

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

COLONEL ROOSEVELT has gone Colonel Debs several better. If it is possible for Colonel Debs to raise Colonel Roosevelt back again his ingenuity must be superhuman.

Although clouded in the usual fog of words and purposely ambiguous in parts, the new party's platform is radically socialistic. It offers to destroy the whole system of republican government by representatives of the people and to substitute a government by a commission—the commission, presumably, to be appointed by the president. This commission is to have absolute power of life and death over any form of business enterprise—to fix wages and to prescribe the number of hours employes may work, regardless of their own wishes, and to have jurisdiction over all trade, whether conducted by corporations, firms or individuals.

That is exactly the way Diaz ruled Mexico. That is exactly the way Russia is governed.

That would be simply substituting an appointive absolute monarchy in the stead of free, republican, elective government.

That is government by bureaucracy, the most oppressive and hateful form of rule known to men.

It is stepping backward, not forward. It is a retrogression to the institutions which China but yesterday discarded.

To dub a party with such a platform "progressive" is an offensive joke. This is not progression. It is retrogression.

There need be little fear that Mr. Roosevelt will get far toward the presidency with his new platform. Mr. Debs has one just like it, though not quite so radical, and Mr. Debs is the idol of the socialists, who will not desert him for the new Moses of socialism. And as far as the common people are concerned—those who are not socialists, those who love order with individual freedom, those who are just plain, old fashioned Americans—they will not follow Mr. Roosevelt on his journey into the socialist camp. No matter how much they may have admired him and believed in him, they will balk at this point.

The Republic, as it stands, is still good enough for the great mass of the plain people. They are not yet ready for a socialist government by commission and a permanent president. No, indeed, they are not.

Governor Johnson denies, with suspicious heat, that the routing of the state highways has been delayed for political reasons. The governor should take better care of telegraph files, if he wants to be believed.

Last May Albert H. Elliott, a Johnson campaign worker, was in Redding, looking after political fences and making speeches for Mr. Roosevelt. Certain Redding business men, anxious to know what route the highway would take in Shasta county, urged Elliott to wire to Sacramento and get the information. Mr. Elliott wired, and this was the answer:

Sacramento, May 7, 1912.—Albert H. Elliott, Redding.—Highway route still undetermined. No decision will be made UNTIL AFTER PRIMARY ELECTION. McCabe absent.

(Signed) Harriet Odgers.

Harriet Odgers is a stenographer in Governor Johnson's office. The writer has used capitals to emphasize the point of the dispatch. And he sees occasion for no other comment. A live wire like this tells its own tale.

As far as is known, California is the only state in the union which is governed by deputy. The results of Al McCabe's government in Johnson's name must cause a cynical grin to illuminate the countenance of Mr. Herrin. As a performer, Reformer McCabe has the old ringmaster beaten to a frazzle.

With the permission of his honor, the mayor of San Francisco, I will use him as a text.

Look at the man. See how he attends to his duties. His eye is single to the public welfare. He looks after the city's business with the care, the fidelity, the zeal with which a crackerjack business man looks after the affairs of his firm or corporation. He didn't want the job when his fellow citizens made him take it; and he wouldn't turn his hand over to have it again.

But the notion of doing politics to insure his re-election never enters Jim Rolph's head. He just goes ahead and does what is right. The fellow who doesn't like that can stand from under. If he doesn't, something is very apt to fall on him.

It is no easy task to be a good mayor. It is a hard task—it's a mighty hard task, neighbor. Chopping wood, compared to that task, is a dream of ease. And yet this plain, everyday, common sense business man, with his business training, is right at the job all the time, and when there isn't daylight enough he uses a few of the night hours.

A fine, capable, efficient, tireless administration of public affairs is greatly reflected in the confidence with which the city looks forward to the growth of trade, the increase of business and the sure coming of prosperity.

Suppose, now, that instead of Jim Rolph, business man, we had elected a professional politician or a loud lunged reformer or a lawyer with a practice run down at the heels—one of the usual sort who cumber ballots, would we have had anything like the strong confidence that all men have in the mayor, in his rectitude and in his ability? You know we wouldn't.

