# Tomorrow Will Be the Same As Every Other Election Wednesday

TODAY the oracle and interpreter of American sentiment will speak and to its voice all citizens of the land will give heed. Having heard the interpretation, they will return to their homes, there to abide in political amity for four years more.

The interpreter of American sentiment is the electorate. Once in four years it speaks in commanding accents, after having heard for months the mouthings and exhortations of its units, moved with passion and vehemence to assert that unless their particular solution for the economic problems of the country is adopted there shall no longer be glory in the American nation.

Last evening the campaign closed, and with the fall of night today the "fate of the nation" for the next four years will have been determined. With three candidates of three great parties in the field, it is possible that the contest may be thrown into the house or senate, but the result of that contingency, should it arise, can be awaited with the patience with which we await the outcome of today's balloting.

The American people can be trusted to preserve their form of government. They have not gone far afield in the past in their electoral decisions and may be relied upon still to uphold inviolate the highest good of their country.

The campaign now closing has been a campaign of personalities, as well as of principles. All campaigns have been so, and will be so, for it is inconceivable that a man would be nominated for the presidency who had not a personality to arouse both mighty enthusiasm and violent antipathy. The party, the faction or the individual will struggle with all its or his resources to accomplish a purpose, elect a leader, and, in making a campaign, must no more neglect the inimical personality of its opponent than disregard the estimable character of its own candidate.

But with all the tenseness of feeling in the campaign of 1912, although the political orators have indicated the "perils" to the republic should their candidate not be chosen, and although the regulation of "big business," either through the tariff or, more directly, by anti-trust legislation, has been the promise of each party, business has not been frightened by the orators. Previously an election year meant a year of commercial stagnation, to be deplored by all industries. The present campaign has proved that there is nothing indigenous to campaigns which is hurtful to business. Business men have not been timid this season; they have realized that the foundations of the country will not be overturned, that the people do not demand malevolent legislation, and the large industries of the country have kept to their tasks and prospered as in ordinary years.

In his "American Commonwealth" James Bryce dwelt on the curious and admirable characteristic of American politics which permits the people to inflame themselves over the campaign fires and, when the election is over, leads them to accept the decision quietly, cheerfully, without rancor and without rebellion.

That is the genius of American politics. Americans do so, not because of tradition, but instinctively.

With that inevitable instinctive optimism the American people will tonight accept the decision of the polls, will congratulate the victor and will assume their labors of prosperity, which will go on unremittingly until the next quadrennial exhibition of political fervor and passion.

No matter who may be elected, the sun will shine and the rain fall as usual in the next four years; crops will be good enough to make the farmer and the railroad and the banker rejoice; the nation will work, play and prosper just as before. It will take more than a presidential election or the success or defeat of any party or candidate to stop the progress of the United States—and that is true, also, of San Francisco, youngest of the nation's great cities. Some seventy-nine months ago we had something in our town a vast deal worse than any election could produce—and it didn't stop us; it only set us moving faster and more surely than ever before.

So let us be cheerful. The country has gone to utter ruin on the eve of every Tuesday that witnessed a national election—and has come back smiling every Wednesday following such a Tuesday. Tomorrow will be another such Wednesday.

## Two Views of the Telephone Question

IT all depends upon the point of view. San Francisco, acting under the inspiration of an initiative resolution of the voters, is seeking to prevent the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph company from forming a merger with the Home Telephone company; Berkeley has started a similar movement. It is held to be against public policy for two telephone companies to combine, that it will cause a voluntary deterioration in the service, owing to the elimination of competition, and in other ways be harmful to the communities. It might seem that there was no other way of looking at the question, unless you happen to live in Pasadena.

Pasadena is just now rejoicing over a legal victory by which it has finally forced the Bell and the Home telephone companies to merge their systems into one corporation.

That was not accomplished automatically. It took a school of lawyers, a pot of money and a sequence of lawsuits before the two rival systems could be made one.

In San Francisco the officials of the Pacific States company are declaring that the salvation of the telephone system hinges upon the successful accomplishment of the merger; undoubtedly in Pasadena the telephone people prayed with the public to see the true light, which was that consolidation of the telephone lines would spell destruction to the community.

