

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

MR. PERKINS doth protest too much. He is more at home writing checks for the incorruptible than testifying. He is a more beautiful angel than witness.

In 1904 the attorney general of the United States was prepared to bring suit against the Morgan-Perkins trusts.

Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, then corporation commissioner under Mr. Roosevelt, saw Mr. Morgan and Mr. Perkins. He wrote to Mr. Roosevelt that the Morgan interests would withdraw their friendship and fight if the suit was brought. The letter is now part of the records.

Mr. Roosevelt ordered the attorney general to cease the prosecution. It will be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt, in the primary campaign, asserted that he did this after a cabinet consultation with Mr. Taft, and that Mr. Taft then proved that during that time he was in Japan and the Philippines for a stay of several months.

After the prosecution, the Morgan interests remained friendly. Mr. Perkins testified Monday that they contributed \$122,000 this spring to Mr. Roosevelt's primary campaign—strictly in the interest of pure politics, and with no thought of personal favors to come.

Mr. Perkins declared to the committee that when he told Mr. Smith to tell Mr. Roosevelt that the Morgan interests would fight, he meant nothing more than that they would fight the law suit in the courts.

Viewed in that light, the threat must, indeed, have been terrifying. The attorney general, in preparing his case, could not have dreamed, of course, that the corporation sued would think of resisting the case in the courts. It must have been a fearful shock to him and to Mr. Roosevelt. The usual procedure in such cases, of course, is for the sued corporation to waive hearing, plead guilty, and take its medicine. They all do that, you know. Naturally, Mr. Perkins' unexpected declaration of the steel trust's purpose to hire lawyers and resist the suit, brought consternation to the government.

There was nothing to do, of course, but to withdraw the suit. There was no other way to keep the trust from fighting it in the courts, in compliance with its fearsome threat.

Mr. Perkins should flock with the marines. They are supposed to enjoy stories like his.

THE state railroad commission has done some good work, and is entitled to commendation for having done it. But in the opinion of excellent constitutional lawyers it has been overstepping its powers of late, in some instances.

That the state has any right to order common carriers to build depots and fix the sites and the minimum cost of such structures is open to serious question. It is difficult to see how the state has any power beyond those of regulation and restraint in dealing with corporations. If the rule were once established that a commission could arbitrarily order construction of betterments, such as new trackage, double trackage, increased rolling stock, and the like, and arbitrarily fix the amount which the carriers must spend for such betterment, there would be an end of investment in railroad building.

Nobody with any sense would put his capital at the mercy of a board of politicians, which today might be honest and reasonable and tomorrow an aggregation of crooks and holdup brigands. Neither the spirit nor the letter of the federal constitution contemplates the possession or the exercise of arbitrary power over persons or property by any state or any body.

The commission has great powers—entirely too great if the commissioners should some day chance to be dishonest and avaricious men. But it does not own the common carrier's business or property. It has no right of eminent domain, no attribute of a sovereign.

The commissioners have done so well that it seems too bad to see them setting up claims to such authority and rule as are not at all in the contemplation of that great charter of rights—the federal constitution. If enough voters should elect Mr. Roosevelt to set aside and destroy that venerable and noble charter, it would be quite in order for his numerous national and state commissions to assume arbitrary authority over all of us and over all our properties, great and small.

But that contingency is remote, and until it does take place, the railroad commission of this state would do well to assume only such powers as can be exercised without rebuke from the courts.

WAR correspondents are to be placed under severe restrictions by both the allied and the Turkish military authorities. This will bother them little.

Many of the most thrilling narratives of battle which adorned and illuminated the newspapers during the Russo-Japanese war were composed while the eye witnesses were at a safe distance from the actual fusing—in some instances as far as Tokyo.

Spread a war over three or four hundred miles of mountains, and all any truly great correspondent needs is an imagination, a ream of "filmy," a dozen pencils and a case of fishbait. With these materials he can win and lose enough battles and sieges to satisfy the most bloodthirsty news editor.

The days of hand to hand fighting and spectacular assaults and repulses vanished when smokeless powder and the new tactics came in. The war correspondent is not at all to blame that he makes battles read as they ought to occur, and not as they do. His fights are much more picturesque than the real article, and they do not muss up the landscape so disagreeably, either.

