

# The Grave Danger That Threatens San Francisco

THE CALL invites the attention of the people of San Francisco to certain grave conditions affecting in the most vital way the future of this city. Incidentally, the matter is political, but primarily it is commercial and industrial.

In a word, there is serious danger that this port will be quite unable to handle the important increase of shipping that must inevitably follow the opening of the Panama canal. The fact is that the water front facilities are at the present moment quite inadequate to take care of the business that offers. Advance notes of the forthcoming report of the harbor commission admit as much.

From the information given out by the commission it appears that the shipping business of the port will show an increase of nearly 50 per cent for the last fiscal year and that by consequence the existing accommodations are insufficient to meet the demand in a satisfactory way. The belt railroad—operated, by the way, only six days a week—is quite unable to handle the freight, and there is a serious shortage of berthing room and freight space for ships and their freight. When the Tenyo Maru sailed on its last voyage it was compelled to go out with a short cargo because there were no facilities for handling the freight that offered.

These are facts given out semi-officially by the commission and they point to a grave condition, affecting the business of San Francisco in its most vital place. If things are as bad as that today, what may we expect when the shipping trade is doubled in consequence of the increased commerce of the Pacific coast that must inevitably follow the opening of the canal?

In two years or less ships will be coming through the ditch, and in the meantime the work of preparation halts and drags. Bonds to the amount of \$9,000,000 were voted two years ago, but the harbor commission fumbles and fuddles, having no time, apparently, for anything but ward politics. The water front is overrun with useless and superfluous employes, whose most important function is the service done for the state political machine.

These facts, which are not disputed, demonstrate the culpable inefficiency of the harbor administration under state control. In fine, the water front is not administered in the interest of the business of San Francisco, but merely as a political asset. As a result, San Francisco stands in danger of losing the business that should be hers were adequate preparation made to handle it.

It is not as if this port had no competitors for the coast trade. In Seattle, Los Angeles and elsewhere vigorous and effective efforts are making to seize the business that San Francisco can not take care of in a satisfactory way.

There is the further objection to the present control that the bonds issued on the state guarantee are not easily salable under the conditions prescribed. No 4 per cent bond finds a ready market today. Such securities are slow of sale, and concessions are demanded. The municipalities all over America have discovered this fact and they no longer think of offering securities at this low rate of interest. In consequence, the sale of state bonds hangs fire.

The remedy lies in giving the same measure of justice to San Francisco that the legislature has accorded to Los Angeles, Oakland and San Diego. If San Francisco is permitted, like those other cities, to administer its own water front, the work will be pushed with energy and there will be no delays about the issue and sale of bonds to finance the necessary betterments.

The only opposition to this measure of justice and right is political, but this is a matter in which selfish purposes and ambitions must give place to the vital interests of San Francisco. The matter is one for the legislature, and every candidate from this city for a place in that body at the coming election should be compelled to make a definite pledge on the subject. San Francisco would cut a strange figure in Sacramento next winter asking to be given control of her harbor with a local delegation divided. It should be understood that any candidate for the legislature from a San Francisco district who refuses to pledge himself to this measure is a traitor to the interests of the city.

This is a matter that should not be neglected; it should be followed up by organized effort to exact definite pledges from all candidates in San Francisco districts. How does Tom Finn stand, for example, on this question?

## COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

SENATOR STETSON announces that the next legislature will find a way to allow the third terms to take a new party name and at the same time debar republicans from using the name "republican" for at least four years. It is a virtuous program.

But Senator Stetson overlooks one possibility. There are enough republican voters to defeat a majority of the bull moose legislative candidates, if they unite with the democrats. Republicans do not like to vote for democrats, of course; but they can hardly be expected to vote for bull moosers, when the bull moose leaders plainly declare their intention of destroying even the republican name in California. It's a poor mule that won't kick both ways, senator.

IN "The Man From Home" there is a sentiment with which I have always been in hearty accord. "When a man starts to cross the Rubicon," says the chief character, "he ought to keep on till he is across. What's the use of stopping in the middle and getting hell from both banks?"