If either the public or corporate point of view of San Francisco or Berkeley had been traded for the corresponding point of view of Pasadena, what a happy world this might be—a world of idle lawyers, of empty courts, of contented telephone companies and telephone users.

## Balkan Allies Must Accept Mediation

AS a supplicant for peace in the Balkans Turkey may appear in a new role, but the novelty of the apparition must not blind the world to the fact that any cry for peace must be heeded. If the Turkish forces and the Ottoman empire in Europe can be brought to sue for peace after eighteen days of fighting, it is as fully entitled to have its cry considered as if it had been battling for eighteen weeks or months or years. The epoch which tolerated the one hundred years' war is past; the epoch which will tolerate no war is coming; the epoch which tolerates only a little war and insists on speedy peace is already here.

Dispatches from the Balkan states indicate an attitude of mind among the allies which may prolong the war. The allies are said to have assumed the position that Turkey must treat directly with them or they will grant no armistice. There is a flavor of barbaric independence in that attitude, not of humanity. The Balkans, while their people are brave and their military skill is redoubtable, must not hold themselves superior to the dictates of the powers, beyond insisting that their respective national rights be honored. If the powers of Europe accept the invitation of the porte to act in bringing about peace the Balkan states must agree to the mediation.

They have made the claim before the civilized world that they are making the fight of Christianity. The fight of Christianity, no matter against whom it is waged, must be a struggle for peace, or it is an anomaly. There has been no peace in Macedonia, in old Servia, in Albania, where the Christians outnumber the Turks in population, in spite of the cruel efforts of the Moslems continually directed against the worshipers of the cross. There has been murder and massacre. It was to rescue those Christians from Turkish dominion, to drive out the Turkish assassins and despots, that the Montenegrins and the Bulgars and the Serbs entered upon the "eighteen days'" war.

Now Turkey wants to quit. The Balkan allies have the porte at their mercy. They can secure peace for the persecuted Christians in Turkish provinces; they can secure indemnity for their war charges. But should the powers decide to mediate for Turkey, the continuance of the war by the Balkan states would blot and stain their Christianity.

## Irrigation Bonds Amendment Is Important

THERE has been no opposition to the first amendment on the ballot of today, but the possibility that the measure will be adopted without much dissent should not give an excuse to the indolent to refrain from voting for it.