AS the situation is today, a conservative tabulation of California's presidential vote, county by county, gives Governor Wilson a plurality over the third term candidate of 15,000. If the election were held today, a careful estimate gives Wilson 382,000 votes, Roosevelt 371,000, the other hundred and odd thousands being divided in the ratio of about 6 to 4 between the socialists and prohibitionists.

The estimate was purposely made favorable to the third term party, and it is a shrewd guess that Mr. Wilson's plurality over Roosevelt in this state will be between 25,000 and 30,000.

The estimate gives Roosevelt majorities as follows, in counties he will carry:

- Alameda, 8682; Alpine, 114; Del Norte, 29; Humboldt, 2185; Imperial, 321; Kings, 278; Lassen, 216; Los Angeles, 8450; Mono, 91; Monterey, 821; Plumas, 331; Riverside, 1569; San Diego, 2084; San Luis Obispo, 1240; San Mateo, 446; Santa Barbara, 924; Santa Clara, 1223; Santa Cruz, 1001; Sierra, 168—the total of county majorities being 30,167.

Wilson figures to carry the following counties by the given majorities:

- Amador, 650; Butte, 614; Calaveras, 640; Colusa, 1660; Contra Costa, 331; Eldorado, 879; Fresno, 617; Glenn, 1159; Inyo, 363; Kern, 2897; Lake, 683; Madera, 343; Marin, 637; Mariposa, 534; Mendocino, 1198; Merced, 732; Modoc, 142; Napa, 3500; Nevada, 290; Orange, 373; Placer, 531; Sacramento, 4128; San Benito, 264; San Bernardino, 395; San Francisco, 6544; San Joaquin, 1296; Shasta, 377; Siskiyou, 1342; Solano, 1045; Sonoma, 2096; Stanislaus, 312; Sutter, 91; Tehama, 663; Trinity, 46; Tulare, 555 (what do you think of that, B'r'r Maddox?); Tuolumne, 679; Ventura, 301; Yolo, 1432; Yuba, 746—the Wilson county majorities totaling 41,092.

These estimates are made on a percentage basis, and the third term candidate was purposely allowed too large percentage in the counties outside Alameda and Los Angeles. The figures are not

The Way to Wipe It Out



given as anything but my own percentage forecast, but I think they will not be so very far off in the general result, and in most of the counties, except, as I have said, the state plurality for Wilson will be well above 15,000.

IT is a satisfaction to learn that Australian public opinion has barred the negro prizefighter, Johnson, from the rings of that country. One naturally rejoices to see decency show even a timid face in unexpected company.

I like sport, almost any kind of manly games—baseball, football, punning, jumping, swimming, wrestling, boxing. And I wouldn't want to have a son who wouldn't fight at any time his manly instinct told him he should fight.

But of all low, base and mean pastimes, I hold the worst to be that of watching two brutes hammer each other in the ring. The essence of true sport is fair play. The rule of the ring is to do any dirty trick that can be got away with. The whole game is low, mean and crooked.

It is amazing to me that thousands of people will run about anxiously to stop horse racing and at the same time sit by and make no effort to abolish prize fighting, the most demoralizing, brutalizing and crooked game with which surething gamblers ever abused public morals.