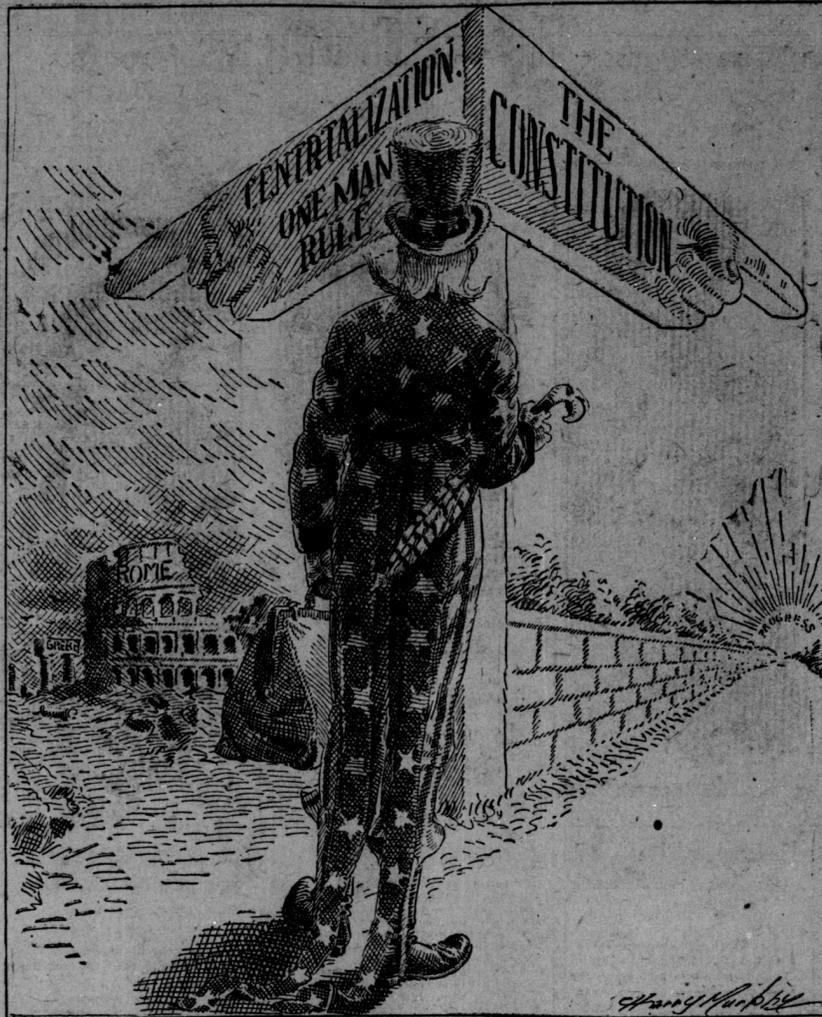
The republican voters of this state have been pushed into the Rubicon by the delightfully honest gentlemen whom they helped put in political power. They can either go on across or stay in the water. Under these circumstances the advice of the play actor is about right. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Johnson and their friends are on one bank jeering at the republicans they have robbed of their party; Mr. Wilson and his friends are across on the other bank, with welcoming hands.

What is the use of stopping in the middle of the creek?

IN the second story windows of two business buildings in Market street are flower boxes, and the pretty blooms are peculiarly attractive to the eye in such a desert of stone, steel and concrete. We need to learn the value of beauty—the cash value, as well as the esthetic value. We have here a famous city, a unique city, a great park to be proud of, a nobly beautiful panorama of hills and sea and bay; and we have also miles of residence streets which are painfully ugly in architecture and depressingly lacking in the use of the most lovely of all decorations—trees, shrubbery and grass plots.

It is a hallmark of provincialism to look upon shaded and grass bordered streets as unmetropolitan—as if these things belonged only in rural communities. The finest capitals of the world are so decorated—cities which vastly exceed San Francisco in population. In Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, municipal and private energies are alike con-

## One Wrong, One Right



tinuously directed toward beautifying the city. Not to promote and to practice the art of outdoor decoration is decidedly a proof of backwardness in municipal life.

It would take but little trouble to ornament the upper windows of every business street in San Francisco with window gardens—boxes planted to the hardy flowers, such as the dwarf geraniums, the nasturtiums and others that bloom freely and brightly.

The effect of so decorating a business district would be charming; and if, by concerted effort, hundreds of blocks were so ornamented within the next year the visitors to the great exposition would spread far the fame of the beautiful gardens blooming in the months of winter, not in carefully tended and jealously fenced parks, but on the very walls of the trade centers.

I believe that an equal advertisement and an equal return in cash dividends could not be had by any other equal expenditure of money and effort.

ADMIRAL SOUTHERLAND turned his boys loose against the Nicaraguan gentry who have been shooting up that unhappy country lately, and the expected happened. The opposing army was cleaned up in thirty-seven minutes.

