

Reaction Running Strong in the President's Favor

A CAMPAIGN of misrepresentation, slander and malignant abuse has reacted as all such campaigns react, and the president is a much more formidable candidate than he was a few weeks ago.

Fair play is an inherent trait of the American character. The people, sooner or later, will accord a public man a square deal.

The public conscience is in revolt against the disgraceful abuse of this brave, patient and kindly man. A common feeling of resentment toward the low tone of the campaign of vilification waged against him begins to stir in every state.

Men say to one another that it is a shame to exhibit such a spectacle of rowdiness to the world; and they say, too, that the high office of the president of the republic should command decent respect at home, if the American government and people are to be respected abroad.

They add, significantly, that not once has Mr. Taft or his democratic opponent stooped to personalities, and that this tempest of dirt blows steadily from one quarter and one alone.

Then, too, men have begun to view the administration of Mr. Taft with reasonable eyes. They see that it has been an administration of little noise and much achievement. And they begin to ask themselves soberly why such an administration should be thrust out of office. In short, passion has begun to subside and common sense to resume command of the situation.

We used to pride ourselves that Californians stuck to a friend through thick and thin; and an ingrate was held meaner than a milkcan thief. But times have changed. The change is not calculated to make a man, careful and jealous of the state's honor, glow with pride, to say the least.

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE Boston Globe predicts that Straus will win in a waltz. Fiddle-sticks!

THE final proposition submitted to the United Railroads corporation by the supervisors is businesslike and fair. If the company will meet the city in the same spirit it will save itself a fresh increment of public impatience and anger.

No utility corporation in these days can afford universal ill will; and the ablest managers in the country are exerting themselves to promote good feeling instead of bad feeling.

The United Railroads has an opportunity to be fair and decent and it is to be hoped that the management will rise to that opportunity.

"I WON'T WORK" HAYWOOD asserts that he demands justice. It is to be hoped that he gets it.

THE eighth international congress of applied chemistry is in special session here, and right welcome the distinguished members are to San Francisco.

No single science has done so much for the comfort and happiness of men during the last five or six decades as the science of which these guests are the foremost exponents in the world.

To their labors, investigations, experiments and achievements we owe, in the last analysis, nearly all those mechanical inventions which distinguish the times in which we live as the most prosperous, abundant, comfortable and luxurious of all times.

It is an honor to play the part of gratified host to guests so useful, so honored and so distinguished.

THE leading eastern newspapers, without regard to party, continue to look upon our Hiram as a joke, and not a clever one. This, from the New York Times, gives a pretty fair notion of the value of the "advertising" California is suffering at present:

Hiram Johnson has made the mistake the second fiddle so often makes of thinking that he is playing the leading score. For example, when he was in Indiana the other day he "got cloudy" because the hospitable people of Indianapolis, much given to old-fashioned ways, asked him to ride in an interurban car while they were showing him off, and protested against the schedule prepared by "the imbecile committee."

That was too much for the committee on entertainment, and they took down the red and blue streamers and let Hiram "gang his own gait." Hiram was not cut out for this sort of work. He has made the blunder of supposing that he could wiggle his fingers in sign language, that he could do the mighty works of his impeccable leader; but he has found out that there is only one first violin and that he does not know how to play it. The modulations are too much for him. A knight in rustian is not a knight in steel.

THE announcement that the Southern Pacific company will install an electric transit system between this city and San Jose makes a cheerful noise.

Now, if some vigilant friend of the people can only devise some way to make the octopus' investment unprofitable, the cup of joy would indeed run over.

The enthusiastic welcome accorded to new lines of railway should always be tempered with a firm resolution to kick the promoters, investors and operators in the stomach at the first opportunity provided by an overruling and impartial providence.

A FEELING of disgust with the low tone of the third term campaign is becoming evident everywhere, though most markedly so in the eastern states. The dignified manner in which President Taft has borne himself under a storm of abuse and misrepresentation, and the good humored, yet forceful tone of Governor Wilson's public utterances, have set off the truculence, the claptrap and the cheap theatricals of Roosevelt and Johnson in sharp contrast.

The republican and democratic candidates appeal to intelligence, the third terms to prejudice and class hatred. As a matter of fact, the speeches of both Roosevelt and Johnson could be repeated word

Lest We Forget



for word by Debs and be certain of wild applause in any socialist gathering. The advantage of comparison is, of course, with Debs and his following, since they are frank and candid in their declarations, and leave no one in doubt of their purpose to incite and promote class warfare. They are at least perfectly honest.

