people. An individual may do his private fortune harm by too much spending and consuming, but a nation never.

Consumption begets production, and the more wealth a nation produces and consumes, the happier and more comfortable it is. Wealth in dynamic form—in motion—being bought and sold and consumed—is the only wealth that is doing any good. If the people who have large amounts of wealth all hoarded it, instead of spending it for comforts, pleasures and luxuries, business and trade would limp on one foot—and a sore foot at that—in a month's time.

The men who rail at the rich for spending great sums for fine houses, fine dress, jewels, horses, pictures, travel, display or any

Longest Jump on Record



other of the things that make them happy, are as foolish as the man who would scold at the rain which came down to wet his fields, because it happened to slop over a few unnecessary gallons. Where, in the name of common sense, does the money the rich spend for these things go, except into the pockets of people who need it?

Political economy has been made such a preposterously stupid thing by dryasdust hairsplitters that it is little wonder the study is universally avoided. Still there is always common experience to be consulted, and if men like Parson Perry would look around them, instead of rolling their eyes at imaginary evils, they would see that this is a mighty good country for an industrious man to live in, and that the more dollars the rich let go of, the more chance the fellow who isn't rich has to pick up a few of them.

Doggone a pessimist anyhow. He ought to be made to live on an island somewhere alone with his grouch.

THE Anarchists' Apology declares that the bull moose party is the only organization that utterly refuses aid from or alliance with any political boss, big or little. Well, well, when did you quit the patriot band, Tom Finn?

COMMENTING upon the statement made in these columns that the Cunningham coal claims were legally located, the Riverside Press says that a federal court decided they were not—which is not true—and courteously insinuates that the writer falsely claimed acquaintance with that part of Alaska.

The editor of the Riverside Press makes the common mistake of the bull moose organs. He applies his own rule of conduct to others. But incredible as it may appear to him, there are some of us who do not think it worth while to lie, either in discussing political differences or in pointing an argument occasionally with pertinent statements drawn from personal experiences that happen to be germane to the debate.

There must be gentlemen in Riverside. The editor of the Press ought to try to get near enough to one or two of them once in a while to study their habits.

PAUL SHOUP has been appointed president of the Southern Pacific's electric railways system in the south. It seems but yesterday that Paul was writing magazine stories—good ones, too—and wooing the muse between daily stunts as one of Mr. Horsburgh's clerks.

Probably Mr. Shoup's early courtship of the muses has something to do with his cheerful ways in earning his salary today. At any rate, the hideous and bloodstained octopus, which makes its horrid banquet on the blood and bones of this sovereign commonwealth just before each election, has no more agreeable tentacle than the converted poet who shoos electric cars around to suit himself.

A GUIDE TO ORATORY

By O. H. FERNBACH

A French physician has discovered that a red hot needle inserted in the nose will cure stage fright.—New York Times.

When in fear and trepidation you have staggered to your station to deliver an oration or a poem to declaim,

With your heart in terror quaking—ninety throbs a second making—and your knees like jelly shaking while your teeth behave the same, And you stammer and you stutter till your tongue no more will utter, and the crowd begins to mutter and an egg or two it throws,

It will cheer you to discover that your poison you can recover if but dextrously you shove a red hot needle in your nose.

Yes, a therapeutic needle mind recalcitrant can wheedle, and a simple little deed'll gather thoughts that run amuck,

So, when memory seeks to trick you, grab your red hot needle quick—you needn't fear the least to stick you, since already you are stuck;

But before you start to jabbing there is need of some confabbing as to where to do your stabbing—in the side or on the ridge?

You must tune the act inviting to the piece that you're reciting; if "Excelsior," in the nostril; if "Horatius," at the bridge.

Thus by method somewhat gory you develop oratory, and at once aspire to glory by a puncture in the beak.

And, go more at public meeting from the stage in fright retreating, all the records you are beating of Demosthenes, the Greek;

And the crowds will flock to hear you—not to ridicule and jeer you, but to hip hooray and cheer you, while the wonder swells and grows

That at last, instead of talking and in shame from platform walking, you've acquired the art of talking—though it's really through your nose!

A Liberal Sentence

A West Virginia judge arraigned a shanty boster for stealing a horse, denounced him as a persistent lawbreaker and then sentenced him to ten years at hard labor in the state prison. "Have you anything to say?" he asked when he was through. "No," said the sentenced one—"except that if strikes me you are pretty good," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy turned liberal with other people's time!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Why They Went

As the Sunday school teacher entered her classroom she saw leaving in great haste a little girl and her still smaller brother. "Why, Mary, you aren't going away?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Please, Miss Anna, we've got to go," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy th'wallowed his collection!"—Lippincott.

