

Let There Be No Petition on Behalf of the Taft Electors

NEITHER sound politics nor sound morals fortifies the proposition to put Taft electors on the ballot in California by petition.

They design—and this much they cynically admit—to put up as republican candidates for presidential electors men pledged to Roosevelt.

It is an impudent proposition that these men put forth to deprive Taft of any fair chance for the electoral vote of California.

They are shrewd enough, these men who have outlawed themselves from the republican party and yet cling fast to control of the republican organization.

Let these men either do wrong in the Sacramento republican convention—which will mean the nomination of electors pledged to vote in the electoral college for Roosevelt—or let them do right.

They will do wrong; they can not help it now—they are too far committed to their program.

If they are permitted to complete their scheme, the outlaw chiefs will find themselves confronted with the certainty of severe punishment.

The Call is informed and believes that at the Sacramento convention men nominated as republicans, men who have made oath that they are republicans, will rob that party, that party's nominee and that party's voters.

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE only possible excuse that might be made for the scandalous jobbery on the water front of this city is that Governor Johnson does not know about the low politics his deputy governor encourages.

While the governor is in other states, talking platitudes and indulging in sophomoric oratory, which splits the ears of the groundlings, but makes the judicious griever and good taste winee, the important business of the harbor in and out of which flows the ocean commerce of the metropolis of California is handed over to be a source of prize money to dive keepers of the Barbary Coast and to their Man Friday Finn.

It is a bitter disgrace to the state, a shameful travesty on good government, an inexcusable disregard of the ante-election pledges of clean politics.

If you can't stay in your office and look after the tax payers' interests, you ought to resign.

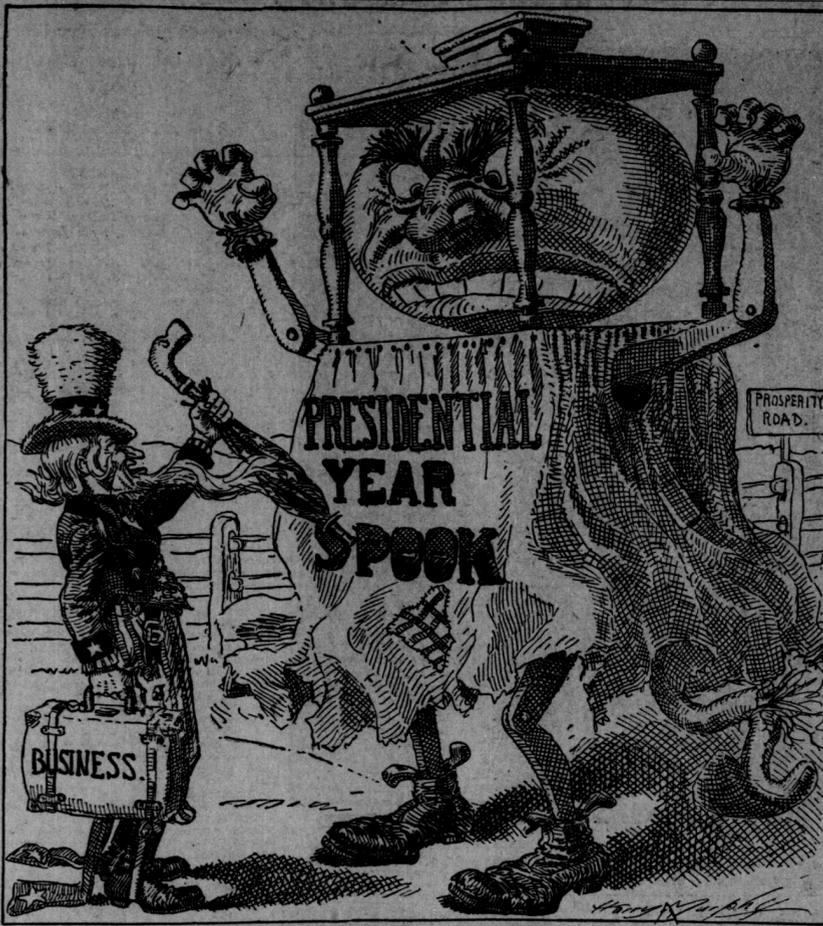
But whatever you do, clean house on the water front. The conditions there smell to heaven.

