

# Japanese Noble Reveals Friend Roosevelt's Plans

COUNT OKUMA, one of Japan's foremost statesmen and himself the owner of a number of influential newspapers, has contributed to the Japanese native press an article on Mr. Roosevelt that is most illuminating, not to say significant. The article, as translated for and published by the Oriental Review, makes it clear why the Roosevelt platform declares in favor of making amendments to the federal constitution simple and easy of accomplishment.

Count Okuma occupies a high world position. With all the art of the diplomat, he understands the meaning and value of words. Because of his known relations with Roosevelt it must be assumed that the count is speaking by the card when he "sets forth Mr. Roosevelt's ideals" with such precision as his article employs. He recognizes "the interests of Japan" in Mr. Roosevelt's victory, he sees no objection to his friend "venturing where even Washington himself dared not to venture," and declares that Roosevelt "would not do this merely for the sake of fame." He characterizes the colonel's performance as "a passionate effort on his part to carry out his political creeds."

All this is very well, but when the count gets down to the nub of the Roosevelt ideals, he gives evidence of an intimacy with that gentleman's plans which has been denied to the American public, except in so far as the shrewdest of us may have read between the lines. Heaven knows, there are facts enough to sustain the count's disclosure, but the doors of the Ananias club yawn for the Japanese nobleman who has not yet learned never to repeat in public Roosevelt's private confidences.

The count says, and we commend this to the solid south that Roosevelt is trying to break up:

Another idea of Mr. Roosevelt's is to establish a perfect centralization of the United States administration. He thinks there is a serious defect in the state organization of his country in the fact that the political will of the central government is inadequately weak as compared with that of other countries, the result of undue prerogatives given to the several states at the time of the formation of the republic. The system might have served well enough at the time when American politics centered in domestic affairs and had little relation to those of the rest of the world, but when America has come to embrace imperialism, in the possession of over sea domains coming into contact with the influence of other powers everywhere upon the face of the earth—in short, when she is one of the powers of the world, as at present, it is important that her central government should have adequate power in the administration of foreign and military affairs, and Mr. Roosevelt believes that unless the central government shall have necessary authority in these matters, America must as a result find it impossible to carry out her activities as a great power.

Pursuing this subject with an idea of sustaining the Roosevelt theory that our present form of government is weak, the count cites this illustration:

At the time when there was a conflict of opinion on the question of Japanese immigration between the federal government and the state of California, the former had to submit to the dictates of the latter. The western states, relying upon the wonderful progress they have made, have maintained an overbearing attitude toward the central government, and will continue to do so.

It must be borne in mind that Okuma is a diplomat, a man of rare intellect, a devoted admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, and that he would not without justification or authority put words in the mouth of his friend to work that friend's injury.

As another reason why his friend Roosevelt will insist on the centralized government, Okuma says:

The influx of immigrants from southern Europe, devoid of patriotism either to their fatherland or to their new country, but solely impelled by the desires of self-interest, would bring about a serious condition of the country if they should come to control a state organization possessed of undue powers. Mr. Roosevelt cherishes a desire to mend this defect in the system of the United States before such a condition shall have been brought about.

As a student and statesman Count Okuma warmly approves the Roosevelt plan of centralized government. He says:

Not only Mr. Roosevelt, but everybody who studies the world situation and is solicitous about the future welfare of the United States, can not but be convinced that this is the best road the country can take. The proposition will seriously affect several states in the United States, but Mr. Roosevelt believes he needs must carry out this program for the sake of his country.

Mr. Roosevelt is a courageous man, and one who fears nothing in translating his thoughts into action. So long as he has his mind set upon the realization of the two ideals mentioned, he can not engage in the leisurely work of social reform or education. This makes him dare adverse criticism concerning his third term candidacy.

Certainly Mr. Roosevelt has converted his Japanese friend to centralized government, and the count also has been made to understand that the thing must be carried through by a "valiant dash" before the people are thoroughly awake. He says:

The question of the centralization of state powers is more important than that of a third presidential term. The proposal will require a revision of the constitution and can not but arouse the determined opposition of the several states. If Mr. Roosevelt attempts to carry out the plan he will probably be more criticised than in respect to the third term candidacy. The American people will attribute his efforts for the increase of the power of the federal government to his ambition to be a Napoleon. A false step, therefore, in the handling of this delicate problem will deprive him of all the honors heaped upon him in the past. This is one of those extremely delicate, yet immensely important, problems that even a man of great moral caliber hesitates to touch. Mr. Roosevelt will not touch the question until he has gained a sufficient foothold, but then he will make a valiant dash for the execution of his ideal.

