

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

FOR a couple of years—the stock in trade of the present Sacramento ring and its newspaper organs has been a truculent assault upon the motives, characters and reputations of all who dared to show them in their true light as betrayers of a great cause and of the people's trust.

There has been no lie too base, no insinuation too mean, no epithet too scurrilous for their use. Their speeches and editorials were spotted all over with terms of vilification. For a long time these tactics have enabled them to keep covered up the truth about the grossly careless and extravagant and incompetent mismanagement of the state's affairs by the governor's understrappers, while the governor himself has been spending most of his time in politics instead of in the state's business.

They tried the same old trick when The Call began to recite the conditions that exist—conditions as bad as ever existed before. They began a storm of abuse—"liar," "degenerate," "extortionist," "porch climber"—they emptied their vocabulary of abuse upon this paper and its writers. But the old trick would no longer work. They couldn't scare anybody here. The Call went right on calmly appealing to the facts and figures—those eloquent talkers. And finally the taxpayers began to listen. They began to say to one another that in the face of so much proof merely calling ugly names was not a convincing reply. The ring began to hear these things said on all sides, and it got frightened.

Unable to deny The Call's figures showing the extravagant cost of the administration as conducted by deputy governors; unable to rebut the mass of evidence showing the wicked treatment of the insane at Napa; unable to deny that the governor has neglected his duties and spent most of the time, for a year past, away from his office and from the capital; unable to frighten The Call by clumsy and foul abuse of its owner and its manager and its writers, the McCabe-Neylan-Bulletin ringsters have adopted a new line of defense. They have begun to plead the baby act.

Where before they shouted epithets and threw mud, now they whine.

They have dropped the role of the bully and taken up that of the bawlbaby.

The wicked Call is trying to tear the pinafore of good little Hiram and wants to steal that angel child's candy and Sunday school card of merit.

No wonder the tender hearted Bulletin weeps—friend of the good and pure that it is—including Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman, George Figueroa and all San Quentin. Here are a few sobs:

California knows Hiram Johnson—knows him as a man and leader and doer of deeds. California gives him to the nation gladly, proudly, with a swelling of the breast and a thrill of the new patriotism that means humanity.

What shall be said in such an hour, with such a leader as California's contribution to a noble cause, of the Calhouns and the Spreckels and all their foul breed? Their fortunes rooted in bribery or extortion, opposition to the new creed from such as they may be expected. Perhaps decency is too much to ask. But throughout the nation are many honest conservatives whom the gods perhaps made blind that they might serve as checks and balances in the upward progress of mankind. And the people of California would welcome such as these. Instead, always they have in their nostrils the stench that rises from men who know no higher impulse than their greed for dollars and their hatred of all who serve cleaner gods.

On the eve of Governor Johnson's departure to preach humanity's creed in the east, Spreckels and Calhoun would cripple his usefulness and besmirch his name by the circulation of malicious falsehoods, all calculated to make men believe that he is not humane, nor honest, nor efficient. Clever campaigns of slander have accomplished their purpose in the temporary defeat of good men. But popular government were proved a failure if such palpable lies, so obviously generated in spleen, should arouse anything but the disgust and the contempt of men and women who hear them.

Fine heroics, indeed. Many a graduating essay is not so thrilling. It is painful to see a great, yearning soul yanking such lovely gobs of bathos from its inmost recesses for the paltry sum of about \$50 per six. Really, a soul outburst such as that ought to be worth at least \$9.03, marked down. Unfortunately, actual life does not consist of heroics, and sob stuff buys no shoes. 'Tis a world of hard facts and not of hysteria. As a gentleman of much experience in that line has remarked, a man must eat—unless he is in Napa. There he can subsist on absent treatments.

What are the facts about Governor Johnson and his political career?

The progressive movement, as it is called, was set in motion in California several years ago, when a body of earnest men and newspapers nominated first, Judge Maguire, and, after him, Franklin K. Lane, on platforms demanding people's rule and the destruction of the railroad political ring.

