

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE third term party bosses are not wholly happy themselves. This thing of stealing a party name is bad enough, in all conscience, under any circumstances, but when it is done in the name of superior righteousness and perfect purity it becomes not only offensive to honest men, but ridiculous as well. And any political band which makes itself ridiculous commits harakiri. Care may kill cats, but ridicule does the job for politicians.

Not all of the third term bosses are devoid of a sense of the incongruous and the ludicrous, though the majority are. There are a few who perceive the ludicrous absurdity of committing wholesale larceny in the name of the ten commandments. Privately they deplore the asinine tactics of the crooks who have disfranchised two hundred thousand republican voters.

Consider Pecksniff Rowell, for example. Pecksniff is about as shifty as they make them. His specialty is arguing that black is white and finding excuses for any dishonest trick of politics. His intellect is of that narrow kind so frequently evidenced in court proceedings—pleased if it can split a worthless pair in halves. But even Pecky has sense enough to know that his fellow bosses have committed an indefensible and stupid political crime. Pecky finds himself in the crack of the door and no way to squirm out.

In his own district, Pecky, for personal as well as nobly patriotic reasons not wholly unrelated to the pie counter, does not dare to oppose Needham, who is a republican, in full sympathy with Taft. The problem of supporting Needham for congress on one page of his newspaper, because Needham is a republican, and of excusing, on another page, the larceny of the republican electoral ticket on the ground that there is no longer a republican party and that Mr. Taft is not a republican, is too much for even Pecksniff.

Under these trying circumstances the professor has reneged. He refuses, under any provocation, to discuss the situation and is issuing, in installments, another series of his justly celebrated editorial essays on the advantages of sleeping out of doors, supplemented with a few light and witty remarks upon the effects of the blastophagus upon figs and the protective tariff.

The smaller bull moose editorial intellects are in an even worse muddle than is the gigantic mind of the raisin belt. But for the most part they have arrived at the conclusion that any republican who has made up his mind to vote for Wilson as retaliation for having his political right to vote for Taft stolen from him is disloyal to the republican party. The trifling incongruity of asserting in the same breath that there is no republican party does not seem to occur to them.

It is hard to imagine anything more ridiculous than the attitude of these bolters, resorting to any trick of low politics and mean treachery to destroy the republican organization, actually depriving republicans of the privilege of voting for a republican candidate—and then demanding their votes for the third term candidate on the ground of party loyalty! That certainly is the limit.

Personally I can not understand the blundering stupidity of the third term bosses. They had nothing in the world to do but to be ordinarily fair and honest and the state would have been carried by Roosevelt. Now Wilson will carry it. And the republicans will make Wilson's majority a good, big one, just to show the bosses how many of them there are. They will emphasize the fact that Wilson's victory in California is a republican victory, not a democratic one.

Had the third term bosses in California permitted the party to go into the fight under its true name of national progressive; had they not flimflammed Mr. Taft out of a place on the ballot; had they joined a fair, square, manly issue with the democrats and the republicans, it is probable that Roosevelt would have carried this state by a considerable majority—as many as 50,000 or more. All they had to do to win was to give all voters the square deal they preach so much and practice so little. But they chose the crooked path, they resorted to trickery and to practical perjury, they committed larceny by wholesale—and they are beaten right this minute, and they deserve to be beaten.

There never was such an exhibition of asininity in politics since the game was invented. It is an exhibition that will never be repeated, we may be well assured.

ARIDICULOUS weekly printed in Stockton accuses The Call of continually distorting and falsifying the news, aided and abetted therein by the Associated Press. The ground of this allegation is that The Call did not tabulate the vote of the Chicago convention and that it did not chronicle the weighty news that Mr. Roosevelt dined in Berkeley and held a reception at the Palace hotel on Sunday when he was last here.

A Spanish saying holds that it is a waste of soap to lather an ass, but this once I will practice extravagance. The up state editions of metropolitan morning paper, O sapient one with the tall and fearsome ears, are necessarily printed early in order to go on the newspaper train. Some matter of minor interest is frequently crowded out of these editions by the exigencies of time, and the night editor must use discretion quickly. Hence it is quite possible that a tabulation, which is not a news item of immediate interest, might go over till another edition, and so with other matter which can be held over with no loss to the news. The thing happens every day in every metropolitan daily's office, and is bound to happen.

