

Time Now for Action To Regulate Tearing Up of Streets

SAN FRANCISCO has suffered more than most cities from ill regulated and irresponsible disturbance of its street surfaces.

It is time now for the board of supervisors to take comprehensive and well reasoned action to check this evil along the lines suggested by Mr. Adolph Uhl, representing the Chamber of Commerce and the several improvement associations and clubs.

Occasional and periodic removal of pavements and the digging of trenches in the streets is, of course, a necessity in any growing city, but that is no reason why there should not be a well thought out and systematic co-ordination of this work, so that the disturbance of traffic and the injury to business will not be multiplied in the haphazard fashion that has been customary in San Francisco.

A recent constitutional amendment restores to the city authorities their power to regulate this matter and puts under limitation the right of public service corporations to dig trenches and lay pipes and mains without regulation.

It may be admitted that the board of works has been perhaps the worst offender in this regard. Contractors for that body have been permitted the widest latitude in the way of extensions, so that our most important thoroughfares have been torn up and blocked for months and months.

Now, it seems that the time has come for an exhaustive codification of all regulations governing the installation of subway work in accordance with the suggestions of the several civic bodies.

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

THE European war means better times for American producers, good as times now are. It may be a bit selfish, but the thought enables a good many persons in this country to look upon the far away trouble with equanimity.

It is more than likely that the war will be long. The allies and the Turks are pretty evenly matched in actual fighting strength, and doubtless Russia and Austria will find money for the one side and England for the other.

It will take a lot of breadstuffs to feed the armies and the civilians withdrawn from production, and as we are the only nation carrying any considerable surplus in that line, we can look for big orders and brisk trade and fancy prices before long.

THE state grange has gone on record as opposed to the home rule in taxation amendment. I hope—and believe—that the state grange knows more about agriculture and farming interest than it does about the scope and purpose of this amendment.

No counties in the state would be so benefited by the adoption of this amendment as those whose industries are chiefly agricultural. I am not discussing theory now; I am talking about what I have seen in actual practice in Oregon, where home rule in taxation was adopted just two years ago.

So far from driving away investment, as the grange supposes, capital has been attracted to Oregon, and the farm lands of that state now sell at figures that would astound Californians.

Lands such as the reclaimed soils of the San Joaquin and Sacramento islands and deltas, but not so near market nor so free from danger of early and late frosts, sell at from two to four times the price of our own acreage.

The home rule in taxation amendment was mistakenly fought by land owners, who listened to mistaken advisers. It carried by a small majority. If submitted again to vote it would be as vigorously supported by the land owners now as it was vigorously opposed then.

Theory is one thing, experience another. Drop the theory and find out from somebody in Oregon how the plan works.

THE negro pugilist Johnson is a bad example of what newspapers can do when they permit their columns to be used in giving notoriety to pluggies of the ring.

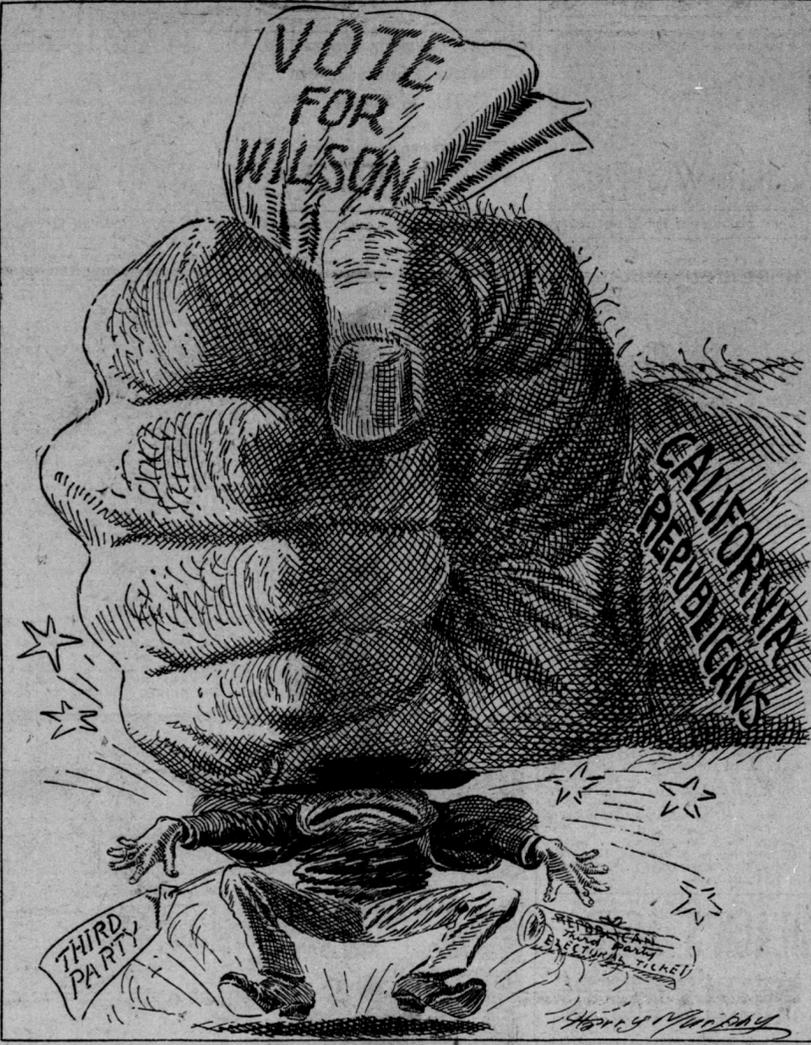
Johnson has just secured more notice by spoiling the life of a young white girl and defying the mother to regain her child. Years ago this negro was a roustabout on the wharves of Galveston and took off his hat when a white man spoke to him.

