

The Intent of the Charter Makers Is Upheld by Judge Seawell

COMMISSIONERS Spiro and Donohoe must stand trial before the mayor. In vacating the order to show cause directed to the mayor and in sustaining the mayor's right to prefer and to hear charges against commissioners, Judge Seawell simply translated into precedent the plain intent of the framers of the charter.

The Call has at this time no comment to make upon the truth or falsity of the charges. Let that wait until the testimony is in. We do not feel called upon to rush to the conclusion that the accused are guilty or that they are innocent; though we confess that this journal's confidence in the mayor's rectitude, truthfulness and caution is great. It would indeed be surprising if the facts, when put in evidence, did not sustain the dismissal of the commissioners. This, however, is in decency a matter for the mayor's determination, after a fair hearing, and not at all a proper subject of a guessing contest.

The meat of this nut, which Judge Seawell has so satisfactorily cracked, is the determination of the powers of the mayor under the charter. Undoubtedly the charter makers meant a mayor to exercise this identical power of hearing and removal. But it is not always the well known intent of the law makers which is read into a statute by the law courts. So that the city is entitled to felicitate itself upon the finding of the court in this case.

The charter is our constitution; and precisely as our first national government wandered in labyrinths of doubt until the light of the great first chief justice's luminous decisions shone in upon its path, so, in a smaller way, the duties and powers and obligations of the chief magistrate of this city are bound to be in debatable uncertainty until the courts have illumined and made them clear and certain.

From this point of view, Judge Seawell's decision is one of importance; and in fixing at least one landmark at the widest limit of the charter framers' intent, the court has conferred a great benefit upon this community and materially strengthened the cause of good government.

We are in no long time to be introduced to all the world, coming to see us with curious and critical eyes, and it is a consummation to be earnestly hoped for that our municipal house shall be swept, garnished and made clean and inviting for the thousands upon thousands of guests.

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE Pasadena Daily News, a strong and more than usually well edited journal, says in regard to its support of Governor Wilson; and in reference to some other matters:

At first our old time republican readers were inclined to resent this secession, but gradually they have seen the true philosophy of our course, and many of our former caustic critics are now found openly endorsing Governor Wilson's candidacy, while hundreds are tacitly favoring the democratic nominee as the best way to rebuke the bull mace theft of the republican machinery of the state. We have not hesitated to denounce the folly of playing into the hands of the Lissner-Johnson party by weakly placing Taft electors on the ticket by petition, a suicidal course that could result only in giving aid and comfort to the third party leaders. It is, in fact, precisely what Lissner is trying to bring about. The more astute republicans in San Francisco and the north are not to be so trapped, and have rejected such a proposal.

Prominent in the state in support of Taft has been The San Francisco Call, an ably conducted newspaper, in many respects the most satisfactory of all the dailies of the northern metropolis. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, it has finally determined to desert so palpably hopeless a cause, and is now calling upon all republicans to vote for Wilson in order to rebuke bolters and factional treachery.

With The Call it seems to be the acceptance of a situation it did not seek and could not prevent. Rather than assist in the turning over of the state to Roosevelt and the third party, it advises resorting to all honorable political means to put a decisive end to his demagogic tactics, and in getting behind Wilson's candidacy is the most logical way of accomplishing the defeat of the bull mace aspirants. Of course, there can be no doubt on that score. It has been our argument ever since the Baltimore convention. Only we support Wilson on principle, believing his election is for the best interests of the country and more to be desired than the triumph of either Taft or Roosevelt.

There is inaccuracy in this statement, doubtless unintentional. The Call has not deserted President Taft's cause as hopeless. It has not deserted President Taft at all, and is strong and unshakable in its advocacy of his re-election. Personally, I believe that in the existing circumstances a vote for Taft electors, running under the humiliation of being outside the republican column and the republican name, would be simply a half vote for Roosevelt electors, running under a stolen name and in a stolen column. That is my individual opinion, and I know it is sound politics.

UP in Redding there is a weekly publication called the Headlight, or some such name—the important journal's cognomen has really slipped recollection for the moment—and here is a clipping from it sent down by the exchange editor:

"He is not only fit at this moment to be president; he is fit at this moment to be a great president," said Theodore Roosevelt of Governor Hiram W. Johnson of California.

