

The Public Welfare Should Be Put Above Private Profit

BEFORE the public welfare committee of the supervisors this afternoon the billboard question will come up again. Two members of the committee are in favor of rigid restriction of the nuisance, with ultimate abolition. Two members are said to favor permitting the use of billboards twenty feet in height. With Supervisors Payot and Murdock in line for the interests of the city and Supervisors Hayden and Gallagher reported to be in line with the billboard-firms' conception of municipal adornment, the committee's action will depend upon Supervisor Giannini.

The Call will not undertake to direct the supervisors what to do or to threaten them in case they sin through commission or omission, but this journal does most urgently request the public welfare committee to act wholly together, with eyes single to the good of the city in this most important matter.

Billboards twenty feet in height are little less disfiguring and not at all less offensive to every artistic sense than billboards forty, fifty, a hundred feet high. The average human being, confronted by a printed or painted nightmare twenty feet high, is quite sufficiently shut out from a view of anything else. We were none of us born Broddingnagians, and it will be some time before we wear wings. We can neither peep over nor fly over an abomination three times the height of the tallest of us.

It should not be forgotten for a single moment that San Francisco is peculiarly on trial before the whole world now. The eyes of every civilized nation are turned upon us. That is an incident and an obligation of the great exposition from which we can not escape. Time presses, too, and delay is as fatal as permanent shirking.

If we do not begin now, at this very day and hour, to put our municipal house in order it is absolutely certain that we shall be shamed in the eyes of all the world when our guests come in troops of thousands to make holiday here.

The supervisors should rise to the importance of this duty. They should permit no petty obligations of friendship, business or politics to stand in the way of the city's welfare—of its imperative needs. This is not a time for little thoughts or selfish deeds. It is a time when we either make San Francisco or break it. It is a time for the display of civic pride, for the exercise of patriotic efforts and the fulfillment of the duties of good citizenship.

Gentlemen of the board of supervisors, do not shame your city—our city—in the world's eyes by permitting private greed to deface and disfigure the natural and artificial beauties of its streets and suburbs.

COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

IN one of his speeches to the coal miners in Pennsylvania Governor Johnson declared that the "progressive party proposes to make men better by better government."

Governor Johnson has zeal without knowledge, the enthusiasm of much talk and little thinking. There is no greater or more mischievous fallacy than that morals are a matter of government regulation. Crimes must indeed be repressed by fear of the police power of government, but no government can possibly make me or you a better or a worse man or woman. That is absolutely a matter of individual control.

The true functions of government are to preserve the public peace, to protect life and property and to safeguard public health. Nearly all other legislation is a nuisance and, in the long run, an injury to personal liberties and to national character. The attempts to coerce men in matters of religion, morals, trade and commerce have been without number, and always and everywhere they have been miserable governmental failures. The program of paternal legislation and benevolent despotism, which is so triumphantly exploited by Governor Johnson and other enthusiastic but ignorant and shallow political crusaders, is nothing new. It is as old as history and as stupid and foolish as it is old.

The so called progressives are in reality reactionaries, proposing the experimental failures of centuries as something novel. Their childish faith in these exploded fads of governmental regulation would be contemptible if it were not pathetic.

THE three tailors of Tooley street who put forth the famous manifesto beginning "We, the People of England," are not singular in their ludicrous conceit of themselves.

The socialists, in all their documents and speeches, invariably refer to themselves as "The People." They number about one in a hundred of the population.

The third term party orators and papers have adopted the same argot and seem utterly unconscious of the ridiculousness of the phrase as they use it.

There are about 16,000,000 voters in the United States, and of these the most extravagant estimate would not accord the bull moose faction more than 4,000,000. There are probably not more than 2,000,000.

And yet the self-appointed leaders of this one-eighth fraction of the citizens of the republic calmly style themselves "the whole people."

It would be interesting to know how these modern tailors of Tooley street classify the remaining 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 of their countrymen. In fact, it would be amusing to look into the thinking apparatus of almost any bull moose orator or editor. It is always fun to see wheels go around.

ON my desk is a printed appeal to voters urging them to defeat the home rule in taxation amendment. It is signed by the secretary and the executive committee of the Anti Single Tax league of California.

The secretary is my personal friend, Frank Mattison. The second name in the list of executive committeemen is that of Alex Brown. Alex I regard highly. So I can say to them in all friendliness that in this circular they are projecting conversation through their hats. Fact is, they don't know what they are talking about.