Mr. Taft declares that the most important issue before the American people today is the preservation and maintenance of the constitution and the form of government established thereunder, and we believe Mr. Taft knows what he is talking about and knows too, of dangers as yet unspoken by him. He has doubtless suspected what Count Okuma reveals as to Roosevelt's plans and purposes.

## COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THIS came to hand yesterday: I wish to ask you a pertinent question. Before I begin I wish to say that I am a nonpartisan, I haven't yet decided whom I will vote for.

Why has The Call taken such a sudden and humane interest in the welfare of the inmates of the Napa asylum. Are politics not involved in this investigation? I fail to see where The Call can convince its readers that it is sincere in this work. R. E. MOORE.

A fair question is entitled to a courteous answer. The Call has taken an interest in the conditions at the Napa hospital, because The Call is a newspaper, and it is the business of a newspaper to take an interest in all public affairs.

Let me put a fair question, in return, to Mr. Moore. The Call's attention having been called to the wretched state of affairs in the state institution at Napa by several persons, what sort of newspaper would The Call be if it deliberately suppressed the truth and permitted these abuses to continue?

What would Mr. Moore say—what would anybody say—if it were discovered that The Call had known the facts and had kept quiet?

Would not the natural and reasonable conclusion be that this newspaper had shirked its duty to the public and to the poor inmates of the asylum, for some ulterior reason?

And as to convincing its readers that The Call is sincere in this matter, that should not be a hard matter. It is more than likely that even Governor Johnson would testify that this newspaper has not been slack on the job.

THE transcontinental roads have just raised the freight tariff on automobiles from \$3 to \$4.10—this from points in the Cincinnati territory, which includes the automobile manufacturing centers—and to \$3.20 from Pittsburg and \$3.30 from New York. This is the

# "I Don't Know Anything About Asylum"—Johnson



automobile dealers' glorious summer made a winter of discontent by this news from New York; to derange one of Mr. Shakespeare's epitaphs.

The average man either has an automobile or has no hope of ever getting one, and in either case he doesn't care whether the freight rate is six cents or a billion dollars. And yet it is just as sure as sure can be that every man and woman producing and trading or owning land privilege in California is affected to some extent by even this change in freight rates on a commodity used by a comparative few, that increase in a freight rate is an increase in a tax, and it will finally sift down through a million little sieves of exchange until it all rests on the backs of those who produce. Such is the inflexible, the inevitable, the certain law which governs the final payment of all taxes, whether they are called revenue, tariffs, licenses, ground rents or what not. They can only be paid in wealth and there is no source of wealth save the exertion of labor and capital on raw materials—the land, as economists put it.

By the same token there is no loss incurred by crippling enterprise, by harassing capital, by strikes, by depreciating wages, by curtailing honest stock and bond dividends, by foolish legislation aimed at the lawful profits of railroads and steamship lines, or of manufacturers and traders, that is not borne in the final analysis by those who produce—every cent of it.

It is a great pity that political economy, which after all is only the lessons of experience and the conclusions of common sense applied to social relations, is not more thoroughly taught to and more fully understood by our people. They would then perceive more clearly the fundamental truth that human society, under modern conditions, is so intimately bound together by millions of inter-relations that it is impossible to hurt any form of business without hurting the producers; and that every bit of legislation which interferes with the free play of the activities of trade and commerce is mischievous, no matter how alluring its temporary benefits may seem.

This hasn't much connection with the new rate on automobiles, has it? Well, that was only the text. And I have heard some excellent sermons that wandered so far from the texts that they never got back to them.

SHASTA county has provided the bull moose circus with another attraction. Its name is Tibbits, which sounds like a new tea biscuit, but isn't.

Tibbits was formerly an assemblyman from the second assembly district and lived in Redding. He voted the way Al McCabe wanted him to vote when the gerrymander needed votes in the legislature last year, and by a strange coincidence was shortly afterward given a nice fat job in Sacramento, with no particular labor attached except the work of cashing the state's warrant for the salary.