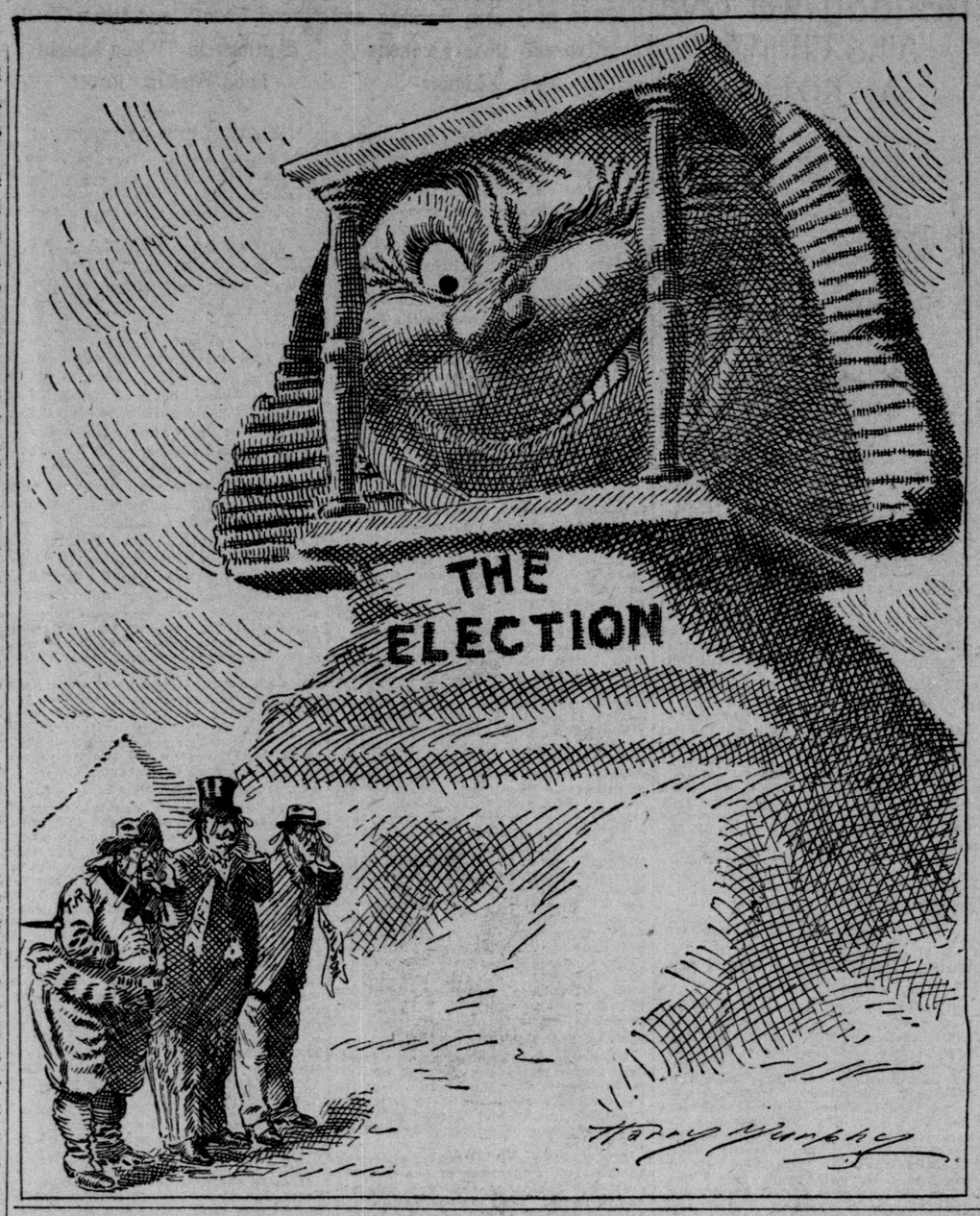
This is the amendment to make irrigation district bonds acceptable by certain banks as security for loans, on a par with securities of municipalities, counties and the state. Under the present law, according to which an irrigation bond is not recognizable by banks, development work in the districts is seriously hampered.

The people living in the big valleys of California, where the development of irrigation is changing the face of nature and creating wonderful wealth for the state, will be glad if a tremendous majority is given in favor of the bonds. A large affirmative vote will have a tangible result. It will demonstrate to eastern financial interests that not only is the credit of the state behind the securities, but that the people are for the development of such projects, that the whole state is in accord with the principle of converting dry land into farming areas.

San Francisco and the other bay cities should help the interior folk to run up a big vote, because the cities get as much benefit from the successful irrigation projects as do the districts themselves. San Francisco is the natural distributing point for the products of the irrigation districts of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and it is the growth of those districts that is making San Francisco the stalwart municipality that it is.

The amendment is first on the ballot. Don't overlook it.

# WILL SPEAK TODAY




## Bits of Humor

### Bedridden

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry the Hobo, "I know I look like a strong man, but out of my 50 years of life I've spent over 16 years in bed."

"Why, you poor man," replied the lady, sympathetically, handing him a quarter. "What has been the trouble—paralysis?"

"No, ma'am," said Harry, "jest a reg'lar habit of sleepin' eight hours a day, ma'am."—Harper's Weekly.

### Why the Bulldog?

"Waitah," said Colonel Clay, as he glanced around the dining room of the big hotel, "you all kin bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

"And what is that, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a big steak, a bulldog and a quart of Bourbon whisky."

"But why do you order a bulldog?" asked the waiter.

"To eat the steak, suh," replied the colonel.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Already Supplied

"They talk of introducing a voting machine for use in future city elections."

"A voting machine? What's the matter with Tammany Hall?"—Life.