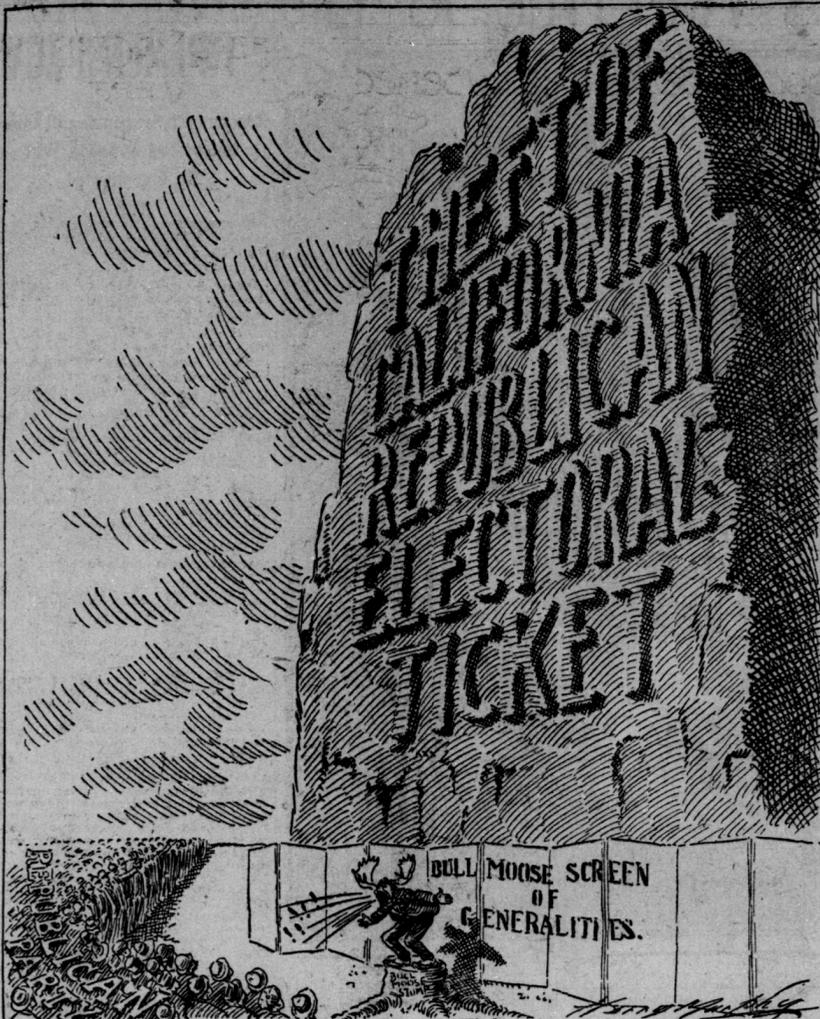
The home rule amendment does not provide for the single tax or for any other form of taxation. It simply empowers each county and community to select its own form of taxation. It is just the old New England idea of township government—the best system of local self-government ever known.

That, in case the amendment passes, some county or city will eventually try the experiment of exempting improvements and personal property from taxation is quite likely. I believe my own home, Stockton, would do that very thing. But why on earth should Stockton not have the privilege to do so if it chooses?

If the experiment fails Stockton voters would quickly drop it. If it succeeds everybody ought to be glad that a better system has been discovered. All good government is the result of experiment. We would still be living under autocratic monarchs and still pay taxes to collectors armed with whips if no one had ever suggested a new experiment.

Oregon has home rule in taxation. It carried by a small majority two years ago. Oregon farm lands are selling at much higher prices than are California farm lands. Portland property has increased in

You Can't Cover It Up



price much faster during the last two years than has San Francisco property. The proof of pudding is in the eating.

This circular declares that home rule in taxation "would discourage the investment of capital in real estate, retard the subdivision of large tracts of land, tend to prevent colonization and development of irrigation projects and to injure business."

My answer is that in British Columbia, where exemption of improvements, business blocks, dwellings, farm buildings, farm machinery, livestock, crops, stocks of merchandise, etc., has been tried, the system has encouraged investment of capital in real estate, has stimulated the subdivision of large tracts of land, has promoted colonization and small farm projects and has made business phenomenally active.

I appeal from declamation to facts, from false theory to actual experience.