THE San Diego Tribune complains that the Riverside Press has lied about it. But why complain about a bull moose organ ananiasing? Can the Ethiop change his skin or the leopard his spots? In the bright lexicon of the bull moose anybody who does not agree with that cult is a porch climber and a watch thief. That is the gospel, according to Theodore. And every true believer is bound to recite the creed at least once a day.

Quest for Loveliest of Lassies Why The Call Is Seeking Her

Who's the prettiest girl wage earner in San Francisco?

That's the spiciest question heard in the daily conversation of the city.

Everybody's asking it. Nearly everybody's trying to answer it.

The answers differ! That makes the fun!

It is a difference of opinion that promises to make this the most interesting search ever conducted for a certain pretty girl—the prettiest wage earning girl to be found.

Everybody knows by this time that the first bunch of photographs of pretty girl wage earners will be published in The Sunday Call next Sunday. That isn't all they know—they know that to one of those girls will be awarded the first beautiful watch.

Who'll get next Sunday's gold watch? Will it go to a stenographer, a saleswoman or a manicure? And will the girl who wins the first of the gold watches (one is to be awarded every Sunday) stand a good chance of winning the great trip to Honolulu?

They were discussing this very question in a downtown office yesterday. The cashier proposed to the bookkeeper that she allow her photograph to be sent to the Pretty Girl Editor of The Call.

"Oh, do you think I would stand a ghost of a chance?" she cried. Her face brightened and dimpled and her long lashed gray eyes danced with animation.

Every one in the office smiled. It was hard to believe that that girl bookkeeper could be unaware of her wonderful beauty. Her face was as clear cut and as perfect as a cameo.

It required a lot of argument and coaxing to get the girl to realize that she had a splendid chance to win The Call's gift of a trip to Honolulu. But in the end she consented and her picture lies now in the great pile of photographs on the Pretty Girl Editor's desk.

Judging from the number of pretty girl photographs that have found their way to the Editor's desk, it is not going to be an easy task for the jury of artists to decide just which one is the prettiest of all.

Each Sunday The Call will publish a number of these photographs, and the girl whose photograph is the prettiest of the group will find herself the owner on Sunday morning of a very handsome gold watch.

Just before Christmas a jury of well known artists will decide as to the prettiest of all the lovely photographs that are submitted, and that girl goes to and returns from Honolulu with all her expenses paid.

If you have a pretty friend, one that she takes her chance for this trip. If she has no photograph good enough to submit, see that she goes to one of the leading photographers of the city. The Call will see that the very best picture is made of her without any expense whatever to the sitter.

Send photographs, marked with the name, occupation and business or home address, to The Pretty Girl Editor, The Call, San Francisco.

The Sick Man

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

HAD some fell diseases; my backbone and my kneecaps were racked by bitter pain; and I had influenza, that drove me to a frenzy, and water on the brain. Oh, I had corns and bunions, and boils as big as onions, and in my eye a sty; I doubt if any sufferer could sit around and suffer more earnestly than I. I took the doctor's potion, his bitters by the ocean, his capsules by the peck; the neighbors heard my groaning, and often they were honing to come and break my neck. And then my Uncle Aaron came up and heard me swearin', and said: "You are a cheese; your noxious dope you drink of, and all you ever think of is just some old disease. The more you sit here grumbling about the spasms rumbling along your battered spine, the more your griefs will jar you, the more you'll weep and whine. Forsake your mildewed hovel, and go and take a shovel, and dig around for bait; forget to shake and shiver, forget your lights and liver, and get your smile on straight." There isn't much of hair on the dome of Uncle Aaron, but inside there is sense; he kept around me, scolding, until I quit blue mauling, and built a mile of fence. And when it was completed and I was tired and heated and soaked with honest sweat, I said: "My pains are banished! The last old ache has vanished! Oh, work's the one best bet!"