Here's the moral: Wouldn't it be a fine experiment some day—next election, say—to turn down the whole parcel of lawyers, politicians, strikers, reformers and that sort, and elect a business man or a good, solid farmer to every office, from governor to assemblyman?

Look at the difference between the administration of this city's affairs by a capable business man and the administration of the affairs of the state by Deputy-Governor Al McCabe. There's the whole thing in a nutshell.

If the state highway commission is such a remarkably efficient body, it is odd that it can't make up its mind where some parts of the road are to go.

Of course, the state highway commission would not do politics. Perish the thought. Still it is a good bet that it will not decide upon any route in dispute before both sections engaged in the dispute have had a chance to vote.

Meantime a costly engineering force is being maintained and thousands of farmers will haul another crop over highways that are as crooked as some politics.

The Los Angeles Express gives this advice to its readers:

If you want to help the progressive party, register and declare your purpose to affiliate with the republican party.

That is to say, if you want to help the cause of purity and truth, black your face and lie.

The Oakland Enquirer is a holier than thou sheet which refers to The Call as a boss controlled and interests serving newspaper. Will his holiness of the Enquirer confer enlightenment upon a poor seeker after knowledge?

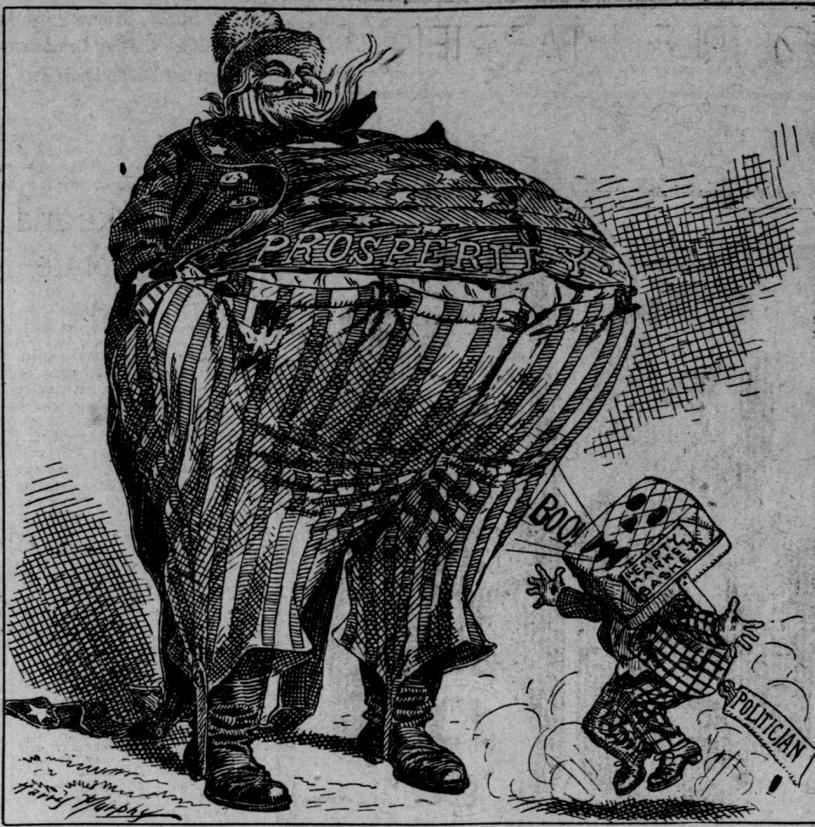
Is it or is it not a fact that when he became governor he owed \$90,000 for that paper and for additions to the plant?

Is it or is it not a fact that he paid this indebtedness while he was governor?

Is it or is it not a fact that shortly after he paid that debt he signed the overhead crossing bill, so anxiously desired then by the Southern Pacific railroad corporation?

And is it or is it not a fact that it pays to be holier than other men—in spots?

Uncle Can't See Him



THE Hanford Sentinel hits the nail a good, solid whack on the head when it says:

The Fresno Republican says that its editor will leave with other delegates to Chicago on July 31st, to "organize a new party." Then he and his companion bosses will return home to boost for the new party and still claim to be republicans. Where is the honor in such action? They should resign from the republican party, get out—skiddoo, vamoose.