In this circular Prof. Carl C. Plehn of the University of California, department of economics, says:

"Wherever it has been tried it has proved to be a club in the hands of capital to coerce the individual community, and, moreover, it tends to create special privileges which we are at present struggling to destroy. In the interests of equality, justice and peace the amendment should be rejected."

The symposium would seem to be troubled with tangled feet. One authority argues that capital would be so injured that it would be afraid to invest, while the professor maintains, on the same page, that capital would obtain such privileges that it could club the community into giving up all it had. Consequently all are united in opposing the amendment!

Now, I shall speak plainly of Professor Plehn's statement. I will wager him one hundred dollars, to be given to any charity, that he can not produce proof of his statement.

I believe in the utmost freedom of teaching and belief, in the university and in real life, but I strenuously object to help paying the salary of a teacher who misstates facts to bolster up theory. A private man can do this at his sweet will, and it is his own business, but a teacher paid by the public has no such right of choice. He is false to his trust and a disgrace to his university.

I have made as long and as thorough study of economics as Professor Plehn or any other man in the university faculty, and I am not at all awed by any show of authority in that direction.

I say to you business men and farmers and mechanics and workers of all kinds, to manufacturers, shippers, miners, fruit growers, to you men with little homes—to all of you—that this is an admirable and useful and beneficent amendment and that you will serve well yourselves and the state by casting your ballots for its adoption.

It is the most important legislation for the betterment of social and business conditions which has ever been proposed in California—bar none—and in voting for it you will do more for you dream for yourselves, your wives and children, for your fellow citizens and for the commonwealth.

MR. AMOS PINCHOT has sent out a thrilling appeal to the American people, a copy of which wandered in here. Mr. Pinchot declares that The People "are being preyed upon by the steel trust, the oil trust, the harvester trust" and several others. The salvation of The People from these powers that prey, he asserts, is the election of the third term party's candidate—in whose kitchen cabinet Mr. Pinchot will doubtless take up a modest and retiring residence.

The steel trust, the oil trust, the harvester trust are to be trodden under foot, their slats pushed in and their interiors mangled by the conquering heel of Mr. Roosevelt. It is indeed a remarkable program.

Seems to me I have heard those names in connection once or twice before. Steel trust, harvester trust, oil trust, Mr. Roosevelt—yes, I certainly have. But either Mr. Pinchot or I have a case of crossed trolleys.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

MASSENET—M. R. S., Alameda. Was the late Jules Emile Frederic Masseuet, French composer, married?
None of the biographical sketches about him mention marriage.

THROUGH THE CANAL—J. T., Vallejo. How long will it take a ship to pass through the Panama canal when it is completed?
It is expected that it will take from eight to nine hours.

REGISTER—Inquisitive, City. Can an American, from purchase a foreign built vessel and register it under the American flag?
No.

JUDGE—J. W., Milpitas. Who was judge of the twelfth district court in San Francisco in 1876?
W. P. Dainingerfeld.

Boosting

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

HELP your town along by boosting! Wear a bright and hopeful face. Do not be forever-roosting somewhere near the walling place! You can't help your town by knocking, if it's in a backward groove, but some optimistic talking does a lot to help things move. In the mud one town was sticking, evidently anchored there, for her people all were kicking, all were dishing up despair. All were groaning o'er their taxes, shedding teardrops in a stream, all had hammers, clubs and axes, ready for each helpful scheme. So the village sat and rotted till a booster landed there; soon the trouble's seat he spotted, saw the fungus in the air, and he jarred the village croakers, stirred them up to hump along, till the place was full of jokers and the breeze was full of song. Citizens forsook the habit of bewailing this and that, and the timid business rabbit rustled like a tiger cat, and they all turned in kerwhopping, singing forth the hamlet's praise, and that hamlet, lately drooping, filled its neighbors with amaze. Now, this story, true as preaching, shows what one lone man can do, if, instead of doleful screeching, he yells, "cock-a-doodle-doo!" For you stimulate your neighbors every time you give three cheers and the harvest of your labors will be reaped in coming years.

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Obvious
"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.
"What reason did he have for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.
"I don't want any lip from you, I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."
"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.—Exchange.

Hardly
"Come now, Hemma," said the Whitechapel bridegroom, "you're goin' to 's' obey when you comes to it in th' service, ain't you?"
"Wot, me?" cried the bride. "Me 's' obey to you? Why, blame me, 'Ennyer, you ain't art me size!"—Tit Bits.

