

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

CONTROL of San Francisco harbor by the city itself ought to be made an initiative measure.

That a Barbary Coast dive politician like Tom Finn should be permitted to waste the state's funds in feeding his "strikers" and "heelers" is resented as strongly by the men and women outside the city as it is by the decent men and women resident here.

An initiative measure eliminating the malodorous Mr. Finn and his obedient servants, the state board of harbor commissioners, would have a big majority.

THE war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of contending worlds, as Mr. Addison justly observes, kick up quite a fuss when they are all busy at once, but they wouldn't disturb a fan with his eye on the bulletin board.

Prompt and exulting came the reply: "Hit the first ball over and just stole third. Say, what do you think of that Indian stealing third?"

Evidently there are more angles of vision in this world than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy.

IN the interior counties the determination of the republicans to follow The Call's advice to vote for Wilson, as a rebuke to the fraud practiced upon them by the bull moosers, is practically unanimous.

I have never seen men so thoroughly aroused as are the republicans over this outrage, and the older their party allegiance and the more sincere their loyalty to republican principles, the greater is their indignation and the more fixed their purpose to support the democratic candidate.

The Call's course is everywhere indorsed by republicans. Naturally it meets bull moose condemnation. The bull moose doctrine seems to be that, having stolen the horse, they are entitled to the barn and the owner.

When Governor Johnson gets back he will find that his continued neglect of official duties has destroyed the esteem in which the people of the interior held him, and if he campaigns until he is black in the face he can not stem the republican tide that has set in toward Wilson.

The people everywhere say that an absentee governor and a state administration conducted by John F. Neylan, Tom Finn, a stenographer and a rubber stamp is not at all what they voted for when they rose up, regardless of party, to oust Mr. Herrin's merry men and to install an honest, efficient and businesslike government.

"NEITHER drink liquor, smoke or chew tobacco nor stay-out nights. I am a model husband," declared Edward Leonorman in Judge Graham's court.

THE expressions of various public men, evoked by the attempt upon Mr. Roosevelt's life, throw curious sidelights upon the characters of the men themselves.

Champ Clark's message is as informal and hearty as his usual manner—very like the man indeed: "Awfully sorry that you were shot. Glad it's no worse. Hope for your speedy recovery."

President Taft's words were as manly and sincere as himself and showed deep personal feeling:

"I am greatly shocked to hear of the outrageous and deplorable assault made upon you and I earnestly hope and pray that your recovery may be speedy and without pain."

Governor Wilson and Mr. Bryan sent hearty and dignified congratulatory telegrams upon the escape from serious injury, sincere, but without much personal warmth.

Messages from La Follette, Fairbanks and other well known men were all full of sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt. All took it for granted, as does every well balanced, sensible person, that the deed was the deed of a lunatic, with which no one had any sympathy or connection.

It remained for the governor of California to seize the opportunity of his chief's peril and fortunate escape to publish a miserable intendo.

"Regardless of what they may do," he truculently announced, "he will carry his crusade as long as he is able."

There you have a flashlight picture of an incredibly small mind. "They," of course, means those opposed to Mr. Roosevelt politically. The insinuation is that the opposition arranged to shoot Mr. Roosevelt; that it regrets that the shot failed to do its work and that it may try again to kill him.

We should be proud of our governor; proud that we have an executive whose sense of good taste and appreciation of the decencies lead him to seize the hour of what threatened to be a national tragedy to indulge in cheap buncombe and mean suspicion of his fellow citizens.

It is a noble advertisement of the breeding and manners of California men which the governor of the commonwealth is displaying to the astonished and contemptuous eyes of the people of other states.

But from the lips of an embittered politician of small caliber, bad manners and ugly moods what else could be expected, even in the face of an abominable crime and of universal sympathy for the intended victim and universal rejoicing in his fortunate escape, than the sole utterance among thousands which was full of ill nature, ill breeding and low suspicion?