And what did Hiram Johnson do in those campaigns for freedom?

By his voice, his example and his vote he aided and supported the railroad candidates and the rule of the ring.

Many other men, rather than break party ties, submitted sullenly to the rule of the party machine, but no man who has a personal recollection of politics during those years needs to be told that Hiram Johnson not only submitted, but was active in aiding the ring—notably the Sacramento inner ring—when George Clark was the boss of the capital.

Finally, the condition of politics became unendurable to decent people and The Call decided to inaugurate a campaign for a direct primary and freedom from ring rule. It did so, and it won the fight; but among those conspicuously absent while the result was doubtful were the very men who became so conspicuously present when the victory was surely in sight—and one of these was Attorney Hiram Johnson.

His zeal for reform began, by an odd coincidence, when reform had become popular and has increased in exact ratio to the growth of that popularity, as in the matter of woman's suffrage, he became the sole champion and the conquering hero subsequent to the hard days when the battle was in doubt.

The Call not only began the good fight, but it has also never faltered one moment in allegiance to the cause of good government and of rule by the people. It stands today where it stood yesterday, and will stand tomorrow—for the rule of the people by the people.

The Call loyally supported Hiram Johnson during his campaign, and in this very office he expressed his deep sense of obligation for that support and his readiness to do what he could for The Call when he was inaugurated governor. And he well knows that The Call was told then and there that The Call had no favors to ask; that it asked only that he would be a good governor and give the state a businesslike administration.

Governor Johnson is fond of bogey men. He never argues the questions of real importance—tax methods, tariffs, transportation, parcels post—the fundamental economic issues upon which the comfort or discomfort of human society depend. He prefers the easier and more popular method of glittering generalities, vague and high sounding declamation and the unrestrained and often indecent verbal abuse of any one who disagrees with him or criticizes his actions. 'Tis a cheap trick. Denis Kearney played it to perfection. So did every other demagogue who ever strutted through his brief part on the stage of political history.

One of the governor's terrible men of straw is his frequent assertion that John D. Spreckels hates him because he helped to steal Spalding's seat. Well, it was a dirty trick of dirty politics, and just as dishonest as any other theft for which men are doing time in San Quentin. But there isn't a word of truth in the assertion that John D. Spreckels was deeply interested in the election of A. G. Spalding, or that he hates Hiram Johnson for his part in this theft.

Mr. Spalding was induced to be a candidate by the urgency of

Who Will Get Them?



friends in San Diego. He did not want to run. A committee was appointed to wait upon him and persuade him to do so. John D. Spreckels was asked to accompany this committee, and did so. There Mr. Spreckels' participation in Spalding's campaign stopped, for he shortly after went on a long sea voyage and was not even in touch with California politics during the senatorial primary contest.

The general manager of The Call has an almost lifelong acquaintance with A. G. Spalding, and admires and loves him as an able business man and a pleasant friend. And now I will let you into one of the dark and damnable secrets of this den of wickedness, where we trembling slaves of the tyrannical and bloody minded monster, Mr. Spreckels, are constantly plotting to trap the common people and fry them for his cannibal breakfast.

When A. G. Spalding's candidacy had been announced, Mr. Spreckels met the general manager of The Call, and, knowing the long friendship existing between him and Mr. Spalding, remarked: "Well, I suppose you are going to support Spalding, aren't you?"

That was all. Not another word. That was the whole mystery of the deep and damnable plot. That was the truculent, domineering, terrifying way in which this awful corruptionist and implacable tyrant sent thrills of terror chasing up and down the backs of his slaves.

When I read these ridiculous ghost stories told by the governor and his penny-a-liners about The Call and its wicked master and its shivering slaves, and then look about the office and see the different editors and writers working with a freedom that few offices know; when I remember that I, myself, have never seen Mr. Spreckels in my life, and when I consider the absolute truth that every man in this office is instructed to be as fair and square in his work as he knows how to be—knowing all this, I hardly know, at times, whether to laugh or to swear at the absurd accusations and asseverations of the governor of the state and his parasites.