A Fabulous Age
Spratts—Miss Elder is much older than I thought.
Hunker—Impossible!
Spratts—Well, I asked her if she had read Aesop's Fables, and she said she read them when they first came out.—Home Journal.

LOWELL, MASS.

By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Slivash."



"The Venice of America."

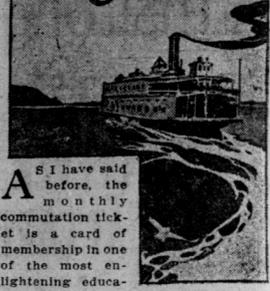
LOWELL, Mass., is a permanent convention of cotton mills and shoe factories, assembled around the Merrimac river, which puts in overtime every day running them. For many centuries the Merrimac was allowed to tumble over the rocks unharmed. In 1822, however, a company built a dam and Lowell began to grow. It is now famous for its factories which stretch along the river looking at night like four and five story torchlight processions. Lowell makes each year enough cotton cloth to tie a 100 foot wide sash around the earth with a bow 500 miles across. It also makes 25,000 shoes a day, a trainload of socks and enough patent medicine to cure America or drown it. Lowell has 110,000 people, most of whom trace their ancestry back to Europe in the first generation via the steerage. Its name is the most American thing about it except the business-like way in which it makes millions. French newspapers in Lowell print baseball scores in French, while the city boasts 11 miles of power canals and calls itself the Venice of America. This is kinder than it would be to call Venice the Lowell of Italy. Lowell is not at all exciting in its business section. It has no skyscrapers and business is not congested except on Saturday nights. Lowell has one of the biggest Saturday nights in the country. It costs less to live in

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PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- W. WESTERMAN, president of the Bank of Rotterdam, and H. A. Kinderman, secretary of the colonial government of Dutch India, are guests at the St. Francis. Westerman is one of the biggest bankers of Holland and has been making an inspection trip of Dutch investments in Canada and the United States. Kinderman is the cousin of the banker, and this is his first visit to this country.
- H. F. ALEXANDER, president of the Alaska Pacific Steamship company, is at the St. Francis with his family, registered from Tacoma.
- STANLEY W. MORSEHEAD, an oil operator of this city, returned from Europe yesterday with his family and took apartments at the Fairmont.
- ALEXANDER RUTHERFORD and Mrs. Rutherford of Monterey and Sydney Smyth of New York have apartments at the Granada.
- E. A. MELZAR of Washington, D. C., is among the arrivals at the Baldwin. Melzar is a United States forest commissioner.
- ALPHONSO A. WIGNORE, a machinery manufacturer of Los Angeles, is registered at the Palace with Mrs. Wignore.
- VAN H. MANNING, a topographer in the United States geological survey, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.
- CLARK MARSHALL, one of Oregon's big lumbermen, is registered at the Union Square from Portland.
- GEORGE WILSON, who is building a hotel at Ocean Park, is among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis.
- G. W. METCALFE, who is interested in a smelter at Kennett, Cal., is registered at the St. Francis.
- E. A. FEATHERSTONE, a dealer in auto supplies in Los Angeles, is a guest at the St. Francis.
- S. LEE LEITZ, a dealer in general merchandise at Nevada City, is stopping at the Argonaut.
- BEN GORDON, a New York broker, is registered at the Turpin.
- LEOPOLD MICHELS, president of the firm of Greenbaum, Well & Michels, and a director of the San Francisco Hotel company, returned from a trip to Europe yesterday with his family and took apartments at the St. Francis.
- F. M. LEWIS of Seattle and his family; Thomas W. Prior of Venice, Cal., make up a group of recent arrivals at the Mann.
- C. H. OWENS, a real estate man of Lodi, Cal., and A. R. ROSENBERG, a dealer in dry goods at Denair, Cal., are recent arrivals at the Argonaut.
- T. C. TUCKER, a well known real estate dealer of Sacramento, is a guest at the Argonaut.
- W. H. BREVOORT of Paris is here on a business trip and is staying at the St. Francis.
- RAY STEARNS, an apple grower of Oakland, Ore., is at the Stewart with Mrs. Stearns.
- AUSTIN O. MARTIN, a real estate operator of Los Angeles, is registered at the Palace.
- EDWIN ARKELL, a Reno mining man, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.
- E. M. NADAL, manager of the Los Angeles traffic bureau, is staying at the Palace.
- JOHN M. MORAN, a ship builder and engineer of Seattle, is staying at the Palace.
- W. A. BARKER, an Alaska mining man, and his wife are stopping at the Sutter.
- G. E. STANLEY of Pittsburg, Pa., book publisher, is at the Union Square.
- GEORGE W. CALKINS of Omaha is at the Stewart with Mrs. Calkins.
- FRED BROWN, a Topopah mining broker, is staying at the St. Francis.
- WILLIS I. MORRISON, a Los Angeles attorney, is staying at the Palace.
- A. J. ANDREANA, a Fort Bragg merchant, is a guest at the Stanford.
- W. S. BUTLER of Vancouver, B. C., is registered at the Fairmont.