The Monroe doctrine is a national fetish, and it is useless to question its worship. It is an unending source of trouble and vexation, and some day will involve us in a first class war. By it we are forced to do police duty in all these small and ill governed Central American republics—which are republics only in name; and the only reward of protecting them is their bitter hatred and continuous insult.

Since we will worship the Monroe fetish the sensible thing to do would be to institute once for all an armed and sufficient protectorate over whatever administration the people of any of these small states might select—guaranteeing them free elections, which they never have had, and making them behave afterward.

Otherwise, some day we are surely going to be compelled to fight Germany or Japan or even England—as we came near having to do in Cleveland's time—over one of these pesky little countries of the south, all of which put together are not worth the cost of a dozen American lives—not to Americans, at least.

HIRAM JOHNSON'S personal newspaper organ here prints daily eulogistic accounts of the governor's meetings in the east, written by one of its own writers sent to accompany the governor and instructed to write eulogistically.

I don't blame the young man, for he is simply earning his wages, and I don't blame the Bulletin, for it acts after its kind. But if you want to know the truth about the governor's eastern campaign, buy and read a dozen or more of the leading eastern journals—democratic, republican and independent.

They are unanimous in declaring that if California can send no better representative to the east she would do well to send none at all. And they intimate plainly that a state expecting the people of the east to visit its world's fair is not going to increase the number of visitors by sending its governor abroad to lampoon the president and to insult and berate the political party to which so many millions of eastern men and women owe and loyally render fealty.

The governor should come home, where he belongs, and attend to the business for which he is drawing wages.

THE Romanoffs forget nothing and learn nothing. The present czar is an abject slave of superstition and of the worst traditions of bureaucracy. He has just decided upon another, and the worst, step in a career of imbecile government. The Finns are to be Russianized by force. Finland is a part of the Russian possessions by virtue of compact, and every covenant in this solemn agreement is to be broken. The Finns are to be deprived of their liberties, of their courts, their guarantees and their very language.

When Stolypin was alive he resolutely refused to apply this process of enslavement to Finland. "It is an abominable program," he declared, "a proposal of shameful brutality. It will earn the undying hatred of Finland." But the Greek priests have the feeble ear of Nicholas now. There is no Stolypin to impose a more powerful will upon the semi-imbecile who sits on the throne of the Romanoffs. The bloody program will be executed and another enemy added to those which will some time leap upon the despotism of Russia and tear its royalty and its nobles as tigers tear in pieces their prey.

It is only by the bloody and awful road of another French revolution that Russia can be snatched from the grip of medieval superstition and tyranny—and revolutions always come when despotism makes them inevitable. The czar will yet hear the voice of Finland crying its defiance and its revenge.

## The Gum Chewers

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

SIT beneath my greenwood tree and watch the girls go by, a-chewing gum with ecstasy and ardor in each eye; they chew their gum as though they knew that every bit of gum they chew will take them nearer to the blue and angel haunted sky. They chew their gum with frenzied zeal, as poets write their odes; they chew as though they seem to feel some conscientious goads; the Nells and Alices and Mauds and other sweet beribboned frauds chew on, and throw their chewed-out wads along the quiet roads. The wads of gentle little Jill, though wearily, worn and numb, are clanking like a coffee mill, upon her chunk of gum; her duty she will never shun, she'll chew until her task is done; all other things beneath the sun may go to Kingdom Come. The damsels pass my humble cot in groups of one or two; they seem to have no other thought than just to chew and chew; they haven't time to talk or sing, they haven't time for anything but just to make their jawbones swing—oh, here's a howdydo! I dare remark that chewing gum is not our end and aim; 'tis not the pinnacle or sum of this our mortal game; the chewers now and then should pause, for they can find a nobler cause than this wig-wagging with their jaws until those jaws are lame.

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### Some Versatility

To run a newspaper all a fellow has to do is to be able to write poems, discuss the tariff and money questions, umpire a baseball game, report a wedding, saw wood, describe a fire so that the readers will shed their wraps, make \$1 do the work of \$10, shine at a dance, measure calico, abuse the liquor habit, test whiskey, subscribe to charity, go without meals, attack free silver, wear diamonds, invent advertisements, sneer at snobbery, overlook scandal, appraise babies, delight pumpkin raisers, minister to the afflicted, heal the disgruntled, fight to a finish, set type, mold opinions, sweep out the office, speak at the prayer meetings and stand in with everybody and everything.—Palestine (Mo.) Wabash Pearl.

### Not Missed

"Miss my husband? Why should I? He left me plenty of money and at breakfast I stand a newspaper up in front of his place and think he's here just the same."—Puck.

## PONDEROUS PERSONAGES

JENNY LIND

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Swahn."