THE daughter in law of Hugh Craig, Piedmont's mayor, is under arrest because she tried to get possession of her child. Her husband asserts that a southern court gave him the sole custody of the little one.

There may be circumstances which make this action justifiable, but as a general thing it is indefensible conduct to rob a mother of her child. By every law of nature the child is the mother's—flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, blood of her blood, her very own.

The unjust customs and traditions which so long held the wife and mother to be little else than a chattel and the wholly unfair habit of tracing descent through the male line instead of the female have conspired to give the father a right of possession in the child which is contrary to nature and good sense.

Unless the mother is a very bad woman indeed no court should ever deprive her of the custody of the child she has borne in her travail and nursed in her love. It is an outrage upon nature and upon natural justice to deprive her of that which is her own by the dear purchase of motherhood's exquisite agony and happiness.

And They Call ME a Bad Man



WHAT SAN FRANCISCO NEEDS TO MAKE IT GREAT

By JOHN T. FLYNN, Harbor Engineer, California River and Harbor League

IF San Francisco is to remain the great commercial entrepot of the Pacific coast, it must not only provide for parks, fairs, playgrounds, domestic water supplies, civic centers, boulevards and improved streetcar transportation, but make ample and immediate provision for the necessities of commercial life upon which all these things rest; in other words, combine utility with beauty.

If beauty or idle wealth alone could make a great city, Pasadena would now be the metropolis of the Pacific coast. Los Angeles once thought that the tourist travel and climate alone could support a great city, but the mistake became apparent when the town lot agents discovered that tourists did not fill up the 15 story office buildings, so the boomers got busy and annexed San Pedro harbor, where they are now laying the foundation for a great shipping and industrial city.

No single feature, no matter how great or attractive, can make and maintain a great city. This is demonstrated by the experience of Butte, Mont., where the world's greatest mines and smelters are located; Pullman, Ill., the pet town of the great Pullman Car company, with its thousands of employees, and Gary, Ind., protoge of the all powerful steel trust. Cities, like individuals, demand diversity.

Washington, D. C., with a population of 300,000, is not only one of the most beautiful cities in the world, but it has more money stored up in vaults and more men and women on the public payroll than any other city in America, if not in the world, but its daily volume of business is less than that of Stockton. One-half of the population are on the public payroll, except by legislation—and that is not always of the right kind.

These facts are not mentioned by way of a "knock," but by way of a warning because I am a San Franciscan and want to see this city grow, and grow right. In classifying the real needs of San Francisco and the order of their production, I would place them in the following order: First—The speedy development of the Hetch-Hetchy or some other pure mountain water supply; the immediate construction of new and ample reservoirs in the city, leaving the question of the purchase of a distributing system open until within one year of the date of bringing in the supply; notify the Spring Valley Water company in the meantime, as an occupant of the public streets, to immediately supply the demand or else put in artesian wells on city account and furnish the people with a pure water supply, such as once existed in the old Baldwin hotel and the Parrott block, to say nothing of hundreds of homes throughout the peninsula.

Second—The municipal control of the harbor and its development in such a manner as to not only meet the modern needs of big ships by great inner basins, where the Panama canal ship can meet the Sacramento river boat and safely and economically exchange cargoes, but reclaim in dock construction the hundreds of acres of worthless mud flats to the south, where manufacturers could go, instead of going to Oakland or Richmond, as they are now forced to do. This would also include the extension of the belt line railroad from the Presidio to the San Mateo county line, in such a manner as to not only assemble and distribute cargoes at the lowest possible cost, but prevent any monopoly of the water front through the medium of private railroad switches or tracks.

Third—The establishment on reclaimed mud flats, as a municipal public utility, of a sanitary abattoir or slaughter house and public stock yards, where the many small ranch owners of the future may ship their live stock by boat or rail, and on such terms that they would get something for their industrial effort and the consumer in San Francisco something for his money. This will not only help to solve the high cost of living, but remove the menace to health which now exists in the Butchertown district.