Street Talk

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

AS I go waddling down the street, some forty-seven men I meet, and pass the time of day, and sometimes when the day is gone I sit around and muse upon the tiresome things they say. Their talk is all of candidates and caucuses and delegates and kindred stupid things; of tariffs, trusts and iron heels and juggernauts with bloody wheels, of factions, cliques and rings. I get so tired of all this rot, when flies are bad and days are hot, that I could run amuck; I wish, I wish two guys in ten would talk like sane, well balanced men—alas, there's no such luck! I wish some fellows would converse on Bacon's prose or Swinburne's verse, or Dr. Cook's exploits; would quit their viewing with alarm, and talk about the Guinness farm, of checkers, golf or quots. When I attempt to brag a while about my steed, which trots a mile in less than half an hour, my auditors look bored and cry: "Why talk of horses when he lies beneath the tyrant's power? Why spiel of crowballs when we face the deepest national disgrace, demerition and the dumps? If Woodrow Taft elected is, to ruin this poor land will whis in fifty-seven jumps!" And so it goes; I can not talk of money, marbles, mint or chalk, or aught that's safe and sane; the dippy people won't discuss a thing but this election fuss, and they give me a pain.

Planning a Home

"I want you to build me a fashionable home." "Have you any special ideas as to the style of house you want?" asked the architect. "Not exactly. I want one of those modern places. You know the kind I mean—one with a living room too big to keep warm and a kitchen too small to cook in."—Detroit Free Press.

Wholesale Discount

"I'd like to look at some engagement rings, please." "Certainly, sir. How many would you wish?"—Harper's Weekly.

VACATION

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



VACATION is one of the few gambles that aren't prohibited by law. You put in all the money you have saved and draw a two weeks' rest out of a grabbag. If you win you get a nice room next to the breeze on a shady farm with a milch cow. If you lose you get shivers at a northern beach, canned goods in a country boarding house or a camping party in a wet spell. But whatever it is, it is your vacation.

Vacation consists of 11 months of saving, two weeks of scramble and two weeks of rest. Some people rest by chasing a deer through 100 miles of underbrush and some by climbing a mountain that has only a handhold every 100 feet. Others rest by playing lawn tennis until they are parboiled to a deep red, and still others consider turning a heavy motor boat engine over by hand in a broiling sun to be a relaxation that will send them home feeling like new men.

Some people are very hard on their bank accounts during vacation, and go to expensive seaside resorts, where the poor things get no rest at all. A man may return from one of these places looking the picture of health, but with a pocketbook which is so emaciated that a 2 cent stamp would make a bulge in it.

Some people are so rich that they can take a month's vacation and others are so rich that they rest 51 weeks in the year and spend the other week at home watching a hired man cut coupons. But two weeks' vacation is as much as the ordinary man can stand.

Ministers usually get a month's vacation, but this is because their occupations are hard labor. (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- OTTO E. OETTINGER, vice president of H. M. Rylands & Co. of Chicago, is at the Palace with a number of officials of the company. The group includes Frederick W. Stearns, an attorney; J. William Link, hydraulic engineer; M. McClellan, supervising engineer, and C. E. Groesbeck of Portland, who is the coast representative. The Rylands interests on the coast, which are known as the Western States Power company, embrace power companies in the cities of San Diego, Stockton, Eureka, Tacoma and Everett. The party is here on a general inspection tour.
- GEORGE ARBUCKLE, a wholesale and retail grocer of Salt Lake City; E. R. Freeman, a merchant of Eureka; L. T. Brownell, a merchant of Greeley, Colo.; B. W. Patterson, assistant superintendent of a railroad in Sonora, Mex.; and E. T. Cooley, a boot and shoe dealer of Fresno, make up a group of recent arrivals at the Argonaut.
- B. V. DERRAL, assistant general freight agent of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Western Pacific railroads, is at the Palace.
- DERRIOTT ATTORNEY CHARLES F. SNEYDER and family of Angels Camp are among the recent arrivals at the Dale.
- WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR, a banker of Chico, vice president of the Butte County National bank, is staying at the Bellevue.
- E. H. BAXTER of New York, a manufacturers' agent, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Baxter and Miss Claire Baxter.
- W. C. ANDERSON and family, and E. F. Smith and wife of Sulmon, are among the arrivals at the Sutter.
- C. F. SOBER, a manufacturer of leather goods, is at the Marx with Mrs. Sober, registered from Napa.
- W. M. SELL JR., manager of Camp Alvarado in the Yosemite valley, is staying at the Stewart.
- CARLOS N. WERRE, a capitalist of Valparaiso, is among the recent arrivals at the Bellevue.
- E. R. COATS, owner of one of the largest mule farms in the state, is staying at the Stewart.
- A. J. HANNUW, a rancher of Woodland, is at the recent arrivals at the Stewart.
- TRACY C. BECKER, a patent attorney of Los Angeles, is registered at the Palace.
- A. T. J. REYNOLDS, a rancher of Walnut Grove, is at the Turpin.
- WILLIAM BRO-SMITH, general counsel of the Travelers Insurance company of Hartford, is at the St. Francis with Allen Bro-Smith and Andrew F. Gates, manager of the Casualty Companies association of New York. They have been attending the national insurance commissioners congress in Spokane.
- CHARLES JOHNSON, insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania, is at the Fairmont with Miss M. Elizabeth Johnson and Miss Beulah L. Bean. Samuel W. McCullough, first assistant commissioner, is also with the party. They have been attending the insurance congress at Spokane.
- DR. W. J. YOUNGER, a dentist who formerly made his home in this city, returned yesterday from abroad and took apartments at the Fairmont. Doctor Younger now practices in Paris. Mrs. Younger has been at the Fairmont for several weeks.
- JOHN A. BUNTING, an oil operator of Castroville, is at the Palace with Mrs. Bunting. Bunting was one of the pioneers of the oil industry in this state and amassed a fortune.
- WILLIAM V. BRYAN, a well known capitalist of this city, will leave this week for a two years' trip around the world. Mrs. Bryan will accompany him.
- GEORGE A. KNIGHT has closed his city house for the summer to go to his ranch in Mendocino county. Mrs. Knight will accompany him.
- JOHN ROSENE, a railroad builder of Alaska and Siberia, is at the Palace, registered from Seattle.
- DR. A. C. JACKSON of Pasadena and Mrs. Jackson have apartments at the Marx.
- O. D. STOKES, a fruit grower of Watsonville, is registered at the Sutter.
- WARREN H. ROBINSON, an attorney of Chicago, is staying at the St. Francis.
- JUDGE JOHN T. ELLISON of Red Bluff is at the Palace with Mrs. Ellison.
- GARRETT ALLEN, an attorney of Los Angeles, is registered at the Palace.
- DR. O. L. HOGAN of Los Angeles is at the St. Francis with his family.
- GRANT HOWE, a Modesto real estate man, is registered at the Stanford.
- T. J. BOWEN, an Anaheim City merchant, is staying at the Stanford.