Ferry Tales



AS I have said before, the most enlightening educational courses in the world. The curriculum embraces all the phases of everyday life—business, politics, etiquette, love, economics, baseball, football, highball and the high cost of living. The system is the natural method advocated by the late Jean Jacques Rousseau. All the student has to do is to be a commuter, set his ears at a receptive angle and absorb the sapience with which the atmosphere is charged. What you miss through your inability to be in more than one place at a time, you will find in the Ferry Tale column.

To illustrate: I traveled on an S. P. boat the other morning and missed a most interesting discussion that took place on the after upper deck of one of the Key Route steamers. I missed it and you might have shared my loss, but for a young woman who sent me an account of it through the mails.

"I am a much interested reader of your 'Ferry Tales,'" is how she introduced herself; she concluded, "I leave it to you to tell in the best way possible. It is the truth."

From the letter it seems that many of the lately enfranchised women are not reading Colonel Roosevelt's speeches with the care that new voters should. They are holding it against him that he is opposed to woman suffrage. They had a meeting held on the speech he delivered at the Greek theater less than two years ago. They then expected to find in him a champion. He threw cold water on their enthusiasm and gave them a verbal spanking for presuming to venture out of the nursery. Evidently, they stopped reading his speeches, or they would know of the colonel's later awakening to the civic worth of such of his countrywomen as have votes.

"The colonel," says my correspondent, "wouldn't help us in our suffrage fight, and at a meeting held on the ferry boat the other morning it was decided that wherever we had anything to say this Halloween about cutting faces in pumpkins, we would see that they were cut with eyeglasses around the eyes and very big teeth."

Girls! You'll never be popular in politics while your memories are so good.

The class in domestic science will now come to order. We hear groaning on every hand of the increasing cost of living. Every cloud has a silver lining. If there is a meat trust, and if the meat trust is responsible for the present high financial temperature in the butcher bills, the meat trust is entitled to a vote of thanks for having simplified the housewife's task of selecting the dinner joint.

Formerly she had many things to consider in making this choice. In many households the most vital consideration was the price. If the family was indulged with an expensive cut today the strain on the housekeeping fund was equalized in the next purchase by a more modest roast. The housewife doesn't have to bother about this today.

The butcher called at an Oakland home the other morning for orders. The mistress of the house had her mind set on a roast of veal. She asked the butcher.

"Veal is very dear this week, madam, he replied, with the air of a man more solicitous to please his customer than make a sale.

"Then how about pork?" she asked. "Same price," said the butcher.

"And beef?" She had to have something. "Same price, too."

I met an enlisted man of the United States marine corps the other day, who is going to save money if it costs him every cent he earns. In the matter of raiment Uncle Sam is a good provider. The blue blazer, the gaiters, the shoes with which the enlisted man's feet and marines are of the best quality and, where they are sold, which is only within the government service, the price is low enough to seem like a fairy tale to civilian spenders.

Among the articles supplied to the marines is a marching shoe. It is well made, scientifically designed and modern in appearance. The United States marine corps, you know, is the most carefully picked, best dressed, uniformed organization in the world. A marine is allowed so many pairs of shoes during his enlistment, if he does not draw his full allowance he is given the equivalent of the balance in cash at the rate of \$2.85 per pair.

The thrifty marine was in the next chair on the ferry boat shoestand. I asked him if the smart tan shoes that he was having shined were issued by Uncle Sam.

"Oh, no," he replied, "I bought these up town. Paid \$5 for 'em. The shoes the government issues are better than these, but I'm saving money. You see for every pair of shoes I don't draw I get \$2.85 when my enlistment expires. By buying my shoes at a civilian store I save that. Marines ain't all spendthrifts."

LINDSAY CAMPBELL

Abe Martin



Some fellers don't strike their real salt till they're 70. Won't some pump-tiller explain why th' better th' pastures are th' more butter cost?