In order to show what proper harbor developments and cheap transportation will do in city development it may be said that San Francisco in 1880 was a larger city than Buenos Aires. As the result of a \$50,000,000 harbor expenditure the beautiful capital of the Argentine republic has a population today of 1,200,000, and is growing faster than any city in the world. And yet Buenos Aires has no advantage, either physical or climatic, over the city of San Francisco. The great valley of the La Platte river is only a little larger than the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

Western Humor According to the Vineland News a horse doesn't care whether he is few "a la cart" or "table d'ot," so long as his hay is "a la mowed."

Nothing Doing

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THE times are swift, so help me Bob, and you can't be a-sleeping if you would get and hold a job that's really worth the keeping.

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Answers to Queries

THE WIDOW'S SHARE—Subscriber, City. If a man dies in California leaving a widow, what proportion of the estate is she entitled to?

DRESS SUIT OUTFIT—F. M. G. City. What constitutes a dress suit outfit for an American war vessel?

MARY EVELYN—O. S. City. Is there an institution in Oakland, known as the "Mary Evelyn" for girls?

COUNTY POPULATION—A. S. City. What is the county population of San Francisco, Alameda and Los Angeles?

According to the latest census—San Francisco, 419,812; Alameda, 246,131, and Los Angeles, 504,131.

Ferry Tales



JUST as all the world loves a lover, so the sympathy of the universe extended to the tired business man. The theater, we are told, exists for his relaxation, and the church going of the land is done largely by the women, because he—poor, tired dear—needs the day for rest from the strain of weekday battle, and for baseball, tennis, yachting, fishing, hunting, "joy riding" and other soul-soothing diversions.

His absorption in business is first manifested at the breakfast table, where he secludes himself from the idle prattle of the family circle by erecting a screen immediately in front of his coffee cup. This screen is the morning newspaper. He must not be interrupted, for the reason that he is arming himself for the battle of the day by a study of the market reports.

That he works incessantly from the time he leaves home until his return at the dinner hour, goes without argument. He says so himself and his word goes. The tired look that he brings home with him wins him the most comfortable chair in the cosiest corner of the house and secures him immunity from the jangle that will arise, occasionally, in the most efficient of domestic administrations.

In view of all this a glimpse of hubby at work will be of interest to those whose lives are spent largely in saving his tired brain from unnecessary strain.

During the last few days, for instance, the life of the business man has been peculiarly trying. To his mental problems was added the perplexing task of picking the winner of the world series. When he had decided this he faced the task of seeking the place where a financial indorsement of his conclusion could be placed where it would do the most good in the event of his having guessed the right answer.

Added to all this, he was compelled, day after day, to stand for several hours with a crowd of other tired business men, watching the bulletin boards on which was registered the progress of the great struggle.

To cite a particular instance. Take the case of Carlton Crane, general agent here for the New York Central. Crane is one of the busiest of business men, and a leaf from the book of his daily life may be taken as a fairly typical account of the strain and stress of business life in a great city.

The city passenger agent in Crane's office is John A. Foster. Foster arrived at the office the other morning about 11 o'clock. He was late, he explained, because he had been in the dentist's chair for three hours.

There was some business that Crane wanted Foster to dispatch. "All right," said Foster, "but I won't do it until after luncheon. I had an early appointment with the dentist. I overslept and had to go there without breakfast. I'm as hungry as a wooden god."

A few minutes later Crane slipped out of the office and from a neighboring telephone called up Foster.

"This is Doctor So-and-so," said Crane, giving the name of Foster's dentist. "I forgot to tell you before you left here that the work I did in your mouth must not be disturbed for several hours. The longer the better. You must not on any account eat luncheon."

"But, Doc," Foster pleaded, "I had no breakfast. I'm starved."

"I'm sorry," replied the pseudo dentist, "but if you don't want to go through all that trouble again you'll take my advice. And, remember, doing that work over will be more painful and will take longer than it did in the first place. You cut out luncheon later and I'll tell you about dinner later on. I'll call you up about 4 o'clock."