YESTERDAY was the birthday of Jenny Lind, who was a famous singer 50 years ago and is still remembered—something that has seldom happened to great singers after they have died and their press agents have folded up their typewriters.

Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm, Sweden, October 6, 1820, and began to sing almost immediately. She was a beautiful girl, with a voice which made even the loan sharks soft and sentimental when they heard it, and at 30 she was the most famous singer in Europe.

About this time P. T. Barnum, having tired of elephants temporarily, decided to educate America in music, and he imported Jenny Lind at vast expense to sing in this country. Mr. Barnum made a great many flattering remarks about the young lady in the newspapers, on the billboards, on the sidewalk and street cars and blank walls and church steeples and tree trunks and delivery wagons and mountain sides and elsewhere, and as a result she was met at the dock by almost all of New York city. Her first concert was in Castle Garden, and at its close she could have been elected mayor. That she wasn't has always continued to be one of New York's greatest misfortunes.

Jenny Lind afterward sang through the entire country and became a great favorite, but unfortunately she was too ignorant of modern methods to utilize her popularity. She did not demand a new contract with tripled prices and overtime for encores, and she did not refuse to come on the stage at night until a purple carpet could be spread through the wings. She did not insist on special trains and individual hotels, and she did not have hysterics and refuse to stir one step when anything happened to the 19 dogs, four tigers and two pet snakes which she didn't



"She might have gotten \$10,000 a week in vaudeville."

carry with her. She did not decline to sing unless all other singers were removed from the vicinity, and she did not have her photograph taken in 11,000 costumes, each one more sparse and embarrassing than the preceding one. Had she done all this, Jenny Lind might have become notorious as well as famous, and might have gotten \$10,000 a week in vaudeville after she had quarreled with all the impresarios. Instead, she merely sang her way through America, giving a good share of the proceeds to charity, and then she committed her greatest artistic blunder by marrying Otto Galdschmidt and living quietly with him for the rest of her life.

As a result of this, Jenny Lind had no cigarettes or champagne departments after her, and beyond getting her statue in Westminster Abbey when she died, she really accomplished very little. This is a sad commentary on the crudity of early genius, and should make present day voice mongers glad that they live in a commercial age.

## PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- L. N. BUTLER, editor and publisher of a newspaper at Marietta; O. Bierberg, a real estate operator of Turlock, and R. Thompson, a hotel man of Salinas, and Mrs. Thompson are guests at the Argonaut.
- HARRY LEON WILSON, author and playwright, arrived from Carmel yesterday and registered at the St. Francis with Mrs. Wilson.
- F. E. BATTISE, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific at Los Angeles, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Battise.
- OSCAR LAWLER, W. D. Wilson and F. V. Gordon of Los Angeles are guests at the Palace.
- DON LEE, an automobile agent at Los Angeles, is spending a few days at the St. Francis.
- F. O. F. HARRISON, a fire and auto insurance broker of Los Angeles, is at the Palace.
- DR. GEORGE H. FOX, of Janesville, Wis., and Mrs. Fox are registered at the Sutter.
- GEORGE W. RITZ, county clerk at Nashville, Tenn., is a guest at the Baldwin.
- GEORGE F. KIRKMAN of Chicago is at the Fairmont with Mrs. Kirkman.
- H. W. KUBERT, an attorney of Reno, Nev., is registered at the Baldwin.
- L. T. SREITAN, an attorney of Stockton, is a guest at the Dale.
- JOHN J. FOT, a manufacturer of Los Angeles, is at the Palace.
- B. S. CUTLER, a fruit man of Davis, is a guest at the Stanford.
- A. T. GRANGER, a mining man of Trinity, is at the St. James.
- H. LANDER of Los Angeles and Mrs. Lander are at the Court.
- L. J. WHITMAN of Sacramento is at the Court.
- A. JOHNSON of Napa is at the Harcourt.
- W. JEFFERSON DAVIS, who is associated with the publicity and exploitation departments of the Panama-California exposition at San Diego, is at the Palace.
- W. H. MORAN, a secret service agent of the federal government, is at the St. Francis with Miss Moran, registered from Washington, D. C.
- ALEXANDER BONA of Corina, Italy, is at the St. Francis.
- JUDGE THOMAS O. DENNY of Santa Rosa is at the Sutter.
- A. BRADY of Davis is registered at the Stanford.

## Abe Martin



Lots o' fellers git credit for havin' th' strength t' say no that haint got news enough t' say yea. Ever notice how a fat woman runs fer th' scales when th' greaser goes in th' back room fer gasoline?