I see no way out of this diurnal difficulty, unless, indeed, the Stockton postoffice can spare this charming Bottom and his intelligent ears to manage this journal for a week or two. Any one of the uniformed boys would be glad to start him off right by explaining how the elevator cages are utilized to run the wood saw and screen the hayseed in the cellar.

THESE Australian chaps, now—what a fine, manly lot they are. They can beat our fellows, of course. It's their game, and they certainly know how to play it.

Tackling this finished team at Rugby is a good deal like nine Australians going on the diamond with nine Americans. There isn't a chance to win. And that is the admirable thing about going in with them. The courage to take a sure licking, with no other hope than to make the job as hard as possible for the victor, is the right kind of courage and good sportsmanship.

One of the grave faults of our national view of athletics is to be too extravagant in praise of winners only. A good loser seldom gets a hand. And yet a man may run the best race or a team play the best ball, all things considered, and be beaten. And the true end of athletic sport is not to win. It is just to have good sport. A lot of the fellows who take their sport on benches, yelling for or at professionals, would be better in body and mind if they took a bat and ball and played, no matter how awkwardly, themselves.

They are a dandy, fighting lot of sporting men, these chaps from the far away continent. I don't know a thing about their game, but I know a good man when I see him at any kind of feast.

BEHOLD the Angels tearing up the track again, hotfooting it after the goat of the Oaks, whose fierce wrath has taken the can eaters of so many other brave heroes into camp. Listen to the melancholy whoops of Hippius, king of the fusers, as he sees the Seraphs wing their way upward. This thing is getting interesting. Many excellent persons are liable to forget to go to church two Sundays in a row right now.

DOCTOR EYDE, who came here in company with other Norwegian scientific men, is the inventor of one of the most interesting uses of electricity known—the extraction of nitrogen from the atmosphere.

The nitrate fertilizer of commerce has long been supplied by the Chilean beds; but they show signs of exhaustion, while the world's

The Shadow



necessity increases. Doctor Eyde's genius has opened up the inexhaustible supply of that ocean of air at the bottom of which we live, and has assured the farms of the world that they will never become barren for lack of the nitrate upon which the cereals and plants feed. Doctor Eyde is one of those captains of science who do so infinitely much more for mankind than the captains of politics, and have no trumpets blown before them.

EVERYBODY knows how much President Taft dislikes the spotlight and cheap theatrical tricks and cheaper applause. Many of us—not of his own political faith, too—admire this modesty. But all of us wish the president would occasionally speak out in reply to the malignant attacks of his traducers.

For that reason, his manly and straightforward characterization of Mr. Roosevelt and of Mr. Roosevelt's methods, printed in yesterday's paper, is good reading to democrats as well as republicans who are Americans before they are partisans.

The president puts the whole case against the third term and his party in a sentence when he says that their aim is one man power and their achievement would result in a mixture of despotism and socialism, which are, after all, practically synonymous.

That is the truth, and every American who really loves his country should reflect upon it soberly before he goes to the polls.

Letters From the People

BIG SIGNS AS NUISANCES. Editor Call: I inclose copies of letters addressed to the board of harbor commissioners and to the ladies of the Outdoor Art League.

Will not the champion of the cause of the beautiful city add to its vigorous campaign against the billboard nuisance by hitting the big signs? Very truly yours, ZOETH S. ELDRIDGE, 2621 Devisadero street, October 5, 1912.

Board of Harbor Commissioners: I see by the newspapers that a great sign advertising the exposition is being erected on the ferry building. The enormous signs on the tops and sides of buildings which greet the stranger arriving by the ferries are a disgrace to the city, an offense to the eye and an abomination. Such a sign as contemplated on the ferry building can not help the exposition. I will venture the opinion that not a single person will be induced to visit the fair in 1915 by seeing that sign, but on the contrary the incoming stranger is more likely to note with surprise that even the state has participated in the creation of the general horror.

As a citizen I protest against such a use being made of the ferry building. Respectfully yours, ZOETH S. ELDRIDGE, October 5, 1912.

