

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

It is impossible to contemplate the governor's action in commuting the punishment of George Figueroa without indignation. I say the governor's action advisedly, for Wallace is a mere figurehead—a manikin who jumps as Johnson pulls the string. And three times Figueroa has been reprieved by Johnson himself.

This inhuman and abhorrent beast had been married but a month to a young girl—by all the evidence a virtuous and good girl—when he brought home a drunken companion and attempted to force his wife to submit herself to the other loathsome brute. She resisted with sobs and anguished entreaties, and was beaten, kicked and then shot to death. Her innocent blood as it ran from her wounds cried to God and to man for retribution. A crime so hideous, so brutal, so awful has seldom been committed.

It seems incredible that the most perverted mind could find a shadow of apology or sympathy for this abhorrent assassin. But we have fallen upon times of unreason. Hysteria and sentimentality have routed sense. The evil teachings of a school of journalism which apologizes for crime and glorifies criminals have had their effect upon weak minds, which lose all sight of justice and the preservation of society, and make account only of the promptings of a foolish, wicked sentimentality, that can not endure to see crime suffer its penalty.

This atrocious and indefensible commutation of Figueroa's punishment should spur every voter to do everything possible to defeat the abolition of the death penalty. Go to the polls and vote as you should. We will not always have a state executive subservient to a newspaper edited in sympathy with anarchists, assassins and Figueroas. Such beasts must not be made sure by statute of the immunity which they can now have only by the action of a governor defying every sentiment of decency and the indignation of the whole people. Let us make sure that the abhorrent Figueroas of a future time will at least stand in some danger of suffering the penalty of death which such beasts deserve by the just laws of God and man.

THE wrath of Colonel Roosevelt was stirred to white heat at Springfield and Joplin, Mo., by the sight of voters wearing Taft badges. He denounced them as "dishonest men, unfit to associate with honest men." He asserted that any one who wore such a badge had "a yellow streak," and "stood on a level with the receiver of stolen goods."

That is certainly a dignified and becoming manner of discussing national questions. That is surely a fair and manly acknowledgment that citizens of a free country may honestly and in good faith hold opposite political opinion. That is the sort of language to elevate an American presidential campaign in the eyes of the peoples of other nations.

Both the colonel and his understudy, Governor Johnson, have become unusually bitter and reckless in their speeches within the last few days. The truth is that the third term party's campaign has collapsed in all the great states of the east. It is clear enough now that it will end in a ridiculous fiasco in November. And Roosevelt and Johnson are beside themselves with disappointment. Rage has overthrown prudence and even ordinary decency of language. They act more like men infuriated than like men who have appeals to make to the sober judgment of their fellow citizens.

The least consideration should show Mr. Roosevelt that many millions of his countrymen will vote for Mr. Taft, even if a majority do not. And it is neither true nor fair nor manly to stigmatize these millions of respectable American citizens as thieves and "receivers of stolen goods."

Nothing reveals more clearly the unfitness of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Johnson for the high and dignified offices to which they aspire than the intemperate, unjustifiable and vulgarly abusive language in which they constantly indulge toward their fellow citizens who do not agree with them. Out of their own mouths comes the most powerful argument against their election.

THE California League of Municipalities, now in session in Berkeley, has a formidable program outlined for discussion. Upon two conclusions the members are pretty well agreed. They believe that charter amendments should be made more difficult and that more stringent regulation of the recall, initiative and referendum should be accomplished.

It was inevitable that a reaction against these measures should come. They were taken up with enthusiasm and adopted in haste, and are as much of a nuisance in their present form as they will be a benefit when properly restricted and employed.

For two years we have had a perfect hysteria of politics, and common sense has found its only refuge from the foolish din in the tall timber. But sober reason always asserts itself after such spasms, and the outcome will doubtless be a sensible restriction of this kind of legislation to its proper objects, probably to the conduct of county and municipal affairs under restraint which will not permit abuse and misuse of the appeal to popular vote.