Suppose you look at this in the most sordid and cynical way possible. Forget the honor of it and the glory of it; the cause of human liberty and human welfare; forget the tyrannies that are shaken and the miseries that are lightened. Be as superficially contemptuous as you like of ideals and enthusiasms, and measure all things with the booster's arrogant stupidity. How much is that advertisement worth to the prospective unearned increment on your real estate? How much could the Chamber of Commerce afford to contribute toward it as promotion literature? How many extra admission tickets will it sell to the world's fair? How much will it hasten the rehabilitation of retail sales in San Francisco, or promote the perennial town lot boom of Los Angeles? Is it not, even from that dull and sordid measure, worth thirty-five days' wages of Governor Johnson?

There are souls petty enough to measure things by these standards. Such souls you can understand. They are small enough to be at least visible. But what compound microscope could reveal the infinitesimal specks that take the place of souls so petty that they can not value even this service to California—such a soul, for instance, as animates The San Francisco Call?

"Mons genuit," and so forth. Human liberty, human welfare, shaken tyrannies, lightened miseries, honor, glory, enthusiasms, ideals, real estate, fair tickets, town lots, Hiram and The Call! Those Shasta county roadhouses must certainly keep amazing brains.

SP EAKING of the Kansas senatorial fight, the Los Angeles Times remarks:

The Times is not advised whether Stubbs or Curtis is a progressive. Brother, the information is yours for the asking. Curtis or Stubbs is. No, no—not at all; you're perfectly welcome.

A MASKED robber cruelly and mortally shot Charles N. Kirkbride, city attorney of San Mateo. The Bulletin is thus afforded another excellent opportunity to preach one of its edifying and uplifting sermons upon the triumph of purely industrial crime over the savage "wolves of the law." Up with the red flag!

L AST summer Mr. Roosevelt told the mill workers in Massachusetts that it was his purpose, if elected, "to put the man above the dollar."

Speaking to these same men, Mr. Taft said: "The next time a demagogue tells you that he purposes 'to put the man above the dollar,' ask him what he means and how he purposes to do it." Monday night in Los Angeles Mr. Roosevelt after some months possibly spent in searching the scripture, triumphantly retorted that the demagogue who used the phrase was Abraham Lincoln. He got the expected cheer.

Mr. Roosevelt's worshippers will have to search a long time before they find that expression, or any similar expression in the sense he used it, in the writings or speeches of Abraham Lincoln. The colonel, as usual, had a playactor's point to make, and did not

Unmoved



let a small matter like the truth stand in the way of getting a hand.

Mr. Roosevelt is fond of quoting Abraham Lincoln. It pleases him to be mentioned in comparison with that great and heroically simple soul. It is indeed an odious comparison to those who reverence the memory of that magnanimous, that pure, that unselfish, that loving and lovable character, and that far sighted and sure footed and capacious and lofty and splendid intellect which dwelt in beautiful and wholly admirable union in the great brain and the great heart of the beloved and revered Lincoln. But it suits, it seems, both the estimate which Mr. Roosevelt puts upon himself and the estimate put upon him by some of his followers.

They might, with profit to themselves, and with a fairer adjustment of their estimates of the two, do well to read with attention the messages, the state papers and the addresses of the great president in comparison with the political writings and speeches of Mr. Roosevelt. The descent from the heights of the genius and the patriotism of the one to the level of the politics of the other is indeed a long, downward flight.

I would particularly suggest to the young men and young women, anxious to obtain a just comprehension of the fundamental basis of free and permanent government, that they read the noble utterances in which Mr. Lincoln voiced his faith and trust in the efficacy of the constitution and the representative system of government handed down to us by the fathers, and his equally profound distrust of the very proposals which Mr. Roosevelt is presenting as panaceas for all national woes and as infallible harbingers of the millennium.

Mr. Lincoln was never vague. He grappled with every question honestly, and his lucid and powerful intellect delighted to make clear, in every detail, his views of each problem and the specific legislation which he thought good. There was information in every sentence of his frank and sincere and instructive addresses.