President Outdoor Art League, California: I inclose copy of a letter addressed to the board of harbor commissioners. The enormous signs that disgrace our streets and buildings are particularly in evidence to those crossing the bay. The stranger entering the city for the first time gets his first impressions of the city as he stands on the front deck of the ferry boat, and we may well shudder as we think of what those impressions may be, knowing the strength of first impressions. Will not your association act promptly and vigorously to stay the progress of this affliction? Very truly yours, ZOETH S. ELDRIDGE, 2621 Devisadero street, October 5, 1912.

ROOSEVELT WILL BE DEVoured. Editor Call:—In reference to the coming election I only can say that the lion will lie down with the lamb—the lamb will be inside the lion. Roosevelt did not care a straw for his spokesman, whereas he expects Taft to be his obedient servant. Tens of thousands of Taft republicans will vote for Wilson through fear of the third term. No candidate, even as good as George Washington, has showed up as yet. Yours truly, L. M. YOUNG, M. D., San Francisco, October 5.

Answers to Queries

LAUNDRY WORK, St. B., Pacific Grove. What is meant by eight hours a day in laundry work? Is it eight hours a day including Sundays, or is it 48 hours in a week? In case of a violation of this rule to whom should complaint be made?

It means 48 hours a week commencing Monday, the working hours being from 7 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the evening with price and a half pay for overtime after 5 o'clock.

COLLEGES—Pub. City. When and by whom were the buildings known as the affiliated colleges built and under whose supervision are they now?

The site was accepted September 10, 1898, and the buildings were dedicated October 22, 1898. They were constructed by the regents of the University of California and are under the supervision of that body at this time.

AREA—R. P., Oakland. What is the area in square miles of California and the combined area of England, Scotland and Ireland? California, 155,340 square miles; England and Wales, 58,575; Scotland, 30,442; Ireland, 32,373. Combined area, 121,391 square miles.

CEMETERY—C. H. E., San Carlos. Own a lot in a cemetery in San Francisco and, as the dead have to be removed, to whom shall I apply for information as to payment for removal?

Communicate with the officers of the cemetery association.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—J. H. C., city. What is the date of the next presidential election? Is it on the same date in every state? Tuesday, November 5. The election is held in every state on the same day.

PERCENTAGE—J. H. C., city. If I purchase an article for 50 cents and sell it for \$1, what percentage do I make? One hundred per cent.



It seems like some folks never begin to travel till they get a bunch of children. What's become o' th' ole fashioned mother that never went to bed till all th' children got in?

The Undertaker

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

WHEN life is done—this life that galls and frets us, this life so full of tears and doubts and dreads—the undertaker comes along and gets us, and tucks us neatly in our little beds. When we are done with tolling, boarding, giving, when we are done with drawing checks and breath, he comes to show us that the cost of living cuts little ice beside the cost of death. I meet him daily in the street or alley, a cheerful man, he dances and he sings; and we exchange the buoyant jest and sally and never discourse of grim, unpleasant things. We talk of crops, the campaign and the weather, the I. and R., the trusts—this nation's course; no graveyard hints while we converse together, no reference to joy rides in a hearse. And yet I feel—perchance it is a blunder—that as I stand there, rugged, hale and strong, he'd like to ask me: "Comrade, why in thunder and other things do you hang on so long?" When I complain of how the asthma tightens upon my lungs and makes me feel a wreck, it seems to me his face with rapture lightens, smiles stretch his lips and wind around his neck. And when I say I'm feeling like a heifer turned out to grass or like a humming bird he heaves a sigh as gentle as a zephyr, yet fraught with pain and grief and hope deferred.

Bound to Be in Style

A customer in a butcher's shop stood gazing at some small alligators in an aquarium. Having turned the matter over in his mind, the customer approached the butcher and exclaimed, "I suppose a body might as well be dead as out of style. Gimme a couple of pounds of alligator."—Judge.

Explained

"What is the initiative and referendum?" "It's this way. If I want to go anywhere, or do anything, I take the initiative by mentioning it to my wife. Then she decides whether I can go or not. That's the referendum."—Washington Star.

Far Seeing

The wise postal authorities have set the date for the opening of the parcel post just one week after the end of the Christmas rush.—St. Louis Republic.

SNOBBS

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

A SNOB is a person who believes he is better than other people, but is afraid the world will not suspect it unless he keeps advertising the fact.