In the long run our people come to their senses and do the reasonable and right thing, and the outcome of these seasons of hysteria is usually a considerable good to the state. But while they last, it is pretty hard to reason with some folks, and the demagogue certainly does make his hay.

"WE propose to pass prosperity around," says the colonel. So does Debs.

THE extent to which the bull moose cult affects even the ordinary obligation to state facts correctly is well illustrated in the last number of the Literary Digest—a magazine which pretends to give an impartial resume of current happenings and opinions.

The Digest, in common with all the periodicals which have an interest in revenging themselves upon President Taft for his proposal to make them pay higher postal rates, is bull moose in its sympathies and invariably selects quotations from exchanges which will set Mr. Roosevelt's eccentric tactics off to the best advantage; but is a rule facts are not distorted.

In the number dated September 14, however, the Digest deliberately falsifies the result of the California primary, stating that the "progressives" carried a majority of the congressional districts; whereas, as we all know there were seven regular Taft republicans nominated, two noncommittal, and two straight out bull moosers in a total of 11 districts. And in the two large districts in which the best of the bull moose leaders ran, they were decisively beaten by Joseph R. Knowland and Charles F. Curry on the straight issue of party regularity.

It is pretty small business on the part of a professedly nonpartisan review so to misstate facts, and to cite a congressional primary in which the bull moosers were routed completely as a cheering indication that this state has ratified the desperate and dishonest attempt to steal the electoral vote. Californians can judge from this how much importance to attach to the claims of the bull moose gains in the east, exemplified by the assertions of bull moose organs that he colonel won a great victory in Vermont, whereas his candidate on a bad third, polling but 15,000 votes, as against 26,000 republican and 20,000 democratic votes.

THE best informed eastern newspapers agree that the defeat of woman's suffrage in Ohio was due to the folly of the leaders in identifying the cause of suffrage with the Roosevelt campaign. Naturally republicans and democrats voted against the measure. Thousands of these votes would have been cast for equal suffrage, if the men who cast them would not consent to appear to endorse the bull moose in any way by their votes.

In the states in which the women have won their rights, they

Getting Even

Harry Murphy



have done so by appealing to the men of all parties—and getting votes from men of all parties. It is amazing that such women as Miss Addams and Mrs. Gerberding can not see that the moment they identify equal suffrage in the mind of the average voter with support of any single party, bull moose or other, they drive away the help of all voters of other parties.

As the independent New York Herald says, "the blight of Rooseveltism" killed suffrage in Ohio. And the New York World sensibly says:

If the suffragists permit themselves to be bass drummed into the third party camp they will make two enemies for every friend they gain. They will create new antagonisms for themselves instead of overcoming the old prejudices they have sought to overcome. They can not use Mr. Roosevelt to secure woman suffrage, which is a state issue, not a national issue, but he will use them for campaign purposes.

It is not progressives only that the woman suffragists need to convert, but democrats, republicans and progressives. They will not gain republican support by attacking Mr. Taft, and they will not win over democrats by opposing Governor Wilson. Roosevelt politics is the last game in which they should engage if they purpose accomplishing practical results.

That is the plain common sense of the matter. Without the votes of a lot of us republicans and democrats, California women would have had no suffrage. And they should remember that Governor Johnson gave them no aid; that here in San Francisco and Alameda county, where the bull moosers had a majority, the amendment was heavily voted against; that it had but a narrow majority in Los Angeles, where they say their prayers to the colonel's images; and, finally, that the votes which saved the day came in from the valley and mountain counties in which the bull moose was decisively defeated.

If the suffragists haven't gratitude enough to help those who helped them, common political sense ought to keep their leaders from taking the stump to aid two candidates who, actively or passively, were opposed to them a few months ago. And that is exactly where Theodore Roosevelt and Hiram Johnson stood in the suffrage question no longer ago than last October.

