

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

GO east of the Rockies and there ask the first hundred persons what they know about the Yosemite, and it's odds that ninety in the hundred will reply that it is a beautiful valley which greedy San Francisco is trying to have turned into a city reservoir, thus destroying so much that is beautiful and inspiring.

A persistent course of misrepresentation has created this false impression. It is the easiest trick in the world for magazines and newspapers to do this sort of thing, although it is only fair to say that ignorance has much more to do with it than malice. Look at the Alaskan disputes. Nearly everybody believes that Ballinger is dishonest, that Cunningham tried to steal government coal lands, that the Guggenheims hired him to attempt the theft, that the honest Mr. Glavis warned the nation in time to prevent it, and that Gifford Pinchot stepped forth as the champion of the people and smashed the gigantic conspiracy. All this is grotesque, and in the case of Mr. Ballinger a wicked and cruel perversion of the truth. Yet it is fully believed by the great majority of Americans.

Collier's magazine is responsible chiefly for this deception. And yet I believe that Collier's was and is thoroughly honest in its belief that it did right in this matter.

The Century magazine has done most to impress upon our countrymen living east of the mountains the conviction that San Francisco is bent upon destroying the beauty of a great national playground. The impression is incorrect. The conviction is unfounded. And yet the honesty of the Century's belief and the sincerity of its preachments is not questioned.

The trouble with the management of the immense national land possessions in the west and north is that the management is almost always in the hands of men who are fearfully ignorant of conditions in the north and west. They live far away; their information is second hand or procured in the course of brief visits, and they can not and do not understand the problems as do men who have spent their lives in contact with the actual conditions.

It would be a good thing if the immense domain over which the government exercises direct jurisdiction were divided into districts, and each district placed under a department head with full powers to administer all the affairs of that district, subject only to the president's review.

What do any of us know about the Adirondacks or White mountains, save the scant knowledge obtained by reading and by an occasional visit? And what do the most of the men who make eastern magazines and newspapers or who exercise authority at Washington know about the Sierra, the Cascade range, the huge areas of Alaska, the formidable obstacles to be overcome in developing the copper and coal mines, or the necessities of the thinly populated regions? They know nothing.

Billy Kent said of Pinchot, "Gifford knows the tune of conservation, but he has never heard the words." That describes the theoretical conservationist to a dot. Meaning well, these people have greatly retarded the development of the north. And, meaning well, they would, if they could, hinder this city from getting the water of the mountains to drink, simply because they mistakenly believe that a beauty spot is to be wiped off the face of nature.

If Secretary Fisher were better informed as to conditions here surely would not have sent the hasty message ordering Mayor Rolph to have the engineers' white guide lines in the Hetch Hetchy removed at once.

The marks don't injure the beauty of the gorge at all, and they are quite necessary to a survey.

The secretary should give his countrymen in the west credit for average common sense and for as much desire to preserve the charm and beauty of the mountain recesses as have those who live three thousand miles distant and, for the most part, see them only in pictures.

NEW member in the national house of representatives is about as useful to his district and his state as a tin can at the end of a pup's tail—and not half so amusing.

Everything that congress does is done in committee rooms. You read about the terrific verbal battles on the floor, and the new member probably takes care that you get a neat pamphlet containing the oration with which he demolished the felonious opposition amid tumultuous applause of the house. That's buncombe for home consumption. The chances are that he got leave to print it without the house having heard a word of it. Or if he did inflict it actually, he talked to empty desks.

No new member gets on an important committee. With each succeeding term a representative of ability is given more and better committee assignments. Finally he becomes influential and powerful. The writer well remembers when he served his apprenticeship in the capital that three men from the small state of Maine absolutely dominated the house, and had more to do with enacting or killing bills than all the other members together. Maine kept her representatives in their seats term after term. She knew the value of continuous service.

Representative Knowland's return to face Stetson's fight makes these statements apropos. Knowland has served five terms. He ranks high in the powerful committee on interstate and foreign commerce. Among other things, this committee controls Panama canal legislation—the one commanding, vital problem in which California is interested above all others.

It would be little short of suicidal to recall this veteran representative, at this time, and substitute a new man—even if that man were one of high ability and unblemished integrity and honorable political conduct, instead of being John A. Stetson.