Ferry Tales



HIS friends call him "Mac." He is well known in the insurance world and he lives in Alameda county. More than this, in the way of establishing his identity nothing will be said. It was so promised.

Until the other morning he loved nothing better than a practical joke. This is what changed his ideas as to what constituted a joke: As he boarded the local train that connects with the narrow gauge ferry he thought he recognized in a young woman ahead of him his sister in law.

She wore a big hat that concealed her face. But he recognized the hat and he knew the suit she wore. He sat in the seat behind her and made no sign until after the conductor had collected her fare.

This was the chance that "Mac" had been waiting for. Reaching over her shoulder, he stealthily inserted finger and thumb into the open purse that she still held in her hand and removed two silver dollars. There was a scream and he found a perfectly strange woman hanging on to his hand and yelling, "Police! Thieves! Help!" or words to that effect.

"Mac" apologized. He explained. He perspired. He apologized some more. He gave the young lady his card and invited the fullest investigation. He apologized again. He is not very sure now that he was very convincing for as he stepped off the car at the mole he heard the young woman remark: "A very fishy tale. But he didn't get a cent."

There was published in this column the other day a ferry tale of a young woman who is making her trousseau while traveling back and forth on the Sausalito ferries. Eight different girls, since then, have acknowledged themselves the heroine of the story and four others have indignantly denied that their industry has anything to do with any old trousseau.

Vacation fever has broken out with renewed vigor since the fish and game inspectors adopted the plan of examining on the ferry steamers the consignments of trout from Lake Tahoe and other waters. Judging from the appearance of the fish, fishermen will require no gift of fiction this year to tell a pretty good vacation yarn.

Of course the love affairs of commuters are nobody's business save their own, but there's one young woman who comes from Berkeley on an early boat who is handling two such affairs with such skill that it has attracted general admiration. She is escorted to the train by a youth whose business keeps him in the college town. He lingers at the depot until the last minute and then, with devoted care, he helps her on the train and blows kisses to her until the train is out of sight.

On the way to the next station the young woman with businesslike precision removes one of her gloves. At the next station another youth comes aboard. He knows just where to find her. She can be depended on to save the seat into which she glides, and when he has opened up a newspaper to insure the necessary privacy she surrenders to him the ungloved hand, which he keeps warm until they part later at the ferry depot.

Thomas S. Duke, author of a voluminous treatise on "Crime" and a captain in the San Francisco police department, is a member of the commuter brigade for the time being. He is away from duty on sick leave and has established himself temporarily at San Anselmo. The other day on a Sausalito boat in the space of 60 seconds he made and lost a reputation for generosity and narrowly escaped more embarrassing complications.

Duke is very methodical. He carries his "chicken feed" in his right hand vest pocket, his silver in the right leg pocket of his trousers and his gold reserve in a leather wallet reposing in the depths of a hip pocket.

The country air has sharpened his appetite and when he crossed the bay the other day he put in the time eating. His check amounted to 75 cents. He handed the waiter 25 cents by way of tip and received a very gracious "Thank you, sir," to say nothing of a finger bowl, a plate of butter that he had no use for and an extra glass of water.

At the cashier's desk Duke laid down the check. In his silver pocket he found only 50 cents. The quarter he had given the waiter was the last of his chicken feed and when he went for his check reserve it was not there. For once the great detective had slipped. In changing his clothes to come to the city he had forgotten to transfer the wallet with the gold in it.

We will draw the curtain now and explain briefly, in the end he settled the bill, but he had to get that quarter back from the waiter before he did it. G. L. C.

Abe Martin



It's wonderful what a fund of general information a feller has that's "not doing anything now." These are busy times for 'er summer girl powderin' her nose an' 'er arms an' 'er shoulders.