An aristocrat knows he is better than other people and presumes they have good taste enough to know it, too. This enables him to make the world happier by mingling with it without fear of soiling his standing. An aristocrat is of no more real use, as an aristocrat, than a French poodle, but he is not disagreeable and is often an ornament.

The aristocrat is the deity of the snob. A snob is a man who has either been noticed by an aristocrat, or is trying to be. This compels him to concentrate all his attention, courtesy and consideration on the aristocrat, and leaves him none for humble folks, who have supper instead of dinner in the evening.

We refer to snobs as "he" exclusively out of consideration to womenkind. It is easy to tell a snob, because of your desire to hit him on his beautifully marcelled nose, as soon as you talk with him. By nature, he is so much like common folks that if he ever got mixed up with them no one could find him again. So it is necessary for him to distinguish himself, which he usually does by a lack of good manners.

Meeting a snob is like meeting a cold codfish in a fog. Talking with him is like holding a conversation with a stern and distant dress shirt bosom. The snob judges men by their clubs (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- GEORGE J. FLEMING, a real estate operator and the cut of their coat tails, and lives with eyes fixed fondly on the top of the society column. Sometimes he has a brain, but he always has it under excellent subjection. He always has manners, but never enough to go fully round. He would rather accept a cigar from a cottion leader than an office of great trust from the unshampooed public, and his two missions in life are to break into society and then to put his back to the door and keep others from breaking in after him. There is no open season on the snob, but there is always an open door in his vicinity through which we may emerge in haste, thus leaving him to annoy himself alone.
- THOMAS AND LUKE McDONALD, ranchers of Deadwood; Dr. H. M. Thorne and Mrs. Thorne of Fresno; Maxwell Brown, an attorney of Chicago; J. E. Frick of Redding and Sam Johnston and family and Arthur L. Adams of Johannesburg are among the recent arrivals at the Steamer.
- S. A. PERKINS, a publisher of Tacoma, and national republican committeeman of Washington, is at the Palace. He is here to meet George Cameron of Arizona to discuss the conduct of the Taft campaign in the west.
- SHANNON GRANVILLE, secretary-treasurer of the California Hardware company, is at the Palace, registered from Los Angeles. Mrs. Cranford accompanies him.
- JUAN A. GREEN, a member of the Creel family of Chihuahua, Mex., is registered at the Maxx. He has large cattle and mining interests.
- DR. C. WORTH HORTON of Los Angeles is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Norton. He is associated with the Angulus hospital.
- JUDGE H. BURROUGHS of Susanville, and wife, are staying at the Sutter. The judge is holding court here.
- J. M. HARRISON, Pacific coast passenger agent of the Washington Sunset railway, is registered at the Court.
- JOHN H. MULLER, a prominent business man of Los Angeles, wife and daughter, are staying at the Harcourt.
- COULTEZ HEDRAY of Seattle, identified with the lumber industry, arrived yesterday at the Union Square.
- H. C. MARKLEY, a real estate man of Marysville, is among the recent arrivals at the Dale.
- FRANK E. WALSH, an insurance man of Los Angeles, is spending a few days at the Palace.
- A. T. REYNOLDS, rancher from Walnut Grove, Cal., and wife are at the Turpin.
- CHARLES M. GARRIS, an attorney of Santa Cruz, is a guest at the St. Francis.
- GEORGE S. GREGSON, a hotelman of Santa Barbara, is registered at the Palace.
- DR. T. R. HOLLAN, a prominent physician of Riverside, Cal., is at the Steamer.
- H. T. MARSH, a fruit grower from Pasadena, Cal., is stopping at the Turpin.
- Mrs. H. M. Thorne and Mrs. Thorne of Fresno; Maxwell Brown, an attorney of Chicago; J. E. Frick of Redding and Sam Johnston and family and Arthur L. Adams of Johannesburg are among the recent arrivals at the Steamer.
- DR. E. F. SAYLOR of Redding is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.
- M. LANIER, a Los Angeles business man, and wife, are guests at the Court.
- BERT H. CHAPMAN, a real estate dealer of Suisun, is at the Argonaut.
- Q. R. GAILLUS, a Modesto banker, is among the arrivals at the Sutter.
- G. F. NORWALL, a manufacturer of Fort Bragg, is at the Argonaut.
- JUDGE WILLIAM D. YERFON of Portland is staying at the St. Francis.
- DR. E. LENOIX of Berlin is spending a few days at the St. Francis.
- W. WAYNE DAVIS of Philadelphia is registered at the Von Dorn.
- CHARLES HUYER and wife of Reno are stopping at the Dale.
- C. E. EBBERT of Colorado Springs is staying at the Columbia.