THE Continental Building and Loan association has been a crooked concern for fifteen years at least. It was well known to be crooked. But the manipulations and underground activities of some astute mind has always kept it from exposure and its secretary from prosecution.

It has done politics with both parties, and has been permitted to pursue its tortuous career during the whole of Johnson's administration, though even children knew that it was a cheating and swindling institution.

The experts will ascertain from the books all about its financial rascalities; but it is doubtful if we shall learn who was the real boss that pulled the strings to make the puppets dance, or what were the political dark lantern deals that enabled it to pursue its robbery of the industrious and thrifty for so many years and under so many administrations.

A GOVERNOR who can not take time from his continuous political campaigning to attend to the business interests of the state ought to resign.

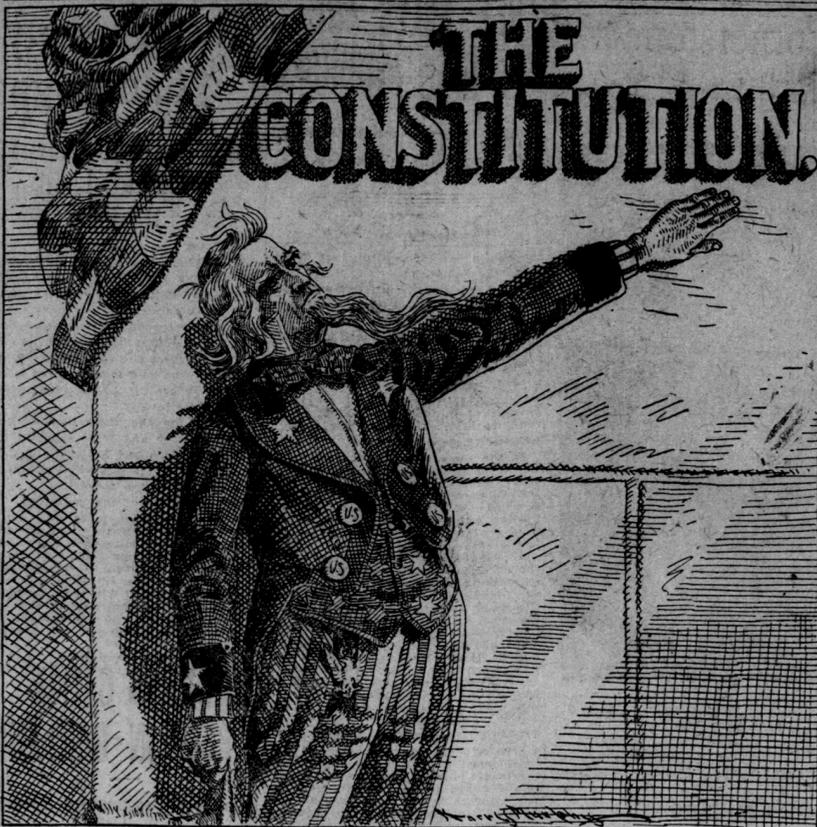
A governor who was elected by republican votes and has spent the last six months in traveling around the country to obtain the cheap notoriety of a tail-end nomination on a ticket put out in opposition to republican candidates, ought to resign.

A governor who accepts the nomination for any other office, at the hands of any party, ought in common decency to resign.

Will Hiram Johnson resign? Will he? Of course he will not. He knows that he hasn't a chance in a million of being elected vice president on the bull moose ticket. He will talk and bluster about winning, but watch him hold fast to the job he has. You can wager that Mr. Johnson will take no chances of betting his office that his party will win.

WITH Willie the Flopper turning cartwheels and somersaults on the carpet, the wild ass of the desert braying in the sideshow and the bull moose mooring in the big ring, the ghost of the excellent Phineas T. Barnum must be all green with

"Good Enough for Me"



envy. He was some showman himself, but he never got together such a circus as this.

WITH Mr. Hearst coming to his support the bull moose may as well turn over and kick a few last kicks. Willie is the star-gemmed hoodoo of the ages. He has never been behind a winner in his life and he never will be, for the simple reason that nobody can win with Willie behind him.

THE San Jose Times seems to be up against a hard problem—which is to prove that the more you pay out the more you have left. The Times says:

The San Francisco Call is making warfare against the state administration. Facts and figures are being produced and commented upon to prove that Mr. Johnson's administration is much more expensive than the former administration under Governor Gillett.