Noted Engineer Outlines Suggestion For Expansion of San Francisco The Commercial Needs of the Metropolis

By JOHN T. FLYNN, Harbor Engineer, Mission Promotion Association

Editor Call: If San Francisco is to derive any permanent benefit from its \$5,000,000 public expenditure, and its \$7,500,000 private contribution to the fair, it must not only make provision for the entertainment of the visitors to that great exposition, but provision for retaining a number of those visitors after the fair is over. In order to do that, ample provision must be made for the shipping which is certain to follow the completion of the Panama canal, and the preliminary steps taken for establishing the industrial and manufacturing enterprises upon which that shipping must necessarily subsist.

As a general proposition, it may be said, that San Francisco's commercial life began at the water's edge, when San Francisco bay furnished moorings for nearly 600 ships. And the advantages of the great waterway upon which it is located are no less important today, as a factor in commercial development, than they were in 1850.

With all of the shore line from the Presidio to Fort Mason given over to the fair, with a certainty that its permanent use will be confined more or less to the high class needs of that growing section, after the fair, it is apparent that whatever provision is made for the great shippers, docks, stock yards and industrial plants, must be made on the south shores of the bay, ultimately extending beyond the San Mateo line. The first step in the direction of these improvements has been taken by the acquisition of the India basin, which is capable of furnishing 10 miles of the finest dockage in the world, in addition to reclaiming hundreds of acres of tidelands for industrial and terminal purposes. As a natural and logical extension of this system, there should be provision made at once for a tunnel under Hunters point for the purpose of utilizing the now worthless mud flats of that section which are a menace to the health of the community and a physical impediment to the natural amalgamation of San Francisco and San Mateo counties.

While preparing the plans for the India basin inner harbor project two to the San Mateo county line.

Hay Fever

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

"Oh, I would amputate my head, if I possessed a cleaver or tomahawk or hand saw," said the victim of hay fever. His nose was colored so the boys mistook it for a beacon; profanely he kept up a noise that scared the village deacon. "I am so weak," he sadly sighed, "that I can scarcely totter; my face is though it had been fried, my eyes are running water. And every place I go I hear the politicians storming; they're pointing out the evils here and things that need reforming. I've heard of many public woes, but I have heard no duffer suggest a remedy for those who from hay fever suffer. The remedy's as plain as day, and might be used tomorrow; for congress should abolish hay, and thus relieve our sorrow. If government were managed right, we'd all be hale and hearty. Hay fever victims! Let's unite and start the Big Sneeze party!" Alas, our poor old government! It always needs a licking! There'll always be much discontent, protesting, roaring, kicking. Until the last soreheaded man his native sod is under, let government do what it can, it's bound to catch blue thunder.

Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams. Quack Doctors

Caused a Frost "What caused the coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged," he exclaimed. "His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note calling for 10,000 kisses."

Doubtful Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven. Said he: "I don't see why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will."—Tit-Bits.

A Useless Effort Governor Wilson announces that he has taken on seven pounds in weight since the nomination. It is no use. He can not hope to best President Taft in that way.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Nothing Left His look was the look of utter desolation. "My last friend," he exclaimed, "has just borrowed my last dollar!"—Puck.

MEMPHIS

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

MEMPHIS, the largest city between St. Louis and New Orleans, or Yokohama and Bagdad if you go straight east and west, was named after one of the most celebrated dead ones of history. Memphis, Egypt, hasn't had a fire or a street fair for 2,000 years and not even a patent medicine peddler would bother to tack up a sign on its site today. Memphis, Tenn., isn't 100 years old yet, but it is making more noise than Memphis, Egypt, ever did and will match its big bridge and the New Gayoso hotel against anything that old Memphis ever had.

Memphis is located in Tennessee by a narrow majority, being in the extreme southwestern corner, and conducts a general hand-shaking business with the south and west, by means of its great steel bridge over the Mississippi, the only bridge south of the Illinois. People come to Memphis to look at the tall buildings from Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi and a Memphis man in these states steps as high as a New York city man in New Jersey.