THE president aptly described the bull moose platform in advance when he said that the new program was "to make the rich reasonably poor and the poor reasonably rich."

No honest and wise man could possibly propound such a stupid and impossible theory. Mr. Roosevelt has simply turned demagogue—with molasses to suit any fly.

PASADENA has an electric company which sells "juice" at 5 cents per kilowatt hour. The Edison Electric company wants to do business there and sell "juice" at 4 cents. It can't do it. Now, why do you suppose it can't. Because of the wicked trust? Not much. It's because Governor Johnson and his newspapers persuaded you to vote last October for a public utilities law which makes competition impossible—a law which provides that no competing company can come into territory in which another company is giving ample service at reasonable rates.

You all know that in most cities the rates are fixed by ordinance. So there can be no complaint of unreasonableness. And any local monopoly will always take care to have enough goods on hand to supply the demand.

This law, urged on you by Governor Johnson, has put every community in California at the absolute mercy of the public utilities companies. No public utility company is more benefited than an electric light and power monopoly.

It is rather interesting to learn, in this connection, that Elmer Dover, chief political striker for Dan Hanna and former agent of Mark Hanna, is now on this coast, ostensibly as supervising manager of several eastern owned power and light plants in the west, but really to administer "first aid" to sick and injured bull moose.

That was Mr. Dover's job in Washington—where the "stolen seats" came from—and that is his job in Oregon and California.

With a law which the Wall Street Journal asserts makes public utilities companies safer in California from "piratical" political attacks than they are anywhere in the country, the corporations can afford to donate Mr. Dover to Governor Johnson. One good turn deserves another.

ANSWERSTO QUERIES

THE SIAMESE TWINS—Subscriber, City. Give a short sketch of the Siamese twins; tell how long one survived the other.

The Siamese twins, Eng and Chang, were born in Bengkeau, Siam, April 15, 1811, of a Chinese father and a Chinese-Siamese mother. They were brought to the United States in 1829. In 1843 they married sisters, who were mulattos, and settled in Surrey county, N. C. They died at their home near Mt. Airy, N. C. January 17, 1874. Chang was partially paralyzed in the fall of 1873 and thereafter became very frail. He became addicted to the use of liquor to alleviate the pain of his suffering. Several days before his death he became very feeble and the two brothers had to take to their bed. During the night of Friday, January 16, Chang became worse and died at 10 o'clock on the following morning. Eng, when his brother died, became suddenly ill, and died a few hours afterwards. The pair were fathers of several children, some of them being deaf mutes.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE—R. W. City. What steps should be taken in an attempt to have a freight rate reduced by bringing the matter before the interstate commerce commission? Where can I obtain copies of the various rulings of the commission?

By either employing an attorney to bring the case before the commission, or communicate with it personally. The commission can furnish you copies of their rulings, on applying to the office, Washington, D. C., or you may see such in the office of the state railroad commissioners, this city.

POSTMASTER—A reader of The Call, Siles. If a postmaster has done those things which you set forth in your communication, file charges against him, together with a list of witnesses, with the postmaster general, Washington, D. C., and the matter will be investigated.

SAVINGS SOCIETY—H. C. City. What became of the Pacific Coast Savings Society? It has gone out of existence. It went into liquidation in 1905.

THE PRESIDENCY—M. W. City. Is serving as governor of a state a qualification for one eligible for the presidency of the United States? No.

MEYER—W. M. C. City. How is the name Meyer pronounced? As if written, Mack-I-ver, with the accent on the 'e'.

MILLS OF GODS—C. B. F. C. San Jose. Who wrote "The mills of the gods grind slowly"? What is the full quotation?

The correct quotation, which is from "Retribution" by F. von Logau, who lived from 1614 to 1655, was written in German and translated is: "The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small." There is an adaptation of this thought by Herbert N. C. They died at their home near Mt. Airy, N. C. January 17, 1874. Chang was partially paralyzed in the fall of 1873 and thereafter became very frail. He became addicted to the use of liquor to alleviate the pain of his suffering. Several days before his death he became very feeble and the two brothers had to take to their bed. During the night of Friday, January 16, Chang became worse and died at 10 o'clock on the following morning. Eng, when his brother died, became suddenly ill, and died a few hours afterwards. The pair were fathers of several children, some of them being deaf mutes.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small; though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

CIRCUIT JUDGE—S. D. City. What is the salary of the judge of the United States circuit court? \$6,000 a year.