Between the Galveston method and the Chicago method of treating animals of the Johnson type I am personally unanimously, fervently and enthusiastically in favor of the former. And I hope to see the day when newspapers will not consider the actions, sayings and comings and goings of a beetle browed human brute, with a bone head and ham sized fists, worth more space than the most important legislation or the discussion of topics which interest persons of intelligence.

HAPPILY the shot fired at Mr. Roosevelt by a lunatic did no great harm; but it might have been fatal. As the political situation stands Mr. Roosevelt has no possible chance of election; he will poll probably 2,000,000 votes in a total of about 15,000,000, and it is not very likely that he will carry any state—certainly not more than three at the most.

Had he unfortunately been slain by the insane Schrank, how many votes would his faction have polled? How long would his party have held together? The answers to these questions are easy.

The Remedy



The faction would have dwindled to nothing before November. It would have cast not so many votes as the socialist party, and it would have disappeared entirely as a national party.

Nothing, to my mind, shows the inherent weakness and the evanescent character of the third term party more clearly than the helpless consternation with which the leaders and the followers would view the situation had Mr. Roosevelt been the victim of assassination.

Nothing shows more clearly that the whole movement is based upon his remarkable personality, that it has no definite great policies of any kind and that it is the surge and swell of a tempest of emotionalism, and not the steady flow of fixed purpose to achieve some high ideal.

Had George Washington been slain at any time between 1776 and 1783 the war for independence would have gone on without pause, because underlying that war was the resolution of a whole people to defend the great principles of "no taxation without representation" and of local self-government.

Had Mr. Lincoln fallen in 1861 instead of 1865 the republican party would not have halted a day in its march to victory, because the fundamental problems of an indissoluble Union and of a nation wholly free or half slave demanded settlement and the issues involved were greater than any man.

What neither the sudden death of Washington or of Lincoln could have resulted in the sudden death of Mr. Roosevelt would have effected—the immediate disintegration and disappearance of his party. And the reason is simply that the independence party of 1776 and the republican party of 1856 represented permanent and fundamental principles and policies of government and society, and the third term party of 1912 represents and is represented solely by Mr. Roosevelt.

His personality and his political fortunes are the party and the platform, when all is said and done, and the proof is that the party would instantly fall to pieces without him.

No party built upon the ambitions and the popularity of an individual ever did or ever will have any permanency. That is just as certain as the truth of mathematics or of the law of gravity.

There are two antagonistic principles which have divided men into hostile political camps for ages. They are the irreconcilable principles of centralized and of diffused governmental powers. The distinction in many ages and in most nations has been acute. In our own republic it is not so marked, but it exists fundamentally, and it gives vigor to two parties, the republican and the democratic.

Upon questions of tariffs, colonies, subsidies, armaments and such like men temporarily divide, but upon the fundamental question of strong central or strong local government they are always in opposition, and always will be.

Broadly speaking, the distinctive doctrine of the republican party is the Hamiltonian doctrine of strong centralized government, and the distinctive doctrine of the democratic party is the Jeffersonian doctrine, which Calhoun carried to the absurd point of limited federal powers and strong local government.

Out of the opposition of these fundamental principles and through the compromises necessitated when a powerful minority faces the majority there has grown up, during a hundred and thirty odd years, a system of government and a body of laws not surpassed in the history of the world. The results of government by party in this nation are the ample justification for party existence. When we have no parties or but one party the republic will fall.

In this country there is neither any need nor any justification for a third party organization, and it is a significant fact that the most powerful of these movements have always collapsed in no long time. Such was the fate, within our own times, of the liberal republican movement, led by Greeley, Curtis, Schurz and other able men; of the populist party, organized amid boundless enthusiasm and actually carrying fourteen states in its first and only national campaign; of the greenback party, headed by Butler; of the silver republican party, led by Teller and his western associates. All were immensely enthusiastic; all looked for a time formidable and even invincible; all died within a year or two.