On the other hand, I think it absolutely fair to say that Mr. Roosevelt does not in his current campaign speeches contribute one single sentence of definite, specific information as to the legislation proposed in his platform. His addresses are glittering and high sounding generalities. He talks much of economic policies these days, in a vague way. But he never formulates one. The single tax is in his platform. He has not even so much as mentioned it. Yet it is by far the most far reaching economic revolution ever proposed, unless one excepts the revolutionary proposals of socialism or of anarchy.

The single tax abhors all tariffs, revenue and protective, yet Mr. Roosevelt advocates a protective tariff while standing on a single tax platform, and knows so little of economics that he does not perceive the absurdity of upholding two diametrically opposite economic theories.

As a politician, an actor, a press agent and a vote getter Mr. Roosevelt has never had his equal in American politics.

As a thinker, an economist and a statesman he is in a very ordinary class indeed. He ranks with Coin Harvey, a little above our own profound Johnson and a little below General Weaver, that wild eyed prophet of the prairies who once set the progressives of his day frantically cheering by the comprehensive proposal to make everybody rich by printing paper money faster than it could be spent.

Mr. Lincoln's place in history is considerably above either of these regenerators of society.

THE Bakersfield Californian has a contributor who thus ardently comes to the support of a candidate for a local office and incidentally indicates the cause of the little brown men's friend:

Editor Californian: I am much grieved that some otherwise very good newspapers should make credit that Honorable Roosevelt have say republican party is dead folks. Have not Honorable Roosevelt, who is greatest statesman in America, leave republican party, and does not that make corpse? Is there argument against that?

I am say in former letter Honorable Doctor Cleese should be victor so can cure old party. But I am fear now honorable doctor can not do. If Honorable Roosevelt say is dead folks, honorable doctor can not cure. Still, I am support honorable doctor with much vigor so he may give assistance when we hold what you call autopsy. And am sure he will perform with much pleasure, for honorable doctor is strong supporter of Honorable Roosevelt. I am therefore say "Banzai!" for honorable doctor. Very truly,

JAPANESE STUDENT.

MR. HEARST'S newspaper runs daily, in large type, the announcement, "The Examiner will support Woodrow Wilson."

Under this heading its brightest special writers spread detraction and defamation of Governor Wilson through columns of type. Mistaken persons accuse Mr. Hearst of inconsistency. But his jewelry is never disarranged nor its peculiar luster tarnished. He can be depended upon, with absolute confidence, to have a knife always in his sleeve and a pistol ready to fire from the first convenient dark alley.

The Husbandman

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THE poor downtrodden granger of whom we used to hear has been a blooming stranger for many a golden year. The artists once portrayed him as one by sorrow seared; in scare-crow rags arrayed him, put birds' nests in his beard; he was a figure funny. And when he went to town it was to borrow money to hold his mortgage down. And now the western farmer is quite a Sunny Jim; he's no view-with-alarming, there are no flies on him. He comes to town a-tearing in gorgeous motor car; boiled linen he is wearing, he smokes a real cigar. His wife is amply laden with raiment fair to see; his daughter, blooming maiden, just clanks with jewelry. And all for which they hanker the old man buys in town; before the village banker no more he knuckles down. Gone are the ancient galleys that once adorned his chops; when he's in town he always goes to the barber shops; weighed down with golden pieces, he meets the village swells; he wears the front of Croesus and feeds at good hotels. No more the hayseed's tramping his weary way upon, or at the poor farm camping—another landmark gone!

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Woe's Mason

A Winner  
It was at the dinner table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother: "Do have another piece of pie, William." "Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good, I believe I will have another." "Ha, ha—mother's a winner!" said little Frank, excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself."—Harper's Magazine.

Just One  
"Do you dye whiskers?" "Yes," answered the barber. "Do they fool anybody?" "Seem to fool the man that wears 'em."—Kansas City Journal.

Poor Pay  
Autoist—I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the 10 months I've had it. Friend—So the man who did the repairs told me.—Boston Transcript.

The Test  
Our notion of tact is keeping a friend after said friend has purchased an automobile.—Atchison Globe.

Ferry Tales



NEVER deceive your wife! You're bound to be caught at it sooner or later, as the following ferry tales will illustrate. One deceiver was caught red handed. The other will be exposed as soon as his wife sees this.