The groan that came over the telephone would have melted a heart of stone, but Crane merely grinned. He was all sympathy, however, when he returned to the office and found Foster in the depths of a dark, dismal gloom.

Crane then went out and watched the world series bulletin for a couple of hours and then relaxed with a few other tired business men over a luncheon at the club. He returned to the office, told Foster of the bully steak he had at the club and dropped into the club again about 3 o'clock. He couldn't bear the sight of Foster's suffering. He told the fellows at the club what he had done to Foster. They agreed with him that it was a shame, Foster's appetite being one of the club traditions.

"Crane's conscience is hurting him now," said the club members, when Crane put in a telephone call for "Mr. Foster at my office." It was true, for when the bell rang, Crane went to the phone and said:

"This is Doctor So-and-so. Mr. Foster, I think it would be safe for you to take a glass of milk now and it will be all right to eat dinner about 3 o'clock."

When we consider that in the ranks of the army of tired business men the Cranes and the Fosters are about evenly divided and that turn about is counted an essential of fair play, and when we realize that in addition to these brain-racking occupations some of them have work to do, is it any wonder that the poor chaps want peace and quiet and entertainment after the whistle blows? LINDSAY CAMPBELL

THE REUBEN CAR

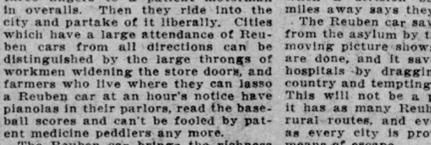
By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Slwash."

THE Reuben car is a large, awkward, business like trolley car which ambles into the city from the country and, like country boys who come to the city, makes the said city hum.

The Reuben car travels by electricity and connects the farm yards and country lanes with Main street in Peoria, and Zanaville, O., and Leavenworth, Kan. It holds 90 people and enough butter and eggs to pay the taxes on a dozen farms. It isn't swift and it isn't handsome, but it is accommodating and its usefulness is determined by the number of times it stops. Every time a Reuben car stops it makes money for its owner and helps business. It will stop for a farmer's child going to school or a baseball team going to town, or a hen that is publishing her morning edition of prosperity, and it is never too hurried to throw off a daily paper at a crossroad or to wait while a farmer's wife washes off her hands and climbs aboard with a jar of butter.

Thousands of farmers who have spent their lives watching limited railroad trains elbow their way through livestock at the rate of 60 miles an hour now go down to the crossing at the end of the southwest 40 and hold up three fingers to a patient motorman in overalls. Then they ride into the city and partake of it liberally. Cities which have a large attendance of Reuben cars from all directions can be distinguished by the large throngs of workmen widening the store doors, and farmers who live where they can lasso a Reuben car at an hour's notice have pianolas in their parlors, read the baseball scores and can't be fooled by patent medicine peddlers any more.

The Reuben car brings the richness (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)



"And holds up three fingers to a patient motorman in overalls."

of the country into the city and scatters the seasoning of the city through the country. It has filled the country with fine interurban farm homes and made the Chauciquia, the fall festival, the department store and the produce markets wax great in the land. The Reuben car goes after its passengers instead of making them hunt a depot and wait for it, and it takes them when they want to go instead of when a division superintendent 100 miles away says they will have to go.