## Abe Martin

Fall styles in spareribs show a still higher ivory finish. You might jist as well buy a xylo-phone if you're lookin' fer somethin' t' eat. You hardly ever see a feller's wife's name in th' list o' injured when his tourin' car goes in a ditch.

## The Appetite

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

OH, this fact will bear repeating, that unless you're fond of eating, everything will seem discordant in this world that we infest; if your appetite is slender, life will have no joy or splendor, and you'll think that this republic is skedaddling galley west. Brooding prophets, gloomy Daniels, say we're going to the spaniels, government is all corrupted and we're headed for the dump; but if they were only able to get busy at the table, things would seem far more attractive, and their gloom would take a slump. Nearly all man's earthly troubles would be evanescent bubbles, could all people eat with gusto, morns and eves and sunny noons; could they shovel in their craters beef and beans and boiled potaters, succotash and ham and spinach, macaroni, pies and prunes. They could not be drawn with horses to the courts to get divorces if their appetites were working in the good old fashioned way; they would find this life less hollow if they had desire to swallow buckwheat cakes and eggs and doughnuts, scrambled rice and shredded hay. Life should be and is a blessing, and the wails and sighs distressing come from folks with balky stomachs, though they oft misplace the blame. Learn to eat with frenzied ardor, take a fall out of the larder, and you'll soon be quite enamored with this cheerful human game.

Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams Walt Mason

### Inexperienced

Old Hand (to new ticket seller at state fair)—"Ever been on the wicket before in a crush?"

"Nope."

"Thought not."

"Why not?"

"You give change first and tickets afterward."

"What is the difference?"

"Hundreds of dollars, my boy. No one ever passes in and forgets his tickets."—Judge.

### A Good Punter

Her father had kicked him out of the house, but he returned.

"What!" cried the old man, amazed, "you here again?"

"Yes, sir," answered the imperturbable youth. "I came to see if you couldn't be induced to join our football team."—Boston Transcript.

### Improving the Neighborhood

Mrs. Newrich—We're going to live in a better neighborhood hereafter.

Mrs. Keen—Ah! so are we.

Mrs. Newrich—Then you are going to move, too?

Mrs. Keen—No; we're going to stay right here.—Boston Transcript.

## ELECTION DAY

By GEORGE FITCH,

Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

THIS is election day, the day on which the people rule. On election day the people rise in their might and turn the rascals out. Then they go back to sleep again, proud and satisfied. But the rascals stay awake.

On election day the voter goes to the polls and helps hire the men whom he considers best fitted to govern him. Some hire the men with the strongest lungs, and some the men with the most fervent handshakes; while others carefully examine the candidates for $2 bills before making their decision.

Election day is the palladium of our liberties. If we didn't have election day we wouldn't have any liberties. If we had twice as many election days we would have twice as much liberty. Election day usually means revenge for the voters and retribution for the office holders. It is a grim, grey ghost which rises up before the sticky fingered public official, saying, "I will meet you in November."

Election day is not exciting except in the wild and uncivilized sections of New York and Chicago. No brass bands are used in elections and the voter does not whoop and wave his arms while exercising his divine right of suffrage. He simply marks his ballot and drops it in a 40 gallon box guarded by three solemn and generally sober judges. These ballots are light and harmless when taken singly, but there is nothing more devastating or terrible than a few million ballots dropping steadily all day long and marked in the wrong place. Many a candidate with 20 victories behind him has risen up, proud and mighty on election day, and retired from sight forever that night beneath a drift of little white ballots marked for the other fellow. Our most frightful snow storms and landslides occur on election day, and at this minute many a candidate is in desperate need of steam shovels and rotary snow plows.

"The voter does not whoop and wave his arms when he marks his ballot."

We should rise early on election day and vote for the best men and then spend the rest of the day towing less energetic voters to the polls—always being careful to ascertain their politics before affixing the tow line.

(Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)

## PERSONS IN THE NEWS

COLONEL J. C. KIRKPATRICK, who has been visiting in the southern part of the state, returned yesterday to his apartments at the Fairmont. He visited the state fair in Phoenix, Ariz., and says that it was the best affair of its kind that he has ever attended.