Abe Martin



What's become o' th' ole time lover with sea bean cut buttons an' a pink rose in th' corner o' his card. Thiford Moore is so stinky that he economizes fer a week after he goes i' th' ater on a pass.

The Busy Merchant

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

TODAY I called at Beeswack's store to buy some boneless cheese. The rain was falling with a roar, the mud was to my knees. Old Beeswack and his merry clerks were pawing through the shelves, and cleaning up the whole blamed works as though they'd strain themselves. "Why not sit down," I said, "and rest, this wet and woozy day? No customer or moneyed guest will come along this way. Why not sit down and let things slide, and nurse your jaded feet? Why not sit down and point with pride, and nuts and herrings eat?" Old Beeswack paused a moment brief, and said, with passing frown: "The greater part of human grief is caused by sitting down. When days are bad and trade is slack, the foolish merchant sits, and broods until he breaks his back and has consumption fits. And people coming to his joint will see him mooning there, and from his portals they'll aroint, and blow their scads elsewhere. And so I whoop around my store with high and active jumps, and no one's head is getting sore, and no one has the dumps." I bought three cans of potted snuff and muttered as I went: "It's better far to make a bluff than roll in discontent."

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Letters From the People

PRaise FOR PUBLIC WORK Editor Call: At the present time, when so much adverse criticism is being indulged in regarding the actions of our board of public works, I think it only fair to call public attention to one piece of work which calls only for commendation and praise.

I refer to the work done at the entrance of Corbett avenue at Seventeenth and Douglass streets.

A neater and more artistic idea could not be conceived.

Now, if the city will plant with shrubbery the triangle bounded by Seventeenth street and Corbett and Clara avenues the entrance will be something to be proud of and a thing of beauty and joy to behold, respectfully, FRED J. SCHMIDT.

Reform

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

REFORM is an uneconomic and imprudent attempt to change things for the better, no matter how much trouble and expense may be involved.

Reform is used as a religion by patriots and as a vehicle by politicians. It keeps the hungry man happy because through it he hopes some day to swat somebody. But it is regarded with horror and indignation by contented people.

It is very hard for a fat man full of staple and fancy groceries to understand why any one should desire to untie reform and let it prey upon a prosperous, but delicate nation.

Reform is also opposed violently by peaceful people because of the noise and ill feeling which it produces; by satisfied people because they will not get anything more out of it; by cynical people because they don't believe any one is honest enough to run a reform through the angles.

Wicked people because they may have to change their names if the world sobers up.

All these various classes of people usually band against reform and fight it manfully. A peaceable man can get so mad in opposing an insane impracticable effort to make things better, that you would think he was engaged in saving life instead of saving trouble.

A cynical man will often use enough intelligence, in trying to prove that it is impossible to regulate a great railroad by a mere government, to devise a substitute for railroads.

A satisfied man will spend more perspiration in denouncing agitators than he has spent in real work in 10 years.

A rich man will use twice as much money in heading off an effort to improve his profits as he could account for successfully to a grand jury.



As for the wicked man, he doesn't use anything but the peaceable men, the wise men, the satisfied men and the rich men. They do the work and he draws the dividends.

The world is so full of reform nowadays that the radical man has to keep a card catalogue of things to denounce.

We are reforming trusts, railroads, politics, religion, steamships, flies, fathers, bacilli, athletics, canned goods and the orthodox heaven, which is being muck-raked for the laziness which it fosters among the angels.

The favorite method of the opponent of reform is to show that the reformer is no better than he should be. This method has been used, with more or less success, ever since the priests caught Christ picking corn on the Sabbath almost 2000 years ago and murdered exceedingly at his nerve in preaching morality.

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PERSONS IN THE NEWS

BENJAMIN F. DOWNS, one of the best known hotel men on the coast, will assume management of The Hotel Terminal this week. Downs was formerly associated with the Palace Hotel company, and in the years before the fire was a familiar figure at the California hotel in Bush street. More recently he has managed the Los Angeles Country club at Beverly Hills.