The deceiver who was found out is William Downs, chief statistician to the Chamber of Commerce. William has been trying to convince himself and his wife that he has stopped smoking. Not exactly stopped, you know, but has cut down the indulgence to a negligible quantity—two cigars a day at the very outside.

The truth must be told, however, that Downs, though a statistician of undoubted skill, has lost the power to count beyond two where cigars are involved. What's the use of being a statistician if one can't juggle a bit with figures? William and his wife were crossing the bay the other day. He had just been saying how much better a fellow felt without cigars. His wife agreed with him; she could almost detect in his cheek a dimple that had appeared as the result of his "abstinence." Yes, it is a whole year since Downs "stopped" smoking. Such was the situation when a friend stepped up.

"Why, it is you after all," said the friend. "I thought it was you when you came aboard the boat, but I said to myself, 'No, that can't be Downs; he hasn't a cigar in his mouth. Don't think I ever saw you before without one.'"

Having exposed Downs so cruelly, it is only right that the curtain be drawn on what followed and attention directed to the other deceiver.

They have been married about a month, and she is so determined to save that she insists upon doing the cooking. This in spite of the fact that her education in the culinary art when she married was limited to a course of lectures—of which she missed more than half—on domestic science. She gets her ideas from the Sunday newspapers and trusts for her technique to her remembrance of dilettante dealings with acids and alkalis, test tubes, crucibles, mortars and pestles and the chemical laboratory at college.

Her husband invited a friend from the city to dine with them last Sunday. The dinner—as all means of identification are omitted, I can not be as frank as the guest was—as was as nerve as the guest was hungry. The only sustenance he derived was from a piece of cake that hubby had purchased on his way home Saturday.

The guest excused himself as soon after dinner as decency would permit and made his way to a restaurant he had noted on his way to the New-Yorks suburban home. The waiter was slow in filling his order and he had just begun to eat when he heard a familiar voice at the table behind him saying:

"Bring me the largest sirloin steak you have in the house, and be quick about it!"

He turned around and found himself facing the blushing countenance of Mr. Newlywed. An uncomfortable interval was followed by a laugh, in which both joined.

"I'm awfully sorry, old man," said Newlywed, "but she's so darned proud of her cooking that I haven't the heart to tell her how awful it is. She insisted on my inviting you, and I'd jollied her so much about what a fine cook she was that I didn't dare say a word. Walter! Serve my steak at this other table and give me both checks!"

Walter Wood, prince of Nimrods, has fallen from grace and the grief among such of his fellow commuters as gloried in his love of the chase is deep and bitter.

Wood is not only a crack shot, but he knows as much about the habits of the wild duck as he does about the lumber trade and that means all that is worth knowing. He knows where to find ducks and when to find them. Every cartridge in his belt, during the season, means a bird. He can teach any chef in the land how to cook a duck, and no waiter can show him anything about carving one.

With a record like this in the world of sport, Wood has taken up the game of golf. He spends all his spare time at the Claremont Country club and has become such a fan that his friends are beginning to be afraid that the duck season will find him still shiningy gutta-percha balls over the Claremont hills.

"The trouble is," said one of them the other day, "that he is leading other good fellows astray. He's got Vernon Hardy nutty over the game, and only the other day I heard Miller Hotchkiss say that if a good sport like Walter Wood would fall for it there must be something good in golf. Jack Buck tells me that Wood is thinking of converting his shooting place at Ingomar into a golf links."

Meanwhile Wood is acquiring a new vocabulary, a line of profane language that can be used in the presence of ladies, and is nursing an ambition to do the course at Claremont in eighty.

The Easy Way  
Woodrow Wilson claims to be a great admirer of the Kaiser. If he is after the German-American vote he need only to say he thinks Hans Wagner far superior to Ty Cobb.—Southern Lumberman.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

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

THIS is the birthday of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was the first of the mighty Johnsons who have speckled history and are even at this minute congesting political tickets, the magazines and the sporting sections with their achievements.