* * *

W. H. AVERY, vice president and general manager of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, returned from the orient yesterday and has taken apartments at the Fairmont.

* * *

W. L. DAVIDSON and Mrs. Davidson, E. S. Davidson and H. Higgins of Adelaide, Australia, have apartments at the Manx.

* * *

T. ISAKA, traffic manager of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha steamship line, is at the Palace. He arrived from the orient yesterday.

* * *

R. E. M. COWIE, who is associated with the American Express company, is at the Palace, registered from Denver.

* * *

T. H. LUMSDEN, who is engaged in street railway advertising, is registered at the St. Francis from New York.

* * *

STEWART E. WOODS of Omaha, Neb., connected with the packing industry of that city, is at the Union Square.

* * *

J. F. HARRIS, proprietor of a harness manufacturing establishment in Watsonville, is a guest at the Argonaut.

* * *

C. D. FIELD, a buyer for a large department store in Los Angeles, is at the St. Francis.

* * *

LIEUTENANT R. W. KRILY of the royal navy is at the Stewart, registered from London.

* * *

L. DEMEO, a manufacturer of boots and shoes at Santa Rosa, is registered at the Argonaut.

* * *

ROBERT STRINGHAM of Washington, D. C., is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Stringham.

* * *

JOHN T. BARRY, a Petaluma merchant, and Mrs. Barry are registered at the Turpin.

* * *

LEONARD D. BALDWIN, an attorney of New York, is registered at the Palace.

* * *

C. L. DE RYDER, a horseman of Pleasanton, is at the Palace with Mrs. de Ryder.

C. A. NONES, who owns the quicksilver mines in New Almaden, returned from a trip to Calaveras county yesterday. He recently purchased a gold mining property and has acquired extensive water rights.

* * *

ROBERT G. CLARKE, former manager of the Sutter hotel and later with the Tahoe tavern, returned from a trip through Canada yesterday and has apartments at the St. Francis.

* * *

L. B. GOLDBERG, a hotel man of Salt Lake City, is among the recent arrivals at the Turpin.

* * *

W. A. GODDARD, a merchant of Modesto, is at the Turpin with Mrs. Goddard.

* * *

E. H. KNAPP, a shoe manufacturer of Boston, is a guest at the Palace.

* * *

WILLARD CAMPBELL of Medford is at the Palace with Mrs. Campbell.

* * *

J. P. BUSTAMAMENTE of Coronado is at the St. Francis with his family.

* * *

R. H. PARSONS of Hermosillo, Sonora, is a guest at the St. Francis.

* * *

DR. R. McGURK and Mrs. McGurk of Stockton are guests at the Baldwin.

* * *

FRANK MORTON of Spokane, mining engineer, is at the Union Square.

* * *

J. F. REDDY of Medford is spending a few days at the Palace.

* * *

MAJOR WILSON CHASE, U. S. A., is registered at the Stewart.

* * *

H. R. OWENS, an orchardist of Penryn, is at the Stewart.

* * *

H. J. SEARS, a business man of Santa Rosa, is at the Manx.

* * *

TED WALLER, a New York broker, is at the Turpin.

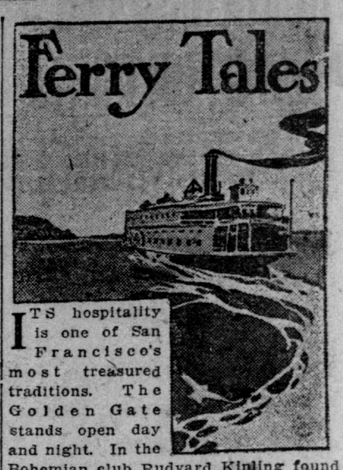
* * *

C. D. JACKSON, a Eureka merchant, is at the Sutter.

* * *

C. E. JOHANN, a Chicago railway man, is at the Sutter.

## Ferry Tales



ITS hospitality is one of San Francisco's most treasured traditions. The Golden Gate stands open day and night. In the Bohemian club Rudyard Kipling found fellow ship and a welcome that he told all the world about, and it was in San Francisco that the grand duke Boris had the time of his giddy life.