DR. CUTHBERT POWELL and Mrs. Powell of Monterey, R. M. Boyer of Petaluma, G. V. Shop of Los Altos, Carl A. Lisensky, Mrs. Lisensky, A. Y. Lisensky and Mrs. Lisensky and Mrs. J. W. Hines of Fresno are guests at the Mann.

J. D. SHERWOOD, a capitalist of Spokane, who is well known here in business and club circles, is down to attend the Bohemian flinks. Mrs. Sherwood accompanied him. They have apartments at the Palace.

DR. C. E. PHILLIPS, assistant chief surgeon of the general hospital at Ancon, canal zone, is at the Stewart. He has been in the district for seven years and reports that the sanitary conditions are excellent.

DR. WALTER LINDLEY, head of the California hospital and the Idlewild mountain resort and publisher of the Southern California Practitioner, is staying at the Palace.

H. F. ALEXANDER, president of the Alaska-Pacific Steamship company, is at the St. Francis. He makes his headquarters in Seattle.

JUDGE MARION DE VRIES of the customs court of appeals, is down from his ranch in Woodbridge and is staying at the St. Francis.

PAUL KLOPSTOCK, a mining man of Kennedy, Nev., is at the Argonaut with Mrs. Klopstock.

H. CUSHMAN CARTER, a financial agent and broker of Honolulu, is staying at the Stewart.

J. T. BELSHAW, proprietor of a general merchandise store in Antioch, is at the Argonaut.

E. C. OREARY, a well known haberdasher of Seattle, is spending a few days at the Palace.

MICHAEL MONROE SMELLY, steelman of Westmoreland, Pa., is at the Bellevue.

ALEX BROWN, a merchant of Walnut Grove, and son are registered at the Turpin.

SIMON REINHART, a pioneer merchant of Winnemucca, Nev., is at the Bellevue.

MISS ELLA CRAWFORD, a teacher of Kansas City, is staying at the Baldwin.

R. H. ROWE and family of Nagasaki, Japan, are guests at the Arlington.

DR. W. E. HALL, a physician of Los Angeles, is a guest at the Argonaut.

F. T. BUTTON and wife of Boocshaw, China are registered at the Arlington.

MARQUIS DE BEVAIRE D'ALAINCOURT, an attorney of Paris, is at the Palace with Franklin Helm, a real estate operator and capitalist of Los Angeles. The marquis has been in the state for several weeks. His relatives in Philadelphia, where he spends a great deal of his time.

BRIGADIER GENERAL R. K. EVANS, chief of the bureau of militia affairs, is at the Palace with Mrs. Evans. He is here to attend the maneuvers of the national guard, which begin on August 10.

D. J. DESMOND, who has charge of the commissary and kitchens of the workmen on the Owens river aqueduct, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Desmond. They make their home in Los Angeles.

OSCE GOODWIN, who is interested in the traction company of Dallas, is at the St. Francis with his family. The group includes Mrs. Goodwin, Miss Scotta Goodwin and Mrs. B. B. Stichter.

J. C. STODDARD of Washington, D. C., W. L. Cumings of Bethlehem, Pa., and W. Lerrain Cook of Colorado Springs are guests at the St. Francis.

NICHOLAS NEARY, a capitalist of Capitalia, who is prominent in the politics of his district, is spending a few days at the Stewart.

PERCY PAXTON, superintendent of the Crocker cotton mills and textile factories, is at the Bellevue, registered from Hanover, Pa.

M. J. CONNELL, president of the fish and game commission, is staying at the Palace, registered from Los Angeles.

SETH MARSHALL, proprietor of the Arrowhead hot springs, is at the Palace with Mrs. Marshall.

DR. C. W. KELLOGG of Bakersfield is registered at the Stanford.

H. L. WILLIAMS and wife of Bristol, R. I., are stopping at the Court.

FRANK BROWN, a merchant of Milton, is stopping at the Stanford.

T. FRANK ASHLEY, a druggist of Tonopah, is a guest at the Dale.

GEORGE I. STEWART of Santa Maria is a guest at the Sutter.