Last spring Mr. Tibbits registered in Sacramento county—on April 3, to be exact. Then Mr. McCabe whispered in his ear that he was needed in Shasta as bull moose candidate for assemblyman. Not that his election amounted to anything, but his nomination made him eligible to help steal the republican party's column on the ballot for the third term party's electoral candidates. Mr. Tibbits turned his two tall ears toward Redding at once, and on April 6 registered there.

As the law presumes that one ordinary human being can not be bodily present in two distant counties simultaneously, it makes the second registration of Mr. Tibbits in Shasta invalid, and he couldn't be seated if he had a majority of the votes, since he has no legal residence outside of Sacramento.

But Mr. Tibbits is no ordinary human being. He is different from the rest of us—thank the Lord! Mr. Tibbits insists that he can be two residents of one town or one resident of two towns—upon this point he does not make himself quite clear—and that as a resident of Sacramento county he can and will run for the assembly in Shasta county. To use his own words:

Regardless of stories published in the reactionary press, I am a competent and qualified candidate for assemblyman in the second assembly district. My fight will be determined, not by any subsidized newspapers, but by the voters of my district, and to them I submit myself without any fear of the ultimate result.

The Office Cat unkindly suggests that Mr. Tibbits' owners know as well as any one else does that Mr. Tibbits can not retain his seat if he is elected, but intend to use him solely as a nominated candidate to help the Bully Berglars steal the electoral vote. Having been used as a catspaw to snatch this chestnut from the blaze of pure politics, Mr. Tibbits can return to Sacramento and to sleep on his job again.

It is really wonderful what a devouring zeal in the cause of pure and undefiled civic righteousness can enable a man to do. Here's Tibbits, for instance. He can swear that he is in two counties simultaneously and prove that he never left either to go to another. Doubtless if it would advance the cause of civic righteousness another foot or two, Mr. Tibbits would find no trouble to make oath that he's the guy that put sack in Sacramento.

UP in Sacramento they have a new greeting: "Heard the news? Hiram's in town. He's going to stay half an hour."

## Fall Is Coming

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THE days go by as days have gone since time was first invented, and every breaking of the dawn should find us more contented; for good old summer's falling fast and soon will be skeddaddling down the river of the Past, where other ghosts are paddling. September's coming to the door, September mild and graceful; of smiles to heal the heart that's sore she always has a face full. She brings us sweet and restful days, and nights that soothe a fellow, as she comes down the woodland ways, a-painting red and yellow. She soon will come with siren's pose, our heat-sick souls enmeshing, to hint of frosts and early snows and other things refreshing. September! When the summer's old, and man is roasted silly, he loves your whisperings of cold, your evenings gray and chilly. Old Summer, with its brazen skies, is falling now and dwindling; soon man may cease to sweat the flies, and lay in coal and kindling. And soon again we'll dream our dreams before the grate and ember, while frost upon the pumpkin gleams—you promise this, September! Come, fairest month of all, come forth, your visit always please; bring us a message from the north, the home of ice cold breezes!

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## Drawing the Line

"From this point," said the man in the front seat of the automobile, bringing the machine to a stop, "you get a good view of Pittsburg proper." "I'm sure," spoke up the prim matron in the back seat, "that's the only part of Pittsburg we wish to see!"—Chicago Tribune.

## The Consideration

Sam—Will you keep our engagement secret for the present? Lulu—All right; but where's the present?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Arkansas

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

ARKANSAS, which was named by one of the worst spellers in history, is pronounced "Arkansaw" and is a partially raw state situated along the Mississippi river on its west side.

Arkansas has 53,000 square and partially dry miles and 1,600,000 people, a great many of whom wear shoes both summer and winter. Nobody knows how the state got all these people, but it is surmised that most of them were visiting in the vicinity when the Mississippi river steamboats thinned out and were unable to get home afterward. The state is now isolated from the rest of the country by a number of casual and dilapidated railroads. The star of empire passed it 500 miles to the north on its way westward. The tourist glides swiftly by on the north, south, east and west and only the intrepid real estate agent and the inviolable with a consuming thirst for sulphur water now penetrate into its fastnesses and explore it.

The early history of Arkansas was written in shakes and shivers and the principal literature of the backwoods is still the ague cure advertisement. In 1841 Arkansas seceded with the rest of the south. It came back in 1868, but this fact was not noticed by the nation or the inhabitants for many years. Only recently a local statesman named Jefferson Davis arose and has since become senator, receiving the enthusiastic votes of many Arkansawians who thought they were voting for the original Jeff. Arkansas produces coal, cotton, lumber, corn and tall Gothic hogs so thin that they are only visible from the side. The eastern part of the state is navigable by scows and long legged cattle, while the western section is mountainous and can be navigated successfully by balloons and democrat wagons. To reach Arkansas go to Memphis, Tenn., cross the high bridge and wade west.