To any one who is satisfied to take statements without investigation, or who is not in a position to investigate, the figures produced by the Call may cause a gasp of astonishment. But things are not always what they seem. Figures do not lie, but when manipulated by a sleight of hand performer, they present queer shapes and forms and cause some people to see double.

Governor Johnson is a man who does not at any time require the service of an "explainer," for he can fill that position equally as well as others. Perhaps he will explain and perhaps he will not, but it would seem that even if the expense of the present administration is greater than that of the last, this fact does not in itself prove anything; it certainly does not prove that the people will not be better off financially and in every other way when the state housecleaning is completed.

The present administration claims to be progressive; it claims to be engaged in an undertaking to make the burdens of the common people less oppressive. To this end it has changed many of the systems and methods of doing things. Like a merchant who overhauls and improves his business and adopts new methods and systems, with the view of increasing his profits by meeting the up to date demands of his customers, the first expense is apt to stagger him, and he may pause to ask the question: "Does it pay?" The Call is asking this question.

Dearly beloved, the Call isn't asking any such question. The Call is submitting the figures, taken from the public accounts, and is letting the tax payers ask themselves what they think about it.

The governor will have to be a very powerful explainer, it is to be feared, to make the hard headed men who pay the bills agree that paying more under a reform and retrenchment administration than they did under a grafting ring administration is complying with the ante-election promises.

Money talks, you know—and it never talks more forcibly than when it is leaving some hardworking farmer's hands to take the trip to Sacramento, via the tax collector's route.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- H. GRIFFITH, a merchant of Red Bluff, A. Westworth, a wholesale liquor dealer of... DR. AND MRS. A. C. ACKERMAN of Lafayette, Ind., J. E. and Mrs. Iyer of Bakersfield, C. R. Cullen, a real estate operator of Fresno, and Mr. and Mrs. Lester R. Gunn of Oklahoma City... ALEXANDER THAIN, an attorney of New York, is at the Palace with his family. They have been traveling west through Canada, and after a few days spent at the Golden Gate will visit the southern part of this state. BRIGADIER GENERAL WANKOWSKI of the national guard arrived from the southern part of the state yesterday and took apartments at the St. Francis. He is here to attend the army maneuvers next week. E. S. HOOPER, a traveling salesman of Denver, is at the Stewart. He is in the habit of delivering lectures on salesmanship on his journeys through the country. H. HARTMAN, a merchant of Merced, and Mrs. Hartman are registered at the Harcourt. STATE SENATOR HENRY W. LYNCH of San Luis Obispo is a guest at the Palace. K. BUSZYNSKI, a manufacturing jeweler of Cracow, Austria, is at the Palace. J. A. INGLIS and family are guests at the Arlington. He is a mining expert. L. B. GOODRICH, a leading real estate man of Los Angeles, is at the Bellevue. G. E. AMES, manager of the Diamond hotel at Chico, is at the Union Square. C. ARTHUR TUTTLE, an attorney of Rensselaer, Ind., is at the Bellevue. DAVID CHALMERS of Kansas City is at the Palace with Mrs. Chalmers. M. L. MACKAY, a merchant of Santa Clara, is registered at the Turpin. H. N. ALLEN of Toledo is among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont. O. L. EVERETT, a prominent jurist of Fresno, is at the Union Square. W. M. TWAY and Mrs. Tway of Mesa, Ariz., are guests at the Stanford. J. M. SAMAS, a mining man of Douglas, Ariz., is at the Baldwin. C. H. FAIRCHILD, a merchant of Woodland, is at the Stewart. J. B. BACON of Soours is at the Dale. E. T. TUCKER of Modesto is at the Stanford.

Snap Judgment

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

HERE came to town a rather sad and lonesome looking pup, a Spitz. Some fellow yelled: "The dog is mad!" And then we all threw sundry fits. We never rounded up the skate to ask him where he got his facts; we paused not to investigate, but slammed the pup with cataracts of bricks and rocks and sticks and tiles, and kept the poor beast on the jump; we chased him 27 miles and killed him by the village dump. And then his owner came along and proved to us the dog was sane; we'd done a great and cruel wrong, and on the village placed a stain. For divers days remorse has burned our innards, that such things should be; and yet I doubt if we have learned a lesson from this jamboree. Tomorrow some one may exclaim that Jenks or Jimpson is a crook, and then we'll all jump on his frame, and try his little goose to cook. We'll hound our victim from the start, refuse to list to his defense, and take his hide and break his heart, and make him feel like 20 cents. "Just give a dog a bad renown," the adage says, "then string him up." We like to run our victim down, be he a human or a pup.