SIX killed and a score badly injured by one motorcycle which left the saucer track at Newark, N. J., is a showing that ought to give the racing game another boost.

THESE criminophiles balk at no exhibition of their perverted sympathy with the base and detestable. Now they are signing a petition for the pardon of Dr. Willard P. Burke, who has served a little more than six months of a 14 years' sentence to San Quentin.

What can be said of the men and women who pray for the pardon of such a villain, before his just imprisonment has hardly begun, save that they must be mentally unbalanced?

U. S.—“You Can't Scare Me”



MAYOR ROLPH says that both Spiro and Donohoe promised him to resign on or before September 1, and that the consideration was that they were not to be brought to book for offenses they had committed.

Police Commissioner Spiro denies that he promised the mayor he would resign. In this case no one believes Spiro—not even Spiro himself.

Jim Rolph is a plain business man. He makes no pretensions to greatness. He simply attends to public business with the same carefulness with which he would attend to private business.

The result is that he is today the strongest man politically in California. At the end of two or three years more he will be stronger than he is today, and people will be clamoring for him to do for the state what he has done for San Francisco.

Of more value than the economy and efficiency he has introduced into city government and the confidence begotten in the minds of business men and the growth of San Francisco for which his administration is responsible—yes, of much more value is this lesson he has all unwittingly taught of the strength and power of unselfish political conduct.

Jim Rolph has done exactly what Hiram Johnson was elected to do and what Hiram Johnson has not done. He has given his whole time to an honest, businesslike conduct of municipal affairs.

Both of these men took office under the same pledges. One has kept his word faithfully. The other has not kept his at all.

Johnson is not as strong with the voters as he was two years ago, and in another two years he will be much weaker than he is now. Rolph grows in strength every day.

Rolph has no machine of any kind and would kick any man out of his office who came in to propose that a department of the municipal government should be turned over to him to exploit in exchange for votes for Rolph.

And the result is just what should be expected. He is the strongest man politically in San Francisco, will be the strongest man politically in California in no long time and is mighty apt to be compelled some day, even against his will, to accept the public honors and the official place which Johnson is so mistakenly working day and night, with any handy tools, to retain for himself.

It is likely to be Governor Rolph and then Senator Rolph and maybe Vice President Rolph when Hiram Johnson is only remembered as a once popular politician who threw away all the opportunities luck could carry to his door.

Such is the folly of personal political ambition, sacrificing pledges for the sake of building up a personal political machine. And such is the power and permanence of impersonal political conduct, aiming only at the public service, with never a thought of individual gain, either in money or in official place.

Answers to Queries

TARNISHED BRASS—Subscriber, City. What will clean tarnished brass? Strong vinegar and salt will remove tarnish from polished brass and copper.

THE EARTH—C. R. Monterey. What is the equatorial diameter of the earth? What is the population of the earth? According to Clark, the equatorial diameter is 7,926,592 miles.

SODA WATER—A Reader, Kings City. How is lemon soda water and ginger soda water prepared? By the addition of lemon syrup and ginger syrup to plain soda water.

NEVADA—M. E. Berkeley. What is the name of "A" in Nevada? The same as "A" in arm.

Abe Martin



Lafé Bud says if he was only single again he'd git a toupin' car. Some fellows vote intelligently an' others wear campaign buttons.

The Brave Front

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THOUGH luck be on the bum, wear a brave front. What though disasters come? Wear a brave front. Say stoutly: "I won't whine, throw spasms or repine; I'll have no grouch in mine!"

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Wanted to Be In on It Son—Say, mamma, father broke this vase before he went out.

Another Explanation The high cost of living at Newport: \$100,000 for one Fish ball.—New York World.

Politics in the Home "Home politics is always the same." "What do you mean?" "The father of the household always is a standpatter, and the boys always are insurgents."—Washington Herald.