Memphis has 131,000 people and regards with intense indignation Birmingham, Alabama, which edged past it in the last census with 132,000. Memphis is the fourth city in size in the south and has three great missions—to saw up all the hardwood in Tennessee, to bale all the cotton along the Mississippi and to provide Arkansas with a place to which to escape.

There is a train over the bridge into Memphis every few hours, but when the Arkansas man has waded to the river bank he doesn't wait for a train—he comes over on the ties.

Winfield Hogaboom and W. Jefferson Davis, vice president of the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico railroad, arrived in San Francisco yesterday and are guests at the Palace. Among other arrivals at the Palace yesterday were Phoebe C. Sethna of Bombay, India, who is here on a business trip, and D. Rosenbath, wholesale druggist merchant of New York.

A. M. HESS and bride of New York City, both socially prominent in San Francisco, have been spending a part of their honeymoon in this city at the Fairmont. They leave today for the east.

F. F. ATKINSON, assistant district attorney of Sacramento, and Tucker Carrington, a young attorney of Cincinnati, are registered at the Stewart.

J. D. SMITH of Santa Cruz, George A. Arnold of Vacaville, F. H. Coner of Topeka, delegate to the Los Angeles E. A. R. convention, and C. D. Randall of Kernan, Cal., were among the arrivals at the Argonaut yesterday.

F. E. SHAW of Butte, Montana, W. J. O'Donnell, a banker of Chico, and Foster Rockwell, a mining promoter of Phoenix, Ariz., were among yesterday's arrivals at the Bellevue.

CHARLES GREEN, a salmon packer of Seattle, and E. W. Entrick, a real estate operator of Stockton, are guests at the Union Square.

A. J. MOORE, a capitalist of San Antonio, Tex., and wife, are among the recent arrivals at the Turpin.

MRS. W. E. NEWHALL, accompanied by Mrs. J. O. Kerman, is stopping at the Butler.

MRS. WALLACE GUGLIELMO of Austin, Tex., is among the arrivals at the Baldwin.

A. G. JACKSON of Napa is among the guests at the Harcourt.

O. G. HARRING and wife of Placerville are staying at the Columbia.

G. E. FERRY of Boston is a guest at the St. James.



"He comes over on the ties."

Memphis was a great city before the war and steamboats used to wait their turns at her levee, like men in a barbershop on Saturday night. Even now one may travel from Memphis to New Orleans, Cincinnati or St. Paul by steamboat if it is absolutely necessary for him to kill the time. The Mississippi river is forty feet deep most of the way from Memphis to the gulf and some day Memphis, or whatever they call themselves, will go to Panama without change of staterooms.

Memphis seceded with Tennessee in 1861 but came back with a rude jerk in 1862 when a naval battle was fought off her front doors and the Confederate fleet was demolished. It is now hustling, democratic and vociferous and is going to get third place in Dixie back from Birmingham in 1920, even if its Commercial club has to put a darkey on its safety valve.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

ROBERT J. KLEBERG of Kingsville, Texas, vice president of the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico railroad, arrived in San Francisco yesterday and registered at the St. Francis. Kieberg said that many residents of his district were already making plans to come to San Francisco in 1915. He predicts a great development of southwestern Texas with the opening of the canal.

A. M. SEWERS of Washington, D. C., Henry Strand of Cleveland, Ohio, and R. A. White and wife of Manila, were among yesterday's arrivals at the Marx.

Abe Martin



It would be a good thing for the public if some fellows could buy a speech in a store an' have it delivered. Most ever' girl has two fellers, one that she likes, an' one that spends his money freely.

Here is a ferry tale contributed by the crew of the Santa Fe steamer San Pedro, which plies between here and Richmond: Al Hansen, chief officer of the Santa Fe's flagship, is on leave. He made his last trip Saturday morning and Saturday afternoon attended a wedding in the capacity of bridesman. As he walked ashore from the San Pedro he was stopped on the apron by a special policeman, who informed him that he was "wanted in the office."