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Train Hand as Well as Head

Shall we call the training of these human vehicles of expression, of impression, of reasoning, of apprehension, of observation—shall we call the training of the hand and eye a feat? It is better worth doing for culture's sake than learning to spell or to know the names of the capes, gulfs and capitals of the world; immeasurably better as culture, as training, as giving power.—President Eliot.

The Art of Living

"I'd like to have you come up to dinner on Tuesday, old man." "Er—let me see—couldn't you make it Monday?" "Certainly. And where are you dining on Tuesday, may I ask?" "Oh, same place. I met your wife on the way down and she asked me for Tuesday."—Boston Transcript.

Mice

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



A MOUSE is a small, sleek, swift, lissom animal about the size of a small knothole. Knotholes and mice were made for each other. If it were not for the mouse there would be no use for a knothole in a house. But whenever there is a mouse around a knothole becomes a grand entrance and a lightning exit.

Mice are gray and are covered with fur and can move from hither to elsewhere quicker than Johnny Evers when he is catching a scrub runner off second. The mouse has a long bare tail by which he can be caught by a brave man after he has been chased over \$150.00 worth of furniture. He also has small round ears like clover leaves, two beady black eyes and a long pointed mouth adorned with whiskers and four chisel like teeth several sizes too large for him.

The mouse's teeth are his greatest fault. If he didn't have them he might be tolerated in society. But although he is clean and pretty and graceful he very quickly gnaws himself out of popularity. A mouse never hangs around a house waiting for a door to be opened. He gnaws his way through it. After a mouse has inhabited a house for a few months he has not only become a great-great-grandfather, but has constructed a subway system which makes that of New York's look childish. He does all of this work after midnight when he will not be annoyed by questions and onlookers. There are several things louder than a mouse who is devouring an oak door at 2 a. m. A steam hammer is one of them.

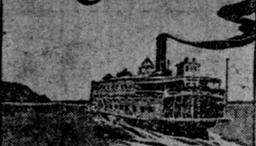
When a mouse has gorged himself on wood and varnish he tops off with a dessert of silk dresses, book bindings and vindexing, the people by an overwhelming majority.

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ANSWERS TO QUERIES

- THE DIRIGO—D. R. City. Had the American ship Dirigo, which left Baltimore for Seattle about March 1, been spoken or reached destination by June 15? It was spoken March 15 in lat. 35 N. and long. 3 W., but up to the date of this communication had not reached its destination. HOOKWORM—A. F. City. This department has not the space to describe the hookworm. You can learn all about it and the disease, by visiting the reference room of the public library in Hayes street near Franklin, and consulting "Hookworm Disease" by Charles Wardell Stille, Ph. D., issued by the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service of the United States. ENGINEERS' LICENSE—E. G. Reno, Nev. Now that California has an engineers' license law, what are the requirements to operate as such in that state? There is no such state law. HOT WAVE—J. J. Burlingame. What was the cause of the recent hot wave in the east? Light southern winds, and low pressure. FOR A LAWYER—Subscriber, Sonoma county. I have a piece of land obtained from the government, but am surrounded by land owned by one party. Advise me how I can lawfully make a road from my place to the county road. Consult a reputable lawyer who will advise you fully how to proceed. This department does not give legal advice. SMOKING CIGARETTES—A. O. S. City. Why the continuous smoking of cigarettes by a boy under 15, say, from 10 to 20 a day, stunt his growth? Physicians who have made a study of tobacco and its abuses declare that the smoking of a great number of cigarettes daily by a minor, will stunt his growth. AUTHOR WANTED—A. B. S. City. This correspondent wants to know the name of a verse in which the following lines occur, also the name of the author: There's a land where the mountains are nameless And the rivers all run, God knows where. ANNIVERSARIES—Subscriber, City. What are the names of the wedding anniversaries in their order? First, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; sixth, sugar; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden, and seventy-fifth, diamond.