Another Explanation "To their credit I will say that they spoke in kindness and that every slam was modified by a pat on the head for the victim." They used names, dates, and places, and all this in the hearing of probably 20 people, every one of whom might have been as interested as I was, as the family is particularly well known.

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MISSISSIPPI

By GEORGE FITCH

Author of "At Good Old Swash"

TO reach Mississippi, leave Memphis on the Yazoo Valley line and proceed southward until you hear Senator Vardaman discussing the negro question.

Mississippi is a medium sized state with a sway back and a beautiful lace work front produced by the Mississippi river, which acts as a state line and is about as stable in that capacity as a bull snake.

Mississippi has been a state for 95 years. It got a good start but was fought over and trampled over so much in the civil war that it has been convalescing in a languid way ever since.

Mississippi is one of the most amphibious states in the Union, living above or below the river with equal content. In the summer the state is news.

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"Puts his money in his boots."

dry, and a team can be detected five miles away by the clouds of desiccated real estate, but in the spring the river comes up and in a wet year the steamboats work the rural mail routes over half the state.

Private John Allen and John Sharp Williams made being Mississippians a very prosperous business for many years, and so has Harris Dickson, who paints plantation life at 5 cents a word.

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PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- J. M. LIELE, a furniture dealer of Sanger; W. E. HITCHCOCK, manager of a newspaper published in Porterville; I. A. King, a merchant of Ferndale, and N. E. Kerling, proprietor of a general store in Parkents, and Mrs. Kerling are among the recent arrivals at the Argonaut.
- RAY SPEAR of the United States Navy arrived from the Orient yesterday. He is the son of James H. Spear of Spokane, president of the Washington Brick, Lime and Manufacturing company.
- W. H. STEWART, president of the Stewart Fruit company, one of the largest fruit exporters of California, is up from Los Angeles and is staying at the St. Francis.
- JOHN J. BYRNE, assistant passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe in Los Angeles, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Byrne.
- RAFAEL ZON, who is associated with the department of agriculture, is at the Stewart, registered from Washington, D. C.
- E. R. SKELLY, one of southern California's most extensive citrus ranchers, is at the Bellevue with Mrs. Skelly.
- OMAR J. HUMPHREY, who is engaged in shipping about Puget sound, is spending a few days at the Palace.
- J. F. OVERTON, a hotel man of Santa Rosa, is at the Setter with Mrs. Overton and Miss Gwendolin Overton.
- L. D. WINCHESTER, a broker of Los Angeles, is among yesterday's arrivals at the Turpin.
- JOHN KIRCHER, a mining engineer of Toopah, is at the Fairmont with Mrs. Kircher.
- H. H. TROWBRIDGE, an attorney of Los Angeles, is staying at the St. Francis.
- O. J. WOODWARD, a banker of Fresno, is registered at the St. Francis.
- JOHN C. HUFF, a broker of Los Angeles, is at the Stewart with Mrs. Huff.
- W. H. JOYCE, a broker of Los Angeles, is staying at the Palace.
- H. A. THOMPSON of New Orleans, G. M. Hamilton of Chicago, George C. Murphy of Porterville and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Williams of El Paso make up a group of yesterday's arrivals at the Manx.
- A. M. SLACK of the Tyre Rubber company is at the Bellevue for a few days before departing for the Orient and south seas on a business trip.
- M. L. DOER, who is associated with the department of the interior, is at the Palace with Mrs. Dorr. They will be here for several days.
- H. EDSON WEBSTER and Mrs. Webster and Mrs. L. A. Root of Buffalo have apartments at the St. Francis.
- W. H. KATTON, an attorney of Modesto, is here on business and is registered at the Palace.
- HEM C. HOLT, a manufacturer of New York, is at the St. Francis with J. F. S. Northcott of Stockton.
- D. P. OWEN, a furniture manufacturer of Minneapolis, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.
- GEORGE W. MORGAN, a well known attorney of New York, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Morgan.
- E. G. WILLIAMS, an electrical engineer of New York, is spending a few days at the Fairmont.
- CHARLES LEWERS and Mrs. Lewers of Reno are guests at the Setter.
- THOMAS PATTERSON, a banker of Fresno, is staying at the Palace.
- M. P. STEIN, a merchant of Stockton, is staying at the St. Francis.
- DR. AND MRS. A. E. STRONG of Riverside are at the Bellevue.
- DR. EDWARD HIRSELL of Portland is staying at the Stewart.
- DR. W. E. ADWIN of Modesto is registered at the Turpin.