E. A. DOMEZOR and wife of Denver, Colo., are guests at the Court.

C. E. GREGORY, a rancher of Winters, is staying at the Turpin.

PHILIP KEALL of Reno, Nev., is registered at the Baldwin.

O. RAFAEL of Watsonville is stopping at the Sutter.

Ferry Tales



THE English-German en-cordant has reached Sausalito. A perfectly truthful man told me about it.

The business that took him to the Marin side involved a wait there of several hours. The day was fine and the water inviting. It was too cold for swimming, but seemed just about right for fishing, and in a few minutes he was negotiating with an elderly Teuton for a boat and the necessary gear.

"Where do you come from?" inquired the man with boats for hire.

"San Francisco," replied the fisherman.

"Born there?"

"No. Born in Culpepper."

"Culpepper? The boatman scratched his head. "What part of England is Culpepper in? I never heard of it."

"Why, man alive! Culpepper's in America. In Virginia."

The boatman looked at him doubtfully, but with interest.

"You mean to tell me you ain't an Englishman?"

The perfectly truthful man was absolutely sure.

"Den, py golly!" the boatman carefully laid down his pipe. "I gif you a boat for nothing. I thought it was only English in Sausalito."

One of the strangest little figures that ever flitted across the commuter path was a small girl who boarded the 9 o'clock boat the other morning at Sausalito. She was hatless and rather scantily clad. Arms, shoulders, neck and face were covered with a deep burned coat of tan. On her back, suspended by shoulder straps, she carried a regulation military knapsack that was loaded to its full capacity and which must have weighed from 40 to 50 pounds. In spite of her burden, she walked aboard the boat with an easy, swinging stride, and at the forward end of the boat she shed her haversack with the skill of an old campaigner.

I asked where she came from. She nodded her head toward Tamalpais.

"Gipsying," she said, "over there."

She was not a daughter of Romany, and by "gipsying" I suppose she meant "camping out." Whatever it is, "gipsying" seems to be the real thing in the way of summer vacation, for when the boat reached the San Francisco side that small, young person—she was not more than 11 years of age—swung her heavy pack on her shoulders as easily as if it had been a feather boa.

"Going to take a car, little girl?" inquired an elderly woman who had been watching the child during the trip across the bay.

"No, ma'am. I've only got a little way to walk."

"How far are you going?" inquired another commuter as he hefted the burden on the child's back.

"Only to Fourteenth street!"

If you find yourself getting lazy, try "gipsying."

She had been visiting in Mill Valley, and when she left to return to the city her hostess gave her a bunch of flowers. To insure their freshness, the flowers were given a liberal shower bath. They were still wet when the homeward bound urbanite boarded the ferry steamer, and when she laid the dripping blossoms over a display of the latest magazines on the newsstand counter the news agent cried out in protest.

"Madam!" he said, "you're ruining my stock. Don't you see, those things are wet. Please remove them."

She picked up the flowers and laid them gently on top of a candy display.

Another roar from the agent, who, with a towel, was rapidly mopping the covers of his soaking magazines.

"You're the rudest man I ever saw," she said, as she took possession of her floral watering can. "I was going to buy some gum, but now I'd sooner choke first!"

"They come sometimes," said the agent, "and put a child on the counter while they look over the magazines. I like children, but I can't afford to give 'em magazine stock to play with. I've cultivated a glare that will scare most children into stillness, but I don't dare to use it except when the mother is looking the other way, and it's a mighty poor kid that can't rumple up books faster than any adult can take them away."

That will be about all for the ferry news agent: I was induced to make this return visit to him and his troubles for the reason that the ferry tale the other day, dealing with this subject, had a beneficial effect not only on the ferry steamer, but in the offices of the hotels, where the news agent is also personally responsible for the stock in his charge.

"Doc" Terry is arranging to bring suit against the Rudder club for the new set of office curtains that the members of the club tore into ribbons the other morning in their effort to find out what Terry had in the bundle.

G. L. C.

Would Gladly Skip It

Big—What would you do if a man threatened to knock you into the middle of next week?

Dix—Tell him to go ahead. I've an appointment with my dentist at the end of this week.—Boston Transcript.