The Reuben car saves farmers' wives from the asylum by taking them to the moving picture shows after the chores are done, and it saves city men from hospitals by dragging them into the country and tempting them with farms. This will not be a perfect land until it has as many Reuben cars as it has rural routes, and every farm as well as every city is provided with ample means of escape.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- W. A. TILLY, a rancher of Marin; Mrs. Tilly, W. H. Walker of Portland, F. E. Morris of St. Louis and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wright of Los Angeles make up a group of recent arrivals at the Manx.
GEORGE X. FLEMING, a real estate operator of Sacramento, is among the recent arrivals at the Stewart.
GEORGE C. KAUFMAN of New York has taken permanent apartments at the Palace with Mrs. Kaufman.
M. KUSHIDA, a business man of Tokyo, arrived from the east yesterday and is staying at the Palace.
JOHN WILLIS BAEL, president of Occidental College, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.
A. E. WHITING and J. E. Larocque, business men of New York, have apartments at the Palace.
H. P. ANDREWS, manager of a telephone company at Red Bluff, is registered at the Argonaut.
A. E. COATS, who has large lumber and cement interests in Seattle, is staying at the Palace.
F. F. ATKINSON, assistant district attorney of Sacramento, is staying at the Stewart.
W. A. BARKER, a furniture dealer of Los Angeles, is a guest at the St. Francis.
JAMES N. JARBE and James Turner of New York are guests at the Fairmont.
LEONARD D. BALDWIN, an attorney of New York, is registered at the Palace.
M. S. GOODERHAM, a distiller of Toronto, is at the Delage with A. F. Miller.
J. F. MUNDY, promoter of lands, is at the Palace, registered from Medford.
P. J. GIOVANNONI, a ranch owner of Newman, is stopping at the Argonaut.
W. E. PRATT, a mine owner of Goldfield, is at the Union Square.
J. J. GAGE, a New York attorney, is at the Colonial.
F. P. GREGSON, traffic manager of the Associated Jobbers of Los Angeles, is here on a business trip and is staying at the St. Francis.
JOHN C. SLATER, a broker of Seattle, who is mentioned as the successor of Mayor Cortelli, is spending a few days at the St. Francis.
ALBERT H. KEAL, who is connected with the Scottish Union Liverpool insurance company, is at the Palace, registered from London.
H. F. NORCROSS, representative of the Hotel del Coronado at San Diego, is at the St. Francis, registered from Los Angeles.
J. HEBBARD of Los Angeles, H. E. Evans of New York and G. O. Steinhoff of Santa Rosa are guests at the Granada.
A. HULSHOFF-POL, a mining man of the Hague, is at the Palace with Mrs. Hulshoff-Pol.
GEORGE H. WHITNEY, of Seward, Alaska, an inspector of boilers, is staying at the Court.
EDGAR HAHER, a land operator of Medford, is staying at the St. Francis.
J. M. MONSARIAT, a planter from Honolulu, is registered at the Turpin.
BYRON D. BECKWITH and wife of Colusa are registered at the Sutter.
M. D'OCITO, a capitalist from Hilo, T. H., is stopping at the Turpin.
MISS M. IRWIN of Los Angeles is among the guests at the Baldwin.
FRANK W. BECKER, a Eureka lumberman, is staying at the Sutter.
G. A. MOORE, a Gridley rancher, is among the guests at the Dale.
DR. J. W. F. LEWIS of Callotoga, is a guest at the Argonaut.
MARSHAL HALL of New York is stopping at the St. James.
JAMES DILLWORTH, a Fresno merchant, is at the Dale.
A. A. BROWN of Cincinnati is at the Baldwin.

Bits of Humor

A Lot in a Name "Still at Bilson's lodging house, are you not?" "No, at the Cholmondeley apartments." "When did you move?" "Didn't move. They just changed the name and put up the rent."—Boston Transcript.

Puzzling I don't understand why Matilda has sued me, Judge," protested the defendant in a recent breach of promise suit. "I only did the asking, while she did the promising."—Judge's Library.

A Sure Sign "It's going to be a hard winter." "How can you tell?" "By the size of the salary I'm getting."—Boston Transcript.

Western Humor According to the Vineland News a horse doesn't care whether he is few "a la cart" or "table d'ot," so long as his hay is "a la mowed."

Abe Martin



Mrs. Tipton had an' children have returned from Seymour, where they took in their relatives an' visited th' opery. Miss Fawn Lippincott says she'd hate t' live in a city where even your next door neighbor don't care if you've got a new hat.