Ferry Tales



WHEN, traveling in a far land, we bump unexpectedly into some one from home, we greet, shake hands and, in a chorus, remark: "Well, well! The world is a small place, after all." It never staggers a native son or daughter of the golden west to encounter another native at the summit of the Matterhorn, on the Strand, strolling through the sunlit streets of Rome or in the breakers at Santa Cruz.

"I like the ferry tales," writes a fair commuter, "but I wish you would warn people against talking so freely on the boats about absent friends. A few days ago two women behind me spent half an hour discussing some relatives of mine. They didn't know me, and I didn't dare turn around to see whether or not I knew them. I learned that my cousins had been 'brought up like rabbits,' that the reason for the success which is now theirs was that their parents had entirely neglected their education, and that they had gone out into the world with minds as open as they were empty."

"To their credit I will say that they spoke in kindness and that every slam was modified by a pat on the head for the victim." They used names, dates, and places, and all this in the hearing of probably 20 people, every one of whom might have been as interested as I was, as the family is particularly well known.

Far be it from me to discourage this frank and open exchange. The trip across the bay would be dull, indeed, if the travelers left their little hammers at home; and, furthermore, where would the ferry tales come from? As a mark of appreciation for your kind words about the ferry tales, your warning is here reproduced in full, and at the same time an invitation is extended to other commuters to make use of this column in easing their minds of similar burdens.

Another correspondent wants to know if I can not do something to discourage Bill Donnelly from smoking cubed cigarettes on the 3 o'clock narrow gauge ferry steamer. I wish I could do something in this case, but the man who will smoke cubed for pastime can not be discouraged. If that kind of cigarette won't do it, nothing that I could say or do would.

They are telling this story on an Oakland commuter whose name will not be divulged, lest he be pestered with the attentions of the recruiting agents for the vaudeville houses. When he told a friend, the manager of an Alameda county brewery, that he would like to get a keg of beer from the brewery, the friend said:

"Sure! Drive up there Sunday. Tell the foreman that I said it would be all right. I'll tell him, anyway. Have it on me."

He went to the brewery the following Sunday. The foreman rolled out the keg and lifted it into the buggy. The Oakland man was about to drive away, when the foreman held up his hand.

"Just a minute," he said. "There's no charge for the beer, but you will have to leave \$2 for the keg. We can't break that rule. You'll get your money back when the keg is returned."

"Two dollars! No, sir! I got a better scheme than that. Lend me a faucet, and I'll drink it right here!"

A few years ago Harry Gordon was the victim of the old practical joke of the advertisement asking for "dogs of any kind" to be left at his home and place of business. It was a cruel joke, but Gordon had the last laugh. When he got over the first shock of that canine invasion he turned it to advantage. He wanted a dog, anyway, and from the motley collection offered for his inspection he selected one that pleased his fancy. On the ferry boat the other morning somebody recalled the practical joke and reminded Gordon of the fury that overcame him when his attention was called to the ad in a morning newspaper.

"That's all right," said Gordon, "but you fellows did a better job than you intended. I got the dog I wanted out of that same bunch, and here is what she and her three sons brought me this year."

And Gordon produced four blue ribbons and the credentials that went with them. He also took pains to explain that among the dogs his dogs had beaten was one belonging to the perpetrator of the practical joke.

What He Paid For Patient—But, doctor, you are not asking \$5 for merely taking a cinder out of my eye? Specialist—Er—no. My charge is for removing a foreign substance from the cornea.—Boston Transcript.