It is not of grand dukes, however, nor of famous authors that I would write. This is just a little ferry tale, the story of an incident that would be commonplace enough if it didn't illustrate San Francisco's hospitality in its best light and from a new angle.

* * *

Crossing the bay the other morning on the steamer Newark my attention and, for that matter, the attention of all who saw them, was attracted to a little party of travelers. There was an old man, badly crippled with rheumatism. There was his wife, their two daughters and a son. The old woman was tall and gaunt. Her daughters, middle aged women, were tall, flat chested and bloodless and the son was an awkward, shambling man of about 35. They had been living on a ranch down Fresno way. They didn't look poor, but if they had known anything but hard, monotonous, soul killing work their share of the softer sides of life had not been large enough to overcome the effect of the hard grind. They were going back to Indiana. It was the first trip they had taken since that journey from the Hoosier state years ago. The excitiment of the train ride had unnerved them all and their confusion when they were hustled aboard the ferry steamer was pathetic.

They were equipped for the journey home as they had been provided when they left Indiana years ago for the coast. They carried bedding and a big bundle of pillows. They had two big wash baskets filled with something heavy. At least the top layer of one basket was big green apples. To this basket the old woman clung throughout the trip across the bay.

When the boat reached this side of the bay they picked up their bundles and with fear and trembling faced the confusing roar of a big city. They dreaded the ordeal, but the old woman, her dolman wide open and her black dress tucked up and pinned with uncompromising frankness across her stomach with a big safety pin, led the way, with the comforting assurance that "The station agent will tell us where to go."

* * *

A more helpless party of travelers never stepped ashore from a ferry boat. When the roar of the hotel runners chorus fell on their ears they stopped and would have run back but for the crowd behind them. They did stop about half way down the driveway, dropped their bundles and stared at each other in a panic of hopeless fear. Then came the demonstration of San Francisco's hospitality and the proof that the kindly welcome is not reserved for grand dukes alone.

The hotel runners were preparing to charge down on them, but Policeman Pete Burns saw them first. He ordered the hotel runners back and hastened to the assistance of the bewildered ones. Before he got there, however, a deaconess of the Travelers' Aid society was with them, soothing their fears and offering to be their guide and adviser. The last I saw of them Pete Burns and the deaconess had them in tow, and "the man with the hoe" look on their faces had been replaced with almost radiant smiles.

* * *

A correspondent protests that the Rugby football ferry tale which appeared in this column last Saturday was incomplete in that it omitted mention of the fact that Frank B. Peterson, the salmon packer, was a member of one of the teams that played here 30 years ago. My correspondent insists that Peterson was the most pushingest forward that ever locked arms in a scrummage, and, he continues, "see what football did for him. He is as straight and athletic today as he was 30 years ago."

* * *

I made a discovery the other day that should interest the commuter who complained because the orchestras had been banished from the ferry boats. On the steamer Bay City, now on the narrow gauge run, are two darkey shoeblacks who throw in a musical comedy sketch with each shine.

One of them is tall, stout and very black. His partner is small of stature and yellow as to complexion. They have elevated the business of shining shoes into a continuous minstrel performance. They take turn about in singing, with a duet in chorus at the end of each verse and a real vaudeville dialogue between songs. They call themselves "the musical coons." To get the full benefit of the performance you must buy a chair on their operating stand, as the entertainment is for the sole benefit of their customers.

It draws trade, too. A. M. Garland, for instance, has been known to have his shoes shined twice in one trip, and Edward B. Lovejoy is in the habit of giving them cigars to let him stand near enough to take in the dialogue.

LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

### Cut Off Untimely

First Friend of Victim (quite casually)—Well, ole Bill's day's work's done. Comin' out o' The Crown, I s'pose, when it 'appened?

Second Friend of Victim—No, 'e wasn't. Don't I keep tellin' yer 'e was just crossin' to The Crown.

First Friend of Victim—Wot! 'e 'adn't been in then! Lor', 'ow 'orrible!—London Sketch.