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Tragedies Told in Headlines "Mr. Ardup's Rich Uncle Entirely Cured of Dropsy." "Young Naval Officer, on Wedding Trip, Becomes Violently Seaside." "Florist Makes Scene by Dunning Handsome Actress for Big Bouquet." "Three Men on Bases; Gnat Flies in Bateman's Eye." "Reporter Sent to Panama to Roast Canal; Tells Truth and Loses Job." "His First Attempt at Umpring a Ball Game in Gory Gulch; Complains Loudly of Conditions in Hospital." "Awkward Mistake: Young Man Making Call Sends Up Card of Previous Renter of Evening Suit."—Chicago Tribune.

Looking Forward Husband—An once for all, don't talk to me about your first husband. Wife—All right, dear; we'll discuss what sort of a man your successor is likely to be.—Fliegende Blätter.

TENNESSEE

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

TENNESSEE is a layer of this glorious country about 450 miles long almost thin enough to spread with molasses and eat. It lies like a lid on Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, while Kentucky lies on top of it and helps keep the South solid by the cross-veneer method. Tennessee was settled 150 years ago, and has been a state in good standing since 1799, with a lapse of nine years from 1861 to 1870, when it failed to pay its dues and subscribe to the constitution and by-laws. Tennessee spent most of its energies in the civil war fighting itself, and fathers and sons went into opposite armies and shot each other full of lead with pious vim, which is still echoed in the political campaigns of the state, and makes a good stump speaker a poor insurance risk.

Tennessee has a large number of people, who raise corn, plant tobacco, dig it up again at night, and raise hogs which run wild in the woods and do not have the advantages of an agricultural college education. Eastern Tennessee is very mountainous and contains people who would climb a tree at the sight of an automobile or a bathtub. Western Tennessee is modern and contains Memphis, while central Tennessee contains most of the state history and Nashville, the capital. Tennessee is the only Southern state which contains two cities of adult size.

Tennessee was a fine state 100 years ago before immigration became popular, and produced many great men. For many years it was the fashion to elect Tennessee men president, and Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson all learned the political trade at Nashville. Of late, Tennessee has contained the youngest senator, the best fiddler in the senate. (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)



"Would climb a tree at the sight of an automobile or a bathtub."

and the only senator who has died on the street with his boots on in the last generation. Tennessee also contains Lookout Mountain, up which the Union troops climbed in 1863 without waiting for the elevator. It also contains the beautiful Cumberland river and several sections of the writhing Tennessee river, which flows through a country where ox carts still hold the speed records and the steamboat reigns supreme.

Tennessee has authors and night riders, young reformers and old ladies who smoke pipes, fine universities and log school houses, society leaders and mountain clansmen who would go out at night without a boiler iron vest. Some of Tennessee has gone backward in the last 100 years and some of it is years ahead, waiting for the rest of the world to catch up. The commercial clubs of Memphis and Knoxville are more active than the ash clubs of the hill billies, however, and Tennessee is marching on.

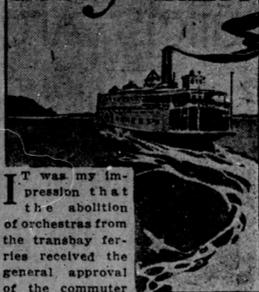
PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- EMMETT F. COOK of St. Joseph, Mo.; B. W. Sinclair of San Diego and Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Martin of Martinez and Mrs. and Mrs. H. A. Stever of Portland were among yesterday's arrivals at the Manx. J. E. CONVERSE, manager of a hardware company at Los Angeles, and Alex Gordon, state railroad commissioner at Sacramento, are at the Argonaut. S. W. FOSTER, an entomologist in the department of agriculture, is staying at the Stewart, registered from Washington, D. C. E. W. HEINTZELMAN, superintendent of motor power of the Southern Pacific at Sacramento, is staying at the Palace. B. C. FOUER, an automobile manufacturer of New York, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis. D. W. BURNS, who is extensively interested in the borax mines of Nevada, is at the Bellevue with Mrs. Burns. W. J. TWIST and wife of Portland, Ore., are among the recent arrivals at the Court. W. C. BROWN of Fallon, Nev., and Mrs. Brown are among the arrivals at the Stanford. THOMAS HENRY of Atlanta, Ga., is spending a few days at the Fairmont. F. A. HART, a lumberman of Raymond, Wash., is staying at the Fairmont. E. M. NICHOLS of Denver, Colo., is staying at the Columbia. ANDREW MARSHALL of Santa Rosa is registered at the Butler. F. F. OYS of Portland, Ore., is staying at the Baldwin. JUDGE DU PRICE of Imperial is registered at the Du.