Ferry Tales



IT may interest the officials entrusted with the task of making the Panama-Pacific exposition a success to know that there exists a keen and general interest among commuters in the exposition site. The Marin county ferries, the ferries to Richmond and to Vallejo, are in view of the exposition grounds for at least 15 minutes. The exposition site can be seen from the ferries connecting San Francisco with the Alameda shores. Passengers on all steamers entering and leaving the harbor are afforded an intimate look at the place which in 1915 will be the center of the world's interest.

Ever since the site was selected, on every passenger vessel coming within view of it, the question has been asked, "Where is the exposition to be?" Usually there has been some one at hand to supply the information; but always more or less vaguely. In a general way we all know where the big fair is going to be. I have heard the request for information many times, but not once have I heard anybody indicate with any exactness the limits of the territory.

As the success of the exposition will depend to a large degree on intelligent local interest in the preliminary work, and as nothing promotes intelligent interest like exact knowledge, a suggestion that I heard the other day might be of some value to the exposition directors.

The suggestion was that flagstaffs, or other distinguishing devices be erected at the corners of the exposition site. On each corner mark could be hoisted an exposition flag, and by the flutter of the bunting the passerby, whether on ferry boat, ocean liner or in automobile, would know where to look for the magic city as it rises between the four corners.

Talking about the Panama-Pacific exposition suggests the excitement that R. B. Hale caused on the steamer Tamalpais last Saturday afternoon. The Marin county commuter brigade is well supplied with fresh air fiends and deck pacing pedestrians; but they all took off their hats last Saturday to the vice president of the exposition company.

On the forward lower deck of all ferry steamers is stretched a rope beyond which passengers are not supposed to walk. This rope marks the space set apart for the freight laden trucks that are rushed off the boat ahead of the passengers.

Between the freight and the rope, last Saturday, on the steamer Tamalpais, was a narrow lane that extended the full width of the steamer's deck. As the boat left San Francisco, Hale, hatless and with the grace that used to distinguish Jim Corbett's entrance to the ring, eluded the vigilance of a deckhand and stepped over the rope. Before the deckhand could remonstrate Hale had started his hike. The pace was fast and furious. From port to starboard and from starboard to port he picked them up and set them down with the regularity of clockticks and the explosive energy of a motor boat exhaust.

In five minutes there was a crowd watching him. Before the boat reached Alcatraz the word was being passed to all parts of the boat: "You ought to come forward and see R. B. Hale walking. Think it's a wager of some kind. He's on his eight hundred and seventy-ninth lap now."

After the boat passed Alcatraz, the pedestrian was accosted by a friend. "Duck under the rope and join me," said Hale. The friend ducked, caught the Hale stride and for a spell they walked and talked together. It was only for a while, however. Within five minutes the friend needed all his wind for fuel, and by the time the steamer slowed up for the slip at Sausalito the panting of Hale's partner could be heard through the glass doors, from behind which a vast audience had viewed the spectacle.

For those that saw the performance the expression "hale and hearty" will hereafter have a new meaning.

It's a strange thing about life that just as we begin to feel grown up and to think we are factors in the scheme of things as they are, we awake to a realization of the fact that we are merely ancestors, here just to keep things going until our children are ready to take charge and show us how they ought to be done.

Did it ever occur to you this way? Or are you still asleep? Strolling through the campus in Berkeley, one day, a grownup saw a small boy walking with President Wheeler. A football under the youngster's arm had attracted prey's attention and they were engaged in earnest conversation.

"Do you know who it was that you were talking to?" the grownup asked the boy, who had acknowledged the president's gracious "Goodby, little man," with the cavalier indifference that small boys affect toward the generation that is passing along.

"Do you know," he continued, "that he has charge of all the students, all these grounds, all these buildings? Do you know that?" "Hm?" He gave the ancestor a look of disgust. "Oh, he's Benji Wheeler's father." LINDSEY CAMPBELL.

Easy for Straus It remained for the Boston Globe to opine that Straus would win in a walk.—Atlanta Constitution.