Despite the assertions of Governor Johnson and his newspaper, The Call is not traducing him, nor is it fighting good government. The Call is disappointed in Governor Johnson. He promised to give the state a good, economical administration, and he promised to attend to the state's business himself, faithfully and constantly. He has not done it.

The state's expense account is higher than ever. The governor is almost constantly absent from his office. He deputizes Al McCabe and John F. Neylan—two small politicians—to attend to the state's business. He has been absent eight months out of the last ten. He is about to go away from the state for two months more, to campaign for another office. The Call insists that he has no right to neglect his official duties, and the tax payers are saying the same thing. If he can't attend to his official duties, he should resign.

It may be recollected, while Mr. Roosevelt is so bitterly denouncing the republican platform and candidate, that both he and Governor Johnson were very willing to be candidates and stand upon that platform. Had the bogus contest game won for them the nominations of the national convention, they would both now be extolling the platform as the last word of political wisdom.

MR. DEBS admits that Mr. Roosevelt's platform is as thoroughly socialistic as his own, but asserts that he has no confidence in the colonel's sticking to his platform promises if he should be elected. So Mr. Debs will keep on running himself.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

SINCERITY OF T. R. QUESTIONED

Editor Call—Sir: Is Theodore Roosevelt sincere? In this I use the term sincere in the sense in which it is usually understood—meaning just what is naturally inferred by it. Mr. Roosevelt is not an ordinary character. His record puts him in the first class for complicity as a man of affairs. Having occupied the office of president, he is entitled to recognition from that lofty attitude; now, however, he is not for any reason immune from criticism or inquiry into his course and conduct. The attitude of the third term presidency aspirants, of whom he is the absolute head and instrument of control, expect him to inquire into the legitimacy of his course and claim. In reviewing the situation candidly, the impression is gleaned that he is not sincere, or else is so under the influence of self esteem as to warp a true sense of facts. "O would some power the gift give us!" Mr. Roosevelt assumes the condition of the country is bad; that it is beyond the power or disposition, even of the party in power, or likely to be by any means, to correct. His responsibility is removed—so that he made president; so, then, we understand that the successes or the failures of the government inhere in that high office. This being the inevitable conclusion, deduced from his course and claims, I question his sincerity.

Cheering Up

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

AUNT SUSAN'S joined the Sunshine sisters, a cheerup club in town, and nothing, from cycloptic twistlers to earthquakes, makes her frown. The rain comes down; I sit repining; "Oh, put your griefs to flight! Somewhere," she says, "the sun is shining, and skies are blue and bright!" The sun is hot and I am frying Aunt Susan hears a smile. "Somewhere," she says, "the snow is flying, and chilblains are in style!" I have the intermittent glanders Aunt Susan hears me groan; "Somewhere," she says, "in Spain or Flanders, that ailment is unknown!" When wintry blizzards sweat the highlands and signs through the vales, "Somewhere," she'll say, "in tropic islands, there are no nipping gales!" I know my aunt's reflections merry should make my spirit glad; alas—man is so blamed contrary—they only make me mad. When all my rags with sweat are wringing, and I am prone to swear, what boots it that the birds are singing on wailing boughs somewhere? I tell you what, O men and brothers, ye sons of liberty, when in the heat man grins and smother, he wants some sympathy; it lightens not the load that's squashing his spirit to despair, to hear that purple waves are washing on coral shores somewhere.

Something Lacking

"This village is more than 1,600 years old," boasted the landlord. "A quaint old place surrounded by fine scenery." "But where," demanded the tourists, "are the merry villagers dancing on the steps?" The landlord's brow clouded. "All the tourists ask for them," said he. "If this keeps up the municipality will have to maintain a few."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sometimes They Shrink

"Pap, what does multum in parvo mean?" "Multum in parvo, my son, is Latin, and means—well, have you ever seen a fat woman in a bathing suit?"—Judge.