There is the same necessity for a third party now as in the times of those parties; there is the same emotional enthusiasm, the same hysteria, the same passionate declamation, the same fervid appeal, the same spectacular staging, and, it may be safely predicted, there will be the same early demise and the same neglected funeral.

In 1916 the two great parties will again confront one another, and a handful of scattered votes cast in some remote precincts in Kansas or South Dakota will be all that is left to remind the curious of the "crusaders" of 1912.

Winter Is Near

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THE winter's at the door, and soon we'll hear the roar of tempest loud and rancous; before the fire, ere long, we'll sit, a cheerful throng, and hold the evening caucus. Oh, winter has its joys for healthy girls and boys—to nail 'em they'll endeavor; but there's one long felt want, one sorrow that will haunt the little ones forever. For when the winter comes the fly no longer hums around the cheerful kitchen; and Willie—darling! tot!—can't hump around and swat until he busts his breechin'!

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Letters From the People

THANKS FOR HELPING GOOD WORK Editor Call—The certificate of deposit for \$2,000, given by me to the mayor on October 4, with a subscription for \$10,000 for the Hetch Hetchy 4 1/2 per cent bonds at par, was returned to me today by Supervisor Vogelsang, chairman of the committee on public utilities, and I was informed that none of these bonds would be for sale for some time; that there was \$176,000 of Hetch Hetchy money with the treasurer available, with which the work to lay water mains to the water famine stricken districts and high elevations would be started.

But why this so necessary work was not started sooner is all I have to ask. And if my check for the paltry sum of \$2,000 and subscription for the Hetch Hetchy bonds for \$10,000 urged this matter on I want no credit for it.

However, I do want to thank you for what you published of this matter in The Call, which greatly helped the good work, and so will no doubt the people on Bernal Heights and in the Sunset District thank you.

Very truly yours, C. D. SALLFIELD, 1890 Page street, October 18, 1912.

SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS

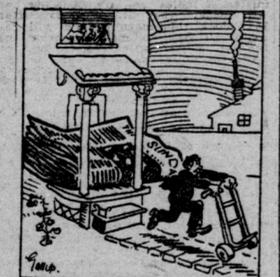
By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Swinsh."

A SUNDAY newspaper is a portable library, which is delivered by a strong carrier boy on a reinforced front porch on Sunday morning with a bang which is as good as an alarm clock.

The Sunday newspaper contains the news of Saturday together with several short stories, a novel, an art section, a gangrenous looking collection of funny pictures, a beauty corner, a Sunday sermon, a sporting section, some real estate, financial and political gossip, 10 pages of automobile notes, some history, a toy aeroplane made of cardboard, a dramatic letter, 111,000 want ads, departments devoted to ancestry, royalty, love, cooking, brass hammering, fraternalism, a few lurid sensations, an uplift editorial in black type, the latest popular song, a symposium by famous persons on the proper length of skirts and a recipe for making soft soap, together with other subjects too numerous to catalogue.

All of this matter is baled up Saturday night and is waiting for the plucky reader when he rises on Sunday morning. For many years Sunday papers were so small that they could be read before church time. But they have grown until it now takes a strong man until late Sunday night to finish one, and he is being compelled to rise earlier and earlier in order to get a fair start at the task, until Sunday is becoming a day not of rest but of red eyes.

The Sunday paper is the most of anything in the world for 5 cents. For this sum a man can stuff himself on



"With a bang which is as good as an alarm clock."

Information and literature for 24 hours. A steady course of Sunday paper reading will give a man a working knowledge of political and social conditions, pugilism, art, music, history, banking, science, automobile repairing, undertaking, plain and fancy, intensive gardening, swimming, job hunting, salad making, baby feeding, marriage, divorce and gasoline engines.

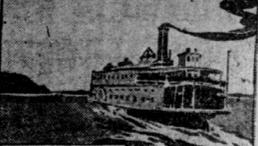
There is much complaint because the Sunday paper is delivered on the front porch, thus compelling the subscriber to read his way through it before he can escape and go to church. However, a really decent man would not let the Sunday paper imprison him. He would climb over it.