Arkansas has several fine cities, a Carnegie library, some universities and a future. It also has Hot Springs, the greatest cure for rheumatism and fatty degeneration of the pocketbook in the west. It has fewer aristocrats, plutocrats and automobiles than any other American state and its people are happier than New Yorkers, because they haven't so many opportunities to see what they can't have. (Copyright, 1912, by George Mathew Adams)



"Principal literature of the backwoods"

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## PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- J. R. JAMES, a druggist of Sacramento; A. Schewetter, a dry goods merchant of Napa; A. C. Lillard, a merchant of Livermore; F. H. Crippen, an oil operator of Taft, and Mrs. Crippen, and George Howage, a real estate operator of Stockton, and Mrs. Howage, make up a group of recent arrivals at the Argonaut.
- H. H. HART, president of the San Francisco Alaska club, returned from a trip to Yellowstone park yesterday and registered at the Palace. Hart was one of the early settlers in Alaska.
- F. T. FORD of Oroville, R. B. Smith of Boston, R. E. Carlton and Mrs. Carlton of Sacramento and Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Murphy of Portland are among the recent arrivals at the Manx.
- J. WADA, a mining man of Alaska, is staying at the St. Francis. Wada opened up the Fairbanks country and during the last season has been operating in the Kuskokwim river.
- JOHN COBT, head of the theatrical syndicate that bears his name, is at the Palace with Mrs. Coft. They make their home in Seattle.
- W. E. L. WAY, a shipping man of China, arrived from the east yesterday and registered at the Palace. He is on his way back to the orient.
- REV. J. WENNE JONES, D. D., chaplain in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is at the Manx, registered from Baltimore.
- W. J. WALLACE, head of the right of way of the South California Edison company, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Wallace.
- M. F. TAREY, the democrat politician and vineyardist of Fresno, is spending a few days at the Palace.
- E. H. WURST, a construction and engineering man of Wichita, Kan., is at the Bellevue with Mrs. Wurster.
- F. F. ATKINSON, assistant district attorney of Sacramento, is among the recent arrivals at the Stewart.
- DR. GILBERT FITZPATRICK of Chicago is among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont.
- SUPERIOR JUDGE JOHN F. ELLISON of Red Bluff, Tehama county, is at the Palace.
- H. G. DILLON and family of Ironton, Mich., are guests at the Arlington.
- LAVENE L. TREBURN, a rancher of Ione, is stopping at the Turpin.
- A. E. HAWKINS, a Bakersfield oilman, is registered at the Standard.
- W. E. PRATT, a mine owner of Goldfield, is at the Union Square.
- MRS. H. WILLIAMS of New York is registered at the Bellevue.
- RODNEY MACKENZIE, the mining man and railroad builder of Canada, is at the Palace. He returned yesterday from the east, where his horses were running on the grand circuit. Joe Pachen II, one of his stable, won every race but one.
- C. H. KNAPPE, manager of the Van Nuys hotel, is at the Stewart. He is a golf enthusiast and yesterday played a game with Charles Stewart, manager of the hotel that bears his name.
- ADJUTANT GENERAL E. A. FORBES is staying at the St. Francis. He has been watching the maneuvers of the national guard during the last week.
- HENRY M. HAND, S. D. McLean and Herbert Ormond, a party of prominent men from Boise, Idaho, are among the recent arrivals at the Sutter.
- CHARLES COOK, manager of the Fairmont hotel, is going north with the Flying Legion and in his absence N. C. Mullin will direct the hotel.
- ERWIN SCHWARTZKOFF, an electrical engineer of Berlin, Germany, is at the Bellevue.
- U. W. BROWN, a banker of Colusa, is at the Stewart.
- A. G. FIK of Fresno is staying at the Belmont.

## Abe Martin



Somehow a groom never looks worthy. After all their's something kind o' nice about bein' poor an' lookin' forward t' th' openin' o' a new nicker the after.