Torchlight Processions

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

THE torchlight procession is now as extinct as the dodo, but 20 years ago it was the most influential political argument in the United States, ranking above the straight ticket, the grand old flag and "our glorious republic" as a vote getter.

The torchlight procession consisted of from 200 to 10,000 patriots, each one bearing a tin torch stuck in a long wooden handle. As the living serpent of flame wound down the street at night, emitting frantic whoops at intervals, strong men on the side lines wept with remorse and vowed never to vote for the opposition again. This was particularly true if the opposition had only been able to scare up half as many patriots who were strong enough in the faith to take a new fall suit out under a leaky torch and anoint it in the sacred cause of liberty. The torchlight procession was simple at first, but like everything else in American life it soon became complicated. In 1884 the democrats introduced painted and elaborate torches and inflicted a crushing defeat on the republicans. However, the latter appeared in 1888 wearing oilcloth capes and helmets. This enabled a republican to go through the entire campaign in never marked nobly through the mud listening to the steady drip drip of 20 cent kerosene on a \$20 suit; or who has not wandered happily home through the darkness at 2 a. m. writing the program of his party in the black night air with his wandering torch; or who has never crawled stealthily into the headquarters of the enemy to pour water in their kerosene barrel; or a weakling and knows little of the price in the art of carrying a torch in one's hand and shooting a roman candle in the other. No human could withstand these arguments, and democracy has never since won an election. After 1888 people began reading their political arguments in the papers at the breakfast table, instead of on the streets at night, and so the torchlight procession perished from the earth. This was a great pity, for the man who has never felt the hot breath of his neighbor's torch in his face has never marked nobly through the mud listening to the steady drip drip of 20 cent kerosene on a \$20 suit; or who has not wandered happily home through the darkness at 2 a. m. writing the program of his party in the black night air with his wandering torch; or who has never crawled stealthily into the headquarters of the enemy to pour water in their kerosene barrel; or a weakling and knows little of the price in the art of carrying a torch in one's hand and shooting a roman candle in the other. No human could withstand these arguments, and democracy has never since won an election.



Marching nobly through the mud

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- DR. E. A. BACE of the bureau of entomology at Washington, D. C., arrived in the city yesterday and leaves in a few days to take charge of the federal investigation of the Mediterranean fruit fly in the Hawaiian Islands. He will be in Hawaii for a year and during that time will wage war against the fruit pest.
JOHN DAILY, business man of Chico; G. A. Waugh, a merchant of the same city; H. C. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson of Los Angeles; W. F. Ellsworth of Tucson and Mrs. and Mrs. E. M. Boyd of Yuba City make up a group of recent arrivals at the airport.
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WALTER B. CLINE, president of the Los Angeles and Pacific coast, is at the Palace with Mrs. Cline, Miss Alice E. Cline, Miss Constance Cline and Miss Helen Montague.
A. UPMANN and Gus Anderson, cigar manufacturers, are guests at the Palace. Upmann registers from Havana and Anderson from New York.
JUDGE EDWARD O. BROWN of Chicago, a prominent democrat, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Brown. They are here for recreation.
WILLIAM M. ALEXANDER, a patent attorney of Washington, D. C., is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Alexander.
ALEXANDER BRION, a manufacturer of woodens, is staying at the St. Francis, registered from Los Angeles.
LEE DE BALLEW, an operator of Los Angeles, is here on a business trip and is staying at the Palace.
D. D. BULLYVAL, a mining man of Globe, Ariz., is spending a few days at the Union Square.
MISS LOIS WAHNER of Ionia, Mich., is staying at the Arlington.
MISS A. D. DIBBINGS of Pacific Grove is staying at the Court.
F. E. GREENBACK of Reno, Nev., is a guest at the Columbia.
FRANK BANBAW of New York is registered at the Newmarket.
E. A. STEWART of Kansas City is registered at the Belvoir.
F. E. BILSON of Great Valley is registered at the Belvoir.
H. E. BROWN of Sacramento is staying at the Columbia.