Dr. Johnson was born in England in 1709, and this was about as far as his parents helped him along his way. He grew up with more patches than advantages and struggled on until the age of 28 in great poverty, fitting himself for a literary life by living on one meal a day. When he had learned to live on hope and an occasional loaf of bread, he went to London and began to produce literature. There was at that time a ready market in London for hogs, cattle, tripe, fish, wood, butter and Yarmouth bladders, but nobody had any use for literature and Johnson lived on yesterday's breakfast and tomorrow's prospects for many years, producing novels and dictionaries on piece work pay and learning to dodge a bill collector or a constable with an almost incredible deftness. In 1762, his merits were recognized by a powerful nobleman and he was granted a pension which was equivalent to writing a best seller in these days.

Johnson lived thereafter in great comfort and at the top of his voice for many years, producing books profusely and arguing many hours a day on a vast number of topics while surrounded by admiring friends. He was a ponderous man with a two acre face, several chins and a great shaggy voice, with which he used to blow his opponents out of range with a mighty blast of percheron adjectives.

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"First of the mighty Johnsons who have speckled history."

tives, thus closing every argument. He was famous for his knowledge of the English language and could at a minute's notice define any two syllabled word in two dozen words of nine syllables each. His debates and sayings were faithfully reported by Boswell, who was his Jacob Riis, and Boswell's life of Johnson is more famous than anything which Johnson himself wrote. In fact, Johnson was made immortal not by what he wrote, but by what Boswell wrote of him, which shows that we of the present have much to learn from the press agents of the past.

Owing to the deplorable gap of 150 years between Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt, a debate between these two men can not be arranged and the world will never be privileged to hear a collision between these two invincible vocabularies.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

D. S. SNODGRASS, former chief justice of the supreme court of Tennessee, arrived in this city yesterday and registered at the St. Francis. Judge Snodgrass said he was delighted with California, and especially with San Francisco. He said he might make his home here. He visited relatives in Berkeley yesterday.

H. G. FLINT, a banker of Sierra Madre; W. H. Hills, a jeweler of San Diego; O. P. Beyers, a druggist of Angels Camp, and W. L. Wilson, a physician and surgeon of Turlock, are among yesterday's arrivals at the Argonaut.

COLONEL JOHN C. BLACK, president of the United States civil service commission, arrived in San Francisco yesterday from Washington, D. C., and is at the Fairmont.

W. F. DALY of Washington, D. C., who is connected with the United States treasury department, arrived here yesterday and is registered at the Manx.

NOYES SPRINGER, for many years connected with big mining companies of Mexico, arrived at the Union Square yesterday from Mazatlan, Mex.

LOUIS J. LOUBENS of Mexico City is at the Stewart, accompanied by Mrs. Loubens. Loubens has extensive mining interests in Mexico.

E. D. TENNEY, president of the Castle Cook company, a big sugar concern of Honolulu, is registered at the Bellevue.

JOHN CHARLES KING, president of the Hanford and Lake Summit railway, is registered at the Dale.

G. D. LUYKIN, cashier of the First National bank of Walluku, is in the city on a vacation trip.

OSCAR DANIELSON, a retired banker of Chicago, and wife are stopping at the Court.

J. M. DEMPSEY, a Portland capitalist, and wife are among the arrivals at the Turpin.

E. O. MCGRATH, a mining man of Nevada, is among the arrivals at the St. James.

R. DUNNEVEYER and wife of Glen View, Cal., are stopping at the Sutter.

PEER MUSTO and his two debutante daughters arrived from Stockton yesterday and are staying at the St. Francis. Among other arrivals at the St. Francis yesterday were George L. Wilson of New York city and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bliss of Tahoe. Bliss is manager of the Tahoe hotel.

C. E. SHOWALTER, a St. Louis fruit man, is at the Stanford.

GEORGE MORCON of Manila is among the guests at the Arlington.

Abe Martin



Cameo Bud, who has just returned from an exploring expedition, reports seeing a feller wearin' a Prince Albert coat an' a white lawn tie in one o' th' apparently settled river counties. He says that one o' th' party got within fifty feet o' th' feller. County fairs are in full blast—light shoes an' starch.

The Easy Way  
Woodrow Wilson claims to be a great admirer of the Kaiser. If he is after the German-American vote he need only to say he thinks Hans Wagner far superior to Ty Cobb.—Southern Lumberman.