Abe Martin

There's no eight hour day for the liver. Miss Tawney Apple has lost her position back of the toilet counter at the Trade Palace on account of a freckle. Jim McGill, Lou Weilmann and Charles Hanley were discussing the weather Monday morning. Hanley was sure it would rain. McGill said that it was impossible and Weilmann agreed with him that rain had never been known on September 30. After saying "rats," "pooh pooh," "a lot you fellows know about it," and otherwise showing his contempt for their meteorological wisdom, Hanley offered to bet that it had rained on September 30, but before the preliminaries could be arranged a sad-faced individual stepped up to the group. They were standing on the after deck of the Newark. "Gentlemen," he said, "pardon this intrusion. I overheard your argument and I want to say that it did rain, very heavily and all day on September 30, just 28 years ago!" "How do I know it?" They had jeered rather rudely at this marvelous feat of memory. "How could I ever forget it? It was my wedding day!" A little Berkeley girl and her mother were waiting for a Euclid avenue car. Mother, a U. C. graduate, was greeted by a member of the college faculty. "Why, how do you do? And this is the baby! My, but what a great big girl she is. I knew you, young lady," and here the professor leaned forward and adopted a confidential tone, "When you were just so big, let me see. You must be five-going on six?" "I am five-going on the car," said the young lady, and the professor straightened up and pretended not to see the blush that spread itself on mother's face. She shouldn't have blushed. We all do it. G. L. C.

Ferry Tales



IT was my impression that the abolition of orchestras from the transbay ferries received the general approval of the commuter brigade. Remember those orchestras? They played what was more or less music until the boat reached Goat Island, and devoted the rest of the trip to taking up a collection. The Southern Pacific orchestras were strong on harps, and that without suggesting anything celestial. When the Key route started its service each boat had its band. The bandstand still remains in the older boats, but the bands passed on a long time ago, and until yesterday I never heard a word of complaint. It was on a Key Route boat bound for the Alameda shore. He was a professor looking individual, with pinkish whiskers of liberal growth trimmed to suggest the mutton chop design that is said to be the latest fashion once more in dear old London. Rather a pompous individual, he loosed his oration to the memory of the ferry boat band into the ears of a meek little lady, who nodded her head mechanically every time he came to a full stop. "The Key Route," he said, "is a fine example of a monopoly—or, rather, of the way these aggressive aggregations of power do their grasping work. When the line started they had perfectly new boats, new cars, and on every boat an orchestra. The orchestra was the bait to catch the public. The public bit. The Key Route thrived, and then what did they do? They did away with the bands, but kept the bandstands there to delude the public into the idea that the orchestra was merely on a vacation. "And what is the situation today? They give you nothing but the ride. The service is good, but that's another trick to attract business. The boats and trains are clean and kept in good condition. This they do for the protection and preservation of their own property. No thanks to them for that. All you get for your money now is just the ride. It's the old, old story of corporate greed!"

I will say this for the friend of the orchestra: His delivery was good, but his power of observation was weak, or he couldn't have said those bitter words about the lack of entertainment. He was having a good time, but he didn't appreciate it. I was having a good time. When I wasn't watching the play of those whiskers I was listening to a man in overalls who sat next to the professor and whistled his way through the score of "Madame Butterfly" as oblivious to his surroundings as most commuters are to the fact that the Key Route ever operated a string of orchestras.

Beyond the whistler was a group of Portuguese women, homeward bound after an early morning shopping tour. One of them produced from a paper bag an immense pink hat. From another bag she took a large brown feather, a large green buckle, a bunch of imitation forget-me-nots of violent blue, and a length of metallic braid, which I am told must have been galloons. With the hat on her lap and with the united assistance of her countrywomen, she proceeded to trim that hat. They were not worrying about any old orchestra.

Next to the professor's immediate audience was another woman, armed with a fountain pen, busily addressing picture postals. Even in watching this innocent performance there was entertainment of a kind, for every few minutes she would forget that the weapon in her hand was not the hard leaded pencil that women seem to favor and would stick the point of the fountain pen in her mouth. There was a little stream of ink running down her chin before the boat reached the Key Route mole, but she got quite a lot of cards addressed. I am sure that she also had no tears to shed for the orchestra that was not there.

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