"What's the matter?" inquired Hansen.

"I don't know," said the policeman, who really didn't. "You are accused of something, and I was told to bring you in."

"What's this charge against me?" demanded the chief officer indignantly as he crossed the office threshold.

"You are accused," chorused the people assembled there, "of contemplating matrimony!"

They then soothed his ruffled feelings by presenting him with a chest of silver, the gift of the officers and men of the San Pedro and of the other Santa Fe employes engaged about the ferry depot.

Which was a pretty way of demonstrating the truth of the old adage of the silver that limes every cloud.

G. L. C.

Ferry Tales



DURING the compulsory leisure of a 15 minute wait for the next boat I formed part of an involuntary but an unwilling audience to a dissertation of domestic woe that is here reproduced for the light it may throw on the servant problem.

It was a sad story. Lady Bountiful had taken Susan, the Unappreciative, from an orphanage. In return for her board and lodging Susan for three years had swept and dusted, scrubbed floors and washed clothes and windows and in addition to keeping an eye on the Bountiful children had absorbed somewhat of Lady Bountiful's knack of cooking.

"She wasted a good deal of the time in the evenings," said Lady Bountiful, "reading and trying to teach herself shorthand, but as her work was always done promptly and efficiently, I couldn't very well object."

"For a girl in her walk of life she was rather particular about her clothes and had a perfectly absurd mania for bathing. But she managed so well that her personal indulgences did not interfere with the family, although how she did it I do not know. And then, just as I had her trained so that she was of some use and could be depended upon to take full charge of the house—we are figuring on going to Europe, you know, and wanted her to stay home and look after the children—she comes to me and says that she thinks she would like to take a position in a big department store."

"The ungrateful creature! It's all the work of a fool of a boy. He told her, she tells me, that she has executive ability of the kind big department stores are looking for. He told her he had told the head of his department about her. Told him how she handled all the work of a big house and found time for study. The manager, he said, was very much interested and wanted to have a talk with her. He told the boy that if she had done what he said, he had a job waiting for her that would be worth \$100 a month within a year. I think it's cruel to put such ideas in a poor girl's head. There I have trained that girl, and just as—"

The big doors opened at this point; somebody shouted "All aboard!" and I will never know what awful fate befell the ungrateful Susan. I hope, however, that she took the other job and that some day she and the boy will have a chance to tackle the servant problem on their own account.

To see Marshall B. Wallach dreamily doling out dollars from his case in the Flood building one would never associate the assistant treasurer of the Pacific Mail company with anything that could be described by the word swift. So leisurely, in fact, is the steamship company's paymaster that a Flood building tradition insists that his initials, M. B. W., stand for "must be weary."

This, however, is a libel. Ask the officials of the Northwestern Pacific and they will tell you that Wallach is altogether too speedy. They have felt this way about it since last Saturday, when Wallach, in his motor boat Glory—named after A. M. Garland's halo—made the fast ferry steamer Sausalito look like a floundering turtle.

The Sausalito is not the swiftest of the Marin ferries, but has no trouble in jogging along at 15 miles an hour, a speed that most of the gasoline launches on the bay are bound to respect.

On Saturday afternoon, in the glaring sunshine, when the Sausalito was crowded to the rails with homeward bound commuters, Wallach, who lives in Belvedere, put out from his island home in the Glory. He met the Sausalito off Alcatraz, where he about ship and ran alongside the panting ferry boat. For a few hundred yards, while Wallach exchanged greetings with some acquaintances on board, the boats ran side by side. Then a foolish deckhand inquired in bull moose accents whether the owner of the Glory wanted a tow to Sausalito.

Wallach leaned forward, touched a button and the Glory shot ahead like a torpedo. Between there and Sausalito the Glory performed three complete circles around that speeding ferry boat and disappeared behind the Belvedere point before the Sausalito had waded into its slip. No; there is nothing slow about Wallach.

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