## Ferry Tales



AS a fisherman with-out-reproach and a true gentleman sportsman, W. W. Richards, who lives in Oakland and is a prominent figure in the commuter brigade, has a few peers and no superior. It is when abroad with rod and reel that his sportsmanlike qualities are most in evidence. In his battles with the nimble trout he prefers to give the fish all the advantage. He uses a three ounce rod and the flimsiest of lines, and his flies, of his own design, are armed with barbless hooks. If with these weapons he can coax a two pound rainbow from a sunlit riffle into his wicker creel he is satisfied; the capture of such a fish with such tackle carries with it the flattering assurance that the victor in the encounter owns more than common skill.

Richards has a beautiful place in the Santa Cruz mountains. Through his domain tumbles a stream well stocked with the liveliest varieties of the trout family. The greatest compliment Richards can pay to a friend is to invite him to his country place for a day's fishing. As far as possible Richards confines his hospitality to those of his friends who possess, at least in a measure, his standards of sportsmanship. Being human, he sometimes makes mistakes. He confessed one of these mistakes the other morning when he related his experience with a guest who proved himself a vandal of the deepest dye.

"He had talked so much about fishing that I mistook him for one of us," Richards is said to have admitted, "and I invited him down to my place. My misgivings were aroused early in the game, when he spoke of my pet rod as a 'dandy pole.' He was my guest, however, and it was too late for me to turn back."

Equipping his guest with a rod, Richards led him to the stream, gave him a few directions and a little advice as to the best holes, and left him fishing. Richards returned to the house to give some orders, and a half hour later followed in the trail of his friend. He walked quietly and was amazed, as he approached the fisherman, to hear a violent splashing of the water, which his trained ear told him was not caused by any battling trout. He came within view of the pool that was being splashed. His guest had laid his fishing rod against a tree and was poking viciously into the deep side of the water hole. Then he stopped poking, picked up the rod and began casting furiously. After a few casts he discarded the rod and resumed his poking with the pole.

"For the land's sake, man, what are you doing?" demanded Richards, stepping down beside his busy guest.

"I'm fishin'," replied the guest, rather testily. "There's plenty of fish in this stream all right and they're big ones, but every time I make a cast the darned cusses scoot in under the ledge. I'm just herdin' 'em out into the open where I can get a chance at 'em!"

It is comparatively easy, as may be seen from this ferry tale, to acquire a sporting vocabulary that will deceive the most accomplished expert.

Richards neither fainter nor drowned his guest. Presence of mind is one of the most pronounced gifts that Richards possesses. It was presence of mind, a cool head and steady nerve that enabled him, a year or so ago, to get the only photograph snapshot ever taken of a whale on the wing.

Richards was off Santa Cruz in his motor boat. Attracted by a strange commotion he headed seaward and presently came within easy view of a battle between a whale and its two most deadly enemies, a thrasher and a swordfish. The swordfish would jab the whale from below and when the whale came to the surface to escape the thrusters the thrasher would leap high in the air and drop his several tons of carcass on the top of the whale, quickly winding the leviathan.

As the fight progressed and the whale's desperation increased the thrasher, coming up with a rush that carried its enormous bulk far out of the water, Richards had his trusty camera with him and after several failures succeeded in getting a picture of the whale as it leaped in the air.

"This may sound improbable, but if you care to go to Santa Cruz Richards will show you the motor boat from which he took the picture. He also can show you the camera."

I heard a woman on one of the broad gauge boats complain the other day that people in California do not know the points of the compass. She was from the middle west, where, when you ask a policeman how to reach such and such street, he answers crisply: "Two blocks north and one east."

She had been looking for a site on which to build a home, and not one of the agents, she said, could tell her exactly which was north and which was south. She had found it necessary, she said, to buy a pocket compass to guide her in this respect.

"In San Francisco," she admitted, "it is difficult to some extent. East of the western addition nearly anybody can point to the west. Down town North Beach and the south of Market district supply popular guides to at least two points of the compass, although even with North Beach at the right, South San Francisco at the left and the Western Addition straight ahead, I have seen people hesitate about locating the east. Out beyond the park, where these aids are of no value, I find the confusion incredible."

"She's talking nonsense," said a man who had been listening. "We all know where the sun rises and we all know where the Golden Gate is, and anybody who has stood on Telegraph hill and seen the sun rise in the Golden Gate can't go far wrong with the points of the compass."

"Perhaps the lady from the middle west was not so far out after all."

LINDSAY CAMPBELL