A little amendment forbidding boxing exhibitions to which admission fees are charged, directly or indirectly, whether public or club affairs, would make the grass in the pasture too short to be tempting to promoters, and force a lot of toughs to go to work or to jail—where most of them belong by right.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- T. J. COWIE, paymaster general of the United States navy, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Cowie. He is on a general inspection trip, and, after investigating the local office, will visit Los Angeles, New Orleans and Key West.
T. P. BONNEY, a real-estate operator of Stockton; Herbert Burdett, a prominent banker of Los Angeles, and H. C. MacVean, Pacific coast manager of an eastern brewery, make up a group of recent arrivals at the Stewart.
E. B. WOOD, a merchant of Spokane; Frederick G. Bremer, a manufacturer of Chicago; H. A. Bruce, a merchant of Marysville, and D. M. Clay Jr., an insurance broker of Seattle, are staying at the Mann.
FRANK J. BOLE, a passenger agent of the Southern Pacific at New Orleans, and R. Ramelli, a newspaper man of the same city, were among yesterday's arrivals at the St. Francis.
GEORGE W. TURNER, mayor of Los Gatos, motored up the coast yesterday with Mrs. Turner and took apartments at the Stewart.
C. J. LEHMAN, vice president and general manager of the Independent Steamship company, is spending a few days at the Stewart.
FREDERICK DREWS, manager of the Agricultural-Commercial bank of San Salvador, C. A., is at the Stewart with Mrs. Drews.
W. E. TAYLOR and Mrs. Taylor and I. S. Hendon of New York are guests at the Fairmont.
JOHN H. WILLIAMS, a capitalist of Kansas City, registered yesterday at the Union Square.
A. BERNARD, a wholesale liquor dealer of Spokane, is among the arrivals at the Stanford.
DR. J. HEBERLEIN and A. Blicke of Frankfurt, Germany, are guests at the St. Francis.
G. P. SHAFER, a merchant at Modesto, and Mrs. Shaffer are stopping at the Argonaut.
WILE SEAWELL, a real estate broker from Kansas City, and wife are at the Turpin.
C. H. SAILLY, a banker and mining man of Grass Valley, is a guest at the Stewart.
A. DUVAL, a wine grower of Livermore, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.
BISHOP ROBINSON of the Episcopal church of Nevada is staying at the St. Francis.
W. H. LATTIMER, a mining man of Los Angeles, is registered at the Mann.
H. C. STARKEY, a business man of Lakeport, Cal., is a guest at the Argonaut.
H. C. PECKHAM, a Valisoville merchant, and wife are stopping at the Turpin.
W. H. HALL, a merchant at Gridley, Cal., is stopping at the Argonaut.
S. M. COCHRAN of Seattle is among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont.
C. GRIMES of Chicago is at the Baldwin.
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BEOR KRONSTRAND, a well known portrait painter, who has been here for several months, will leave in a few days for Honolulu. He has been staying at the St. Francis.
C. A. HARRISON, a former hotel man who is engaged in building a theater in Sacramento for the Sullivan-Considine circuit, is staying at the Palace.
B. H. T. ANDERSON of the Diamond Match company of Ohio is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.
J. B. TERNES, who is engaged in the transfer of baggage in Tacoma, is at the Palace with Mrs. Ternes.
J. A. HELLENTHAL of Juneau, who has large interests in Alaska, is at the Palace with Mrs. Helleenthal.
DR. G. H. STOVER and Mrs. Stover of Denver are guests at the Palace.
G. W. DANFORTH of St. Louis is among the arrivals at the Baldwin.
M. P. WAITE, an oil operator of Los Angeles, is staying at the Palace.
J. F. CRAIG, a merchant of Long Beach, is registered at the Palace.
JOHN U. CALKINS, an attorney of Vacaville, is at the Union Square.
J. H. SHANNON and wife of Visalia are registered at the Dale.
H. B. DIEHMANN and wife of Seattle are guests at the Columbia.
MRS. H. KAHNWEILER of Seattle is registered at the Harcourt.
ROBERT J. LOUGHERY of Montella, Nev., is at the Harcourt.
A. LEWIS and wife of Seattle are staying at the Columbia.
DR. W. C. SMITH of Redlands is staying at the Stanford.
W. M. HAYNES of Portland, Ind., is at the St. James.
B. E. DUDLEY of Visalia is a guest at the Sutter.
W. C. TIGHE of Madera is staying at the Sutter.
J. N. THOMAS of Grass Valley is at the Dale.

The Scarecrow

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THE scarecrow, all swelled up with pride, was boasting of its worth. "I do more good each day," it sighed, "than any man on earth. I guard the granger's corn and wheat from hungry birds of prey; they come, the whole blamed crop to eat, see me, and fly away. I stand out here in rain and sun, all soaked in honest sweat; and though my work is never done, small credit do I get. I wildly wave my wooden arms, and kick my jointless shanks, to chase the buzzards from the farms, and no one gives me thanks. If I should loaf around in town and thus neglect my trust, the flouring mills would all close down, the bakeries would bust. The banks and factories would fall; you'd soon hear famines' tread; you'd hear the hungry housewife's wail, while children cried for bread. Prosperity is holding sway, and peace beyond all words, because I stay here day by day, and scare the doggone birds. But people don't appreciate the good I do, old chap; they really ought to nominate me for some public snap." Just then the farmer came and threw the scarecrow on its nose. "This effigy," he said, "will do for kindling, I suppose." No scarecrow's so important here that when deprived of power the world will be thrown out of gear for more than half an hour.