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PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- J. D. LOWMAN, president of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and a well known stationer of that city, heads an automobile party that arrived from the north yesterday. In the group are Mrs. Lowman, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Backus and Mrs. R. H. Boyle.
DR. A. GROMAN and wife of Omaha and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Adams of Chicago have apartments at the St. Francis.
EVADET MORRIS, a linen manufacturer of Albany, N. Y., registered yesterday at the Union Square.
JAMES JOHNSTON and Miss Marie Johnston of Rochester, N. Y., are guests at the St. Francis.
DR. GEORGE WHOMER of Los Angeles and Mrs. Whomer are stopping at the Argonaut.
O. D. STODSSE, an apple grower of Watsonville, is spending a few days at the Sutter.
THOMAS LANGFORD, an attorney of Eureka, is among the recent arrivals at the Stewart.
GEORGE W. BOSCHKE, an engineer of Portland, is at the Palace with Mrs. Boschke.
WILLIAM GRAY and Miss Edith D. Gray of New York are stopping at the Baldwin.
H. SELDNER of Mazatlan and Fernando Deuer of Guatemala are guests at the Palace.
W. F. WOOD, a mining man of Eiko, Nev., is among the recent arrivals at the Court.
THOMAS H. FIFE, an oil operator of Los Angeles, is staying at the St. Francis.
S. P. ROSS and J. R. Ross, lumbermen of Henderson, have apartments at the Maun.
M. S. MILWARD, a mining man of Moorport, Mex., is staying at the St. Francis.
LAWTON THOMAS, a public accountant of Fresno, is registered at the Stewart.
WILLIAM BURNETT, a mining man of Cobalt, Ont., is staying at the Maun.
FRED LAUGHELL, an automobile dealer of Oakland, is at the Argonaut.
E. A. D. FURBER, a land operator of Portland, is registered at the Palace.
JOHN KEEFER of Merced is at the Dale.

Ferry Tales



AMONG those who had to pay hard cash for their faith in the New York Giants was Phillip G. Herlein, chief statistician of the Rudder club, most famous of Key Route commuter organizations.

The sad part about the stinging of Herlein—from Herlein's point of view—is that he brought it all on himself. Weeks before the battle that made us forget the war in Europe, the revolution in Nicaragua and the presidential campaign, Herlein announced his belief in the ability of the Giants to win, and offered to back his faith with hard cash.

If the Sunshine club, which meets on the upper deck of the deck, under which the Rudder club gather each morning, had heard the clink of coin and had discovered that the members of the Rudder club were gambling, there would have been a scandal right there. The members of the Sunshine club are all for the uplift, and their opinion of the Rudder club is none too flattering, anyway.

It was on this account that when Bert Ames, Stuart Murdoch and "Doc" Terry went to the bat for Boston and said that they too had money to risk on the Red Sox, and bets were made, no money was put up. It was also supposed that no record had been made of the bets.

Terry, Ames and Murdoch declare that they had forgotten all about their bet on Boston until Herlein—he had kept still in the early part of the series—introduced the subject.

It was the day of the deciding game. New York had come up with a rush and Herlein had good reason to believe that he had shown the best kind of good judgment. Even Terry, Ames and Murdoch, their previous convictions routed and their bet forgotten, were shouting for New York.

"By the way," said Herlein, "you fellows have changed your minds. I hope you don't forget that you have a little money invested in this contest. How were those bets, anyway?"

Nobody remembered. Terry thought he had bet on New York. Murdoch didn't know that he had even considered Boston's chances good enough to risk money on. Ames thought Herlein was dreaming.

"Dreaming?" persisted Herlein. "If I remember rightly, Bert Ames made a note of it in that little book of his. Take a look, Bert." It was there all right. If New York won Herlein didn't need to care what his next suit of clothes cost. If Boston won, new clothes had no interest for him. Boston, however, didn't look like a winner, and when Ames, Murdoch and Terry offered to call the bets off, Herlein refused to consider the proposition.

"And I'll take part of the money," he said, "and buy Bert a whole lot of little notebooks. If it hadn't been for the little book this little favor of fortune's would have been overlooked altogether."

What's the use of going any further? The Sunshine club said it served him right, and every member of the Rudder club has bought a little book like the one Ames carries.

Captain John Leale, commodore of the Southern Pacific ferry service, stood on the afterdeck of the Newark the other evening as the passengers embarked.

"I say, me man," and a tall tourist with a bundle of walking canes in one hand and a roll of rugs in the other, addressed the skipper.

"I say, is this the boat for Oakland?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain with a gracious inclination of his graceful figure.

"Is this the boat that connects with the overland track and completed it with his watch. The clock's hands indicated 12:20. His watch said 12:05. Pointing to the indicator, he asked the man in the ticket office window:

"Say, mister, is that right?"

The man at the window stuck his head out to make sure that the 12 o'clock hand had gone and then replied in the affirmative.

"I've carried this watch for 20 years," said the old gentleman, as he set its minute hand to 12:20. "This is the first time it ever went back on me."

LINDSAY CAMPBELL

Abe Martin



If you'd fire some fellers out o' a cannon it wouldn't muss their hair. There's alius plenty o' harmony in a convention where nobuddy's got a chance.