## Ferry Tales



THE average temperature of the water that ebbs and flows on the silver sands of Waikiki beach, Honolulu, is about 75 degrees. There is a young woman in Sausalito who knows to a degree how much colder is the water of Richardson's bay, that pleasant stretch of brine which affords anchorage to many yachts, a few houseboats and innumerable crab traps. She found out one recent peaceful, moonlight night, and although her thrilling experiment is being discussed at the tea-tables of Marin county, Alameda county and the city and county of San Francisco on all ferry steamers and suburban trains, the identity of the young woman remains a secret. In fact you will not be told the story unless you first promise not to tell.

With some other girls and a few men she stood on the Miramar pier in Sausalito and in telling about her recent visit to friends in Honolulu did not forget to speak of the bully swimming she had enjoyed at Waikiki, "where the water is so warm that one can stay in all day."

The moon was shining brightly. The night was still and warm.

"Doesn't the water look dandy?" somebody remarked. "Peach of a night for a swim!"

"What's the matter with taking a swim?" one of the men wanted to know. "Bet I could swim out to that buoy!" said the girl from Honolulu.

She wore a large picture hat and a pongee dress, the skirt of which was cut with the scantiness that fashion now decrees. It seemed like a safe enough thing to say under the circumstances, so one of the men, who really didn't know the girl very well, remarked:

"Bet you won't do it tonight!" "You lose!" said the impulsive young woman. "Watch me!"

Just as she was, hat and all, she dove into the water. By the light of the moon she swam to the buoy and back and again. Before she got back the chatter of her teeth could be heard above the swish of her arms in the water.

"How could you do it?" This from one of her girl friends, after she had been pulled up on the pier again. "It was easy." Her teeth were chattering and she expressed herself with difficulty. "B-b-but I'll t-tell you one thing. I c-c-could never have done it in this shirt! I hadn't learned the 'Australian swim'!"

A discussion of swimming leads naturally to the subject of drought. They were sitting in a cloud of tobacco smoke in an air proof corner of the steamer Newark. One of them was telling the other how badly rain was needed in his part of the state.

"How long since it rained?" inquired the listener. "How long? Well, I tell you dis, py golly, dere's frogs on my ranch wich is seven months old and dey ain't leared to swim yet!"

The deer family has several reasons to regret that Charles O'Connor of Ross found time to get out in the hills this summer. O'Connor shares that regret to some extent and vows that next season he will leave his rifle at home and go deer hunting with a camera. O'Connor always was impressionable and it was a lady deer that changed the tide of his ambition. He told the story on the ferry boat the day he returned.

It was near Boonville. O'Connor, eyes glued to a pair of field glasses, discovered, in a clearing below him, a beautiful doe at play with a fawn. Suddenly doe and fawn stiffened into motionless stumps. A great rattlesnake had invaded their playground and was poised within a few feet of the fawn ready to strike. The fawn was paralyzed with fear. O'Connor could hear the rattling of the snake and was waiting for the strike when the doe suddenly bounded into the air, dropped with four feet in a bunch on the snake and as quickly bounded away. This was repeated a dozen times. The doe then gave her attention to the fawn, licked its face and with her head gently shoved the frightened baby deer to a safe distance from the dying snake. This time the doe resumed its attentions to the snake.

When O'Connor arrived at the scene half an hour later he found evidence to show that the snake had been unusually large, but the remains had been beaten to pulp.

I know that this is a true story, for it was told on a Key Route steamer by two of the fairest cooks that ever wore sorority pins. They were invited by the two makers' suits of one of them to luncheon for two. When the St. Francis hotel. When they arrived at the hotel they found their hostesses in deep distress. A remittance had failed to materialize. They had arranged with the hotel management for their own sustenance during their temporary inactivity, but did not feel that it would be right for them to use this kindly extended credit for the entertainment of their friends.

"Now what are we going to do?" one of the aunts inquired. "That's easy! One of the cooks reassured their hostesses. 'I've had luncheon here before. They always serve more than one can eat. You order luncheon for two. When we hear the water coming we'll hide in the bathroom. When he goes we'll have a picnic!'"

Between each course the girls disappeared and remained hidden until the water had cleaned the door from the outside. "And we had a dandy luncheon," concluded one of the girls as the Claremont slid into the ferry slip, "but aunt almost gave the whole thing away when the water came for the dishes after the all over and noticed the utter absence of unconsumed food. He looked around the room as if he expected to find the scraps on the bureau or in the fireplace, and you should have seen the two old dears blush when he said: "Good appetit' today, ladies!" G. L. C.