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Imitation

There should be a pure textile law as well as a pure food law. There are as many imitation woollens and imitation linens as there used to be imitation flavorings and condiments—as many imitation silks as imitation milks. Imitation is undoubtedly the sincerest form of flattery, but it's difficult to convince a woman that this is the case when you present her with an imitation sealskin sacque.—Dry Goods Economist.

Journalism

Young reporter—These new colleges of journalism will turn out a great number of journalists, don't you think? Old reporter—Sure thing! Young reporter—Some competition in the game, eh? Old reporter—Oh, I guess not! Young reporter—Why? Old reporter—Well, we shall be just as shy of newspapermen as ever.—Judge.

COLORADO

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

COLORADO is the roof garden of the United States. It is located a mile above the sea, on the shoulders of the Rocky mountains, and is nearly three miles high in a large number of spots.

Colorado has 100,000 square, oblong and pyramidal and parallelogram miles. Many of its miles contain as many as 14 sides, and some of them have upwards of 5,000 acres—a thousand on each side. Half of Colorado is so badly broken out with mountain peaks that it looks like a mastodontic picket fence to the reckless aviator traveling over it. Colorado trains travel farther going a mile than a small boy does in coming home from school, and there are whole counties, where if the daring resident lets go of the state long enough to moisten his hands, he will land, a total stranger, in another voting precinct a couple of miles below.

Colorado has the grandest collection of mountains in the United States or almost anywhere else. Even the humblest citizen has his scenery three times a day with his meals, and all the fresh and sanitary air that he can breathe. The mountains are stuffed with precious metals, and while Coloradans are digging \$75,000,000 a year out of their interiors, the tourists are clamoring early over their exteriors, with almost equally profitable results to the state. Colorado has more mines than any other state, and also more prospect holes masquerading as mines. Buying mining stock is the greatest Colorado dissipation, and selling it the greatest Colorado vice. For many years Colorado was only good to climb over and fall off of and pry into with a pick. Nowadays how-high, it contains \$60,000 permanent citizens, half of whom are farmers. By judiciously soaking a Colorado desert in water it can be made to produce enormous crops of apples, potatoes, sugar beets and alfalfa, while Colorado canteloupes are a national gastronomic feature—though Oklahoma claims that Colorado stole the Arkansas river in order to water the Rocky Ford region, and is suing the state to get it back. The greatest crop in Colorado is the tourist, who ripens in June, and is found over the state in vast numbers, shedding \$10 bills with the utmost freedom. Colorado is also a natural sanatorium, and its mountain air, if breathed persistently will revamp, half sole and entirely renovate worn out lungs.



Colorado was admitted to the union in 1876, and is a progressive state, in which the women vote, but not to excess like the men. Pike's peak, 14,100 feet high, is the biggest thing in Colorado, and Ben B. Lindsey, five feet high, the next biggest.

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ANSWERS TO QUERIES

LARGER POPULATION—T. CITY. How many states in the union have a larger population than California? According to the census of 1910 there are 12.

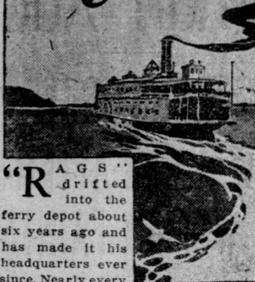
PEACHES—ENG. CITY. What county in California produces the greatest amount of peaches? Fresno, which has about 4,000,000 bearing peach trees.

Abe Martin



It may take all kinds o' folks to make a world, but I'll bet it would run along all right if you'd take the pinkie deck away from the engine house. Pinkie Kerr, who bought a se-zar at the state fair, is gradually recoverin'.

Ferry Tales



"RAGS" drifted into the ferry depot about six years ago and has made it his headquarters ever since. Nearly every commuter must have seen "Rags," and a good many of them have some slight acquaintance with him. No commuter, however, is on really familiar terms with this ferry house mascot, for Rags, be it told, has a strange taste in friends.