Ferry Tales



MODESTY, and perhaps a suspicion that the state same laws are something more than pastory rules for the guidance of hunters, will prevent the heroine of this tale from laying open claim to Diana's crown. Before she went into the mountains for a two weeks' deer hunt she discussed her intentions freely with her friends in the college town across the bay and on the Key Route trains and steamers on which—between vacations—she is a daily traveler.

"I am going all alone this year," she told her friends. "I am going to do nothing but a revolver and I'm going to spend two weeks in the mountains. Father taught me to shoot and I can do as much with a good, heavy pistol as I could with a rifle, and a pistol is much easier to carry. I've hunted every season, you know, but have always gone with a party. I always get the limit, but the men do all the hard work and take away a good deal of the glory. This year I'm going to have all the work and all the glory. I expect to get the limit the first week and will spend the second week sketching."

She returned a few days ago tanned and fit, but strangely silent on the subject that had been her daily discourse up to the time she went away. "Oh, yes!" she at last confessed to a friend in response to a persistent demand for particulars of her trip. "I was quite successful, thank you. Yes, I got the limit the second day. But I couldn't bring the deer back." "Ha, ha," taunted the friend. "Diana would have been glad of a little masculine assistance after all. Too heavy for you I suppose?"

"No," whispered the huntress. "Not that, but after I'd killed them I found they were deer."

Pity the troubles of the man that drives a horse in this age of gasoline. The horse, strange as it may seem, still has friends left and there are people who actually prefer a safe and sane jog behind staid old Dobbin to a ride in an automobile. One of them was telling his troubles on the ferry steamer Newark the other day.

"Every Sunday," he said, "my wife and I go driving. I have a dandy little mare and the trap holds the whole family comfortably. But driving in the country is getting pretty fierce now. I try to avoid the boulevards, but have to use them sometimes. I did last Sunday. Before we had driven 100 yards there was a 'honk' right behind me."

"Better let him pass," my wife suggested. "The road was narrow there and to make way for the motor car I had to drive part way up a bank. The car went by and I was about to get down on the level again when there came another 'Honk! honk! honk!'"

"I let him pass. Then came another and another and another and before I got a chance to move on 75 cars had whizzed by. We were covered with dust and gravel. The baby was crying and my wife wouldn't speak to me all the way home. Any of you fellows know where I can get a good second hand car?"

Thus the automobile doing its own missionary work. On one of the ships of the Pacific fleet, a few years ago, the captain and executive officer did not speak, except on official business, for more than six months. A retired officer told me why the other day on the ferry steamer Claremont. The two officers had never agreed very well and the captain aroused the active resentment of his first lieutenant by some open and rather frank criticism one day on the quarterdeck, which was bad for the feelings of the first "lute."

A few days later a collection was taken on board for some charitable purpose. All hands were at muster, the paymaster calling the roll, for each officer and man to respond with the amount he would contribute. The first name called was that of the captain. "Five dollars," was the answer. "Next the name of the executive officer was called. "Ten dollars," said the executive officer. "One moment, paymaster," cried the skipper. "Call the roll again!" "Ten dollars," said the captain when his name was called. "Fifteen dollars," said the executive officer.

"Call the roll again, paymaster," the captain repeated and opened the list the third time with: "Pitman der ary," and a glare at the first lieutenant, who came back without uttering an eye. "Twenty dollars," the paymaster paused. There was dead silence among the crew with every eye directed at the old man. "Proceed with the muster," ordered the captain. G. L. C.

Abbe Martin



What's become of the father that used to wear a peach seed watch chain? It takes a thin child to hide behind its mother these days.