Ferry Tales



NOT very long ago there appeared in the daily papers a dispatch from Washington to the effect that only the valiant efforts of California's congressional delegation had prevented the navy department from taking away from San Francisco the training ship Intrepid, the trim and stately bark that gives the naval training station on Yerba Buena its nautical appearance. The Intrepid, as every commuter knows, became station ship at the island when the poor old Pensacola was sent to the crematory. Remember that dispatch?

Now I'm going to tell you a little secret. If the congressional delegation had entered into the spirit of the job and had insisted upon the navy department taking the Intrepid to some other coast or even outside the heads, they would, in the language of diplomacy, have caused grave embarrassment to the bureau of navigation.

The Intrepid will never go to sea. The Intrepid and its sister ship, the Cumberland, on the Atlantic coast, were built a few years ago for the purpose of teaching naval apprentices activity and resourcefulness in the best of all schools—that of seamanship, aloft, under way. A mistake was made in the design, which was not discovered until too late to remedy. As a matter of fact, both the Intrepid and Cumberland are so cranky that they will not carry sail even in a light breeze. As far as serving the purpose for which it was built is concerned, the Intrepid might just as well have been built on shore with a brick foundation.

In the navy the Intrepid and Cumberland are classed with the old Albatross, the ram Katahdin, the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius and other curiosities. We have a dandy navy and are going to have a bigger one and a better one, but we have made a few mistakes and the Intrepid, the beautiful bark with graceful lines and tall, tapering spars, is one of them.

Until a few days ago John Heffernan was the pride of San Anselmo. It will cost him just about \$17.50 to regain his reputation, and even then his suggestions, formerly received so enthusiastically, will be regarded with misgivings.

Heffernan is essentially a man of action. A few weeks ago he proposed a plan which was to impress the Northwestern Pacific with the importance of San Anselmo as a source of commuter business and insure a continuance through the winter of the summer train and bus service.

"I want every one of you fellows," he told the San Anselmo commuters, "to buy his next commutation ticket at the San Anselmo depot on the first of the month. We'll show 'em how many people live here."

Individually and collectively he interviewed the entire San Anselmo brigade, and every one promised to follow his suggestion. In the past the majority of them had bought their commutes at the San Francisco end of the line, and when August 1 came the agent at San Anselmo was all unprepared for the heavy demand for August tickets. He was sold out in a few minutes.

The commuters couldn't wait until a new supply could be obtained, and more than 50 of them were forced to dig up 35 cents for the trip to the city, where they bought their tickets as usual. There was no rebate, however, for that single trip at full rates; there was nothing in the railroad records to show more than the usual small demand at San Anselmo; so what was left but to take it out on Heffernan?

This is still going on and will be kept up, say the 50 victims, until Heffernan either refunds the money or tips up a "boost San Anselmo" scheme that will really work.

G. A. McKelvey—you may have met him at the Transportation club—is one of the many commuters who is not happy unless he gets a certain, particular seat on the ferry-boat. Three years ago a strange traveler thoughtlessly fopped into the McKelvey corner, and McKelvey spent a perfectly miserable quarter of an hour in a perfectly strange seat. There and then he vowed that it would never happen again. As McKelvey goes home on the 5:20 P. M. one of the most crowded boats of the day, it was some task he set himself, but so far he has done good.

If in the crowd in the ferry depot waiting for the big dogs to be raised you see a rather handsome chap frantically worming his way downward and never resting until he stops, flattened, but content, against the door itself—that's McKelvey. As the door rises he drops to his knees, and by the time the portullus has been raised two feet from the ground McKelvey ducks under and sprouts for that seat. G. L. C.

Prayed For

Parishioner (to locum tenens, who, a few Sundays previous, was asked to pray for Lucy Gray)—Yer needn't pray for Lucy Gray no more, parson.

Locum Tenens—Ah? and is the poor soul dead, then?

Parishioner—Oh, no, sir; nothing like that; she won by over two lengths—it were a fine race.—Sketch.

A Warning

Be careful how ye live. O youth so gay! One solemn fact in life remains unshaken— The man who saves his liver while he may Will find in age that he has saved his bacon.—Judge.

Abe Martin



Mrs. Tifford Moot's nephew has a civil service job—that is, they can't fire him unless they want to. Life is full of surprises, but the worst of all is running out a stone in a spoonful o' beans.