For Ed Lyons, his greatest benefactor, Rags has a warm but conservative affection. He will permit Lyons to pat him, and if Lyons accidentally trod on his tail Rags would give some warning before he bit him. His enthusiastic, tail wagging, panting affection he reserves for the men wearing the uniform of the Southern Pacific police force.

Rags is a terrier with an untidy coat. He shows traces of blue ribbon ancestry and has enough sense to stick around the ferry depot, where he lives a life that many a small boy would envy. He goes to bed when he feels like it and he sleeps where he pleases. He dines ashore or afloat, as it suits him. His collar secures him transportation on his ferry boats, but around meal times Rags never boards any but a boat on which he has a friend in the cook.

It was Ed Lyons, who has charge of the Southern Pacific advertising stock and its distribution, that really induced Rags to make his home in the ferry depot. Lyons gave him his first meal and a place to sleep. When the pound man got Rags Lyons saved him from the gas chamber, and ever since then the people around the depot have provided the dog with an annual license. Three years ago a truck was shoved over the dog's leg, causing a compound fracture. Ed Lyons called in a veterinary and paid \$10 to have the dog's leg set and placed in a plaster cast.

Lyons' office was moved to the Palace hotel, but he still makes a weekly visit to the ferry depot to see how Rags is behaving. When Lyons left, S. P. Policeman Ben Godkin and Jim O'Dowd undertook to look after Rags, and they are still doing it, to Rags' supreme satisfaction.

Lyons was something of a practical joker. With the aid of an electric battery and a few yards of copper wire he fixed matters so that everybody entering his office received a mild galvanic shock. Rags was the first victim. That was five years ago. To this day when Rags goes into that office he clears the threshold with a three foot jump.

Rags' self-appointed task is to keep the ferry depot clear of stray dogs. He does his work well and remains on duty until after the departure of the last boat. In his way Rags is as famous as Bummer and Lazarus, the canine pair that flourished during the reign of Emperor Norton, and whose stuffed bodies, kenneled in a glass case, were destroyed in the big fire six years ago. He looks like his name and has little use for any one that doesn't wear a Southern Pacific uniform, although he will ride on such Key Route boats as happen to have cooks who realize that dogs must eat.

Writing about dogs naturally suggests cats. This brings us to E. S. Merriman's recent adventure in the jungle of Corte Madera with an animal that was introduced to him as a bobcat. The bobcat, as even Merriman knew, is a small but determined member of the lynx family. Merriman, however, is not strong on natural history. He is also an indifferent marksman, but as his erring eye saved him from the consequences of his weakness in natural history he is thanking his stars today that he couldn't qualify for a prize schutzen fest.

An excited neighbor appeared at the Merriman home the other day.

"Merriman," the excited one said, "there's a great big bobcat in a tree over by my house. It's big as a lion. I saw it just as it was about to leap on me. Get your gun, old man, and let's kill the brute."

Throwing a couple of shells filled with buckshot—Merriman goes in for dove hunting and takes no chances—into his gun, Merriman invited his neighbor to lead him to the bobcat.

"You're right, all right, about it's being a bobcat. I've killed dozens of 'em," said Merriman with a glint that he recalled later with a shudder. "Let's climb the hill so we can get a closer shot."

The tree on which the ferocious animal lay stretched along a branch stood close beside a steep declivity, and when Merriman opened fire the cat was less than 10 feet from the muzzle of the gun. Taking careful aim, Merriman shut both eyes and pulled both triggers. The buckshot shattered the limb on which the cat had been resting, but missed the cat, which had quietly dropped to the ground about the time Merriman closed his eyes.

"What's doin', mister?" A small boy, attracted by the explosion, was standing at the foot of the tree.

"Better climb up here, kid," Merriman reloaded his piece as he spoke. "There's a wildcat around somewhere. That ain't no wildcat." The boy's tone was most disrespectful. "It's lucky for you you missed. That's Mrs. Trusty's prize cat."

Mrs. W. R. Trusty of Chapman Park is president of the San Francisco Club and Merriman's target was "Dandelion," her blue ribbon Persian. LINDSAY CAMPBELL.