

California's Congratulations—and Ours—to President Elect Wilson

CONGRATULATIONS to President Elect Wilson, to the party which he has led to a remarkable victory and to the country whose destinies he is to direct for the coming four years.

It was the good fortune of the democrats in a time of republican dissension to have a candidate of such type and stature, a man of national standing to draw them together again and hold their line unbroken through a furious campaign.

The country, too, is fortunate in that it is to have for its chief executive a citizen of impeccable character, of the attributes and qualities that go to make the statesman and the high magistrate. For all the bitterness of the canvass, and in spite of the searching partisanship turned against him, it may be truthfully said of Governor Wilson that he has not for a moment stood in need of defense; he went into the campaign and comes out of it clean handed. He has never permitted himself to be drawn into any exchange of angry accusations—has fought a good fight with a good temper and with dignity.

But the especial beneficiary of the hour is Governor Wilson himself. No other democratic president ever came into power so auspiciously. Externally and internally the government which he will take over from the hands of President Taft next March is in good condition. He will be the heritor of no perplexities in the nation's foreign relations. We are at peace with the world, and our credit as a nation is at its highest through all Christendom.

At home the conditions are exceptionally good, and they promise to be still better. It has been a year of enormous production. Farm, field and factory, mill and mine make the severest demands in our history upon the transportation industry. There is at hand a shortage of cars that will be a grave problem in itself, though not one to worry the White House. There is so much for us to sell and the people of our own and other countries want it so urgently that time and means of conveyance are the prime consideration, not price.

All the signs point to an era of prosperity for the American people, so based, founded and fortified that only unthinkable calamity could disturb or alter it. Governor Wilson goes into the higher office amid circumstances so fortunate and under conditions so propitious that he will be free to devote himself and his energies to the putting into practice of his own theories of government. He will not be vexed by the distress of the people whose affairs he administers, but may behold them prosperous, contented and peaceful.

Governor Wilson is essentially a conservative. All his education and experience have tended to make him so. It is not likely that, even if he have a democratic congress, he will urge or advise tariff changes that might unfavorably affect the country's prosperity. Certainly he will not lead nor seek to lead the lawmakers of the land into fields of dubious experiment as to other matters. His part will be, we imagine, to move prudently along the lines of wisdom for the general good. He has no rash promises out that may be brought back to him for fulfillment.

Such analysis of the vote as is possible at this writing leads to the conclusion that the American people are less and less to be moved by the arguments of either partisanship or passion. The victory of Governor Wilson appears to have come to him from the hands of several millions of electors who are nothing if not independent—who think independently and then vote that way. However necessary the party system may be under our form of government, it is a good thing for the republic that so many of its citizens feel themselves free to vote for the man who comes nearest to their ideals in his record and his views. They are a national factor of safety, a salutary corrective for parties grown too powerful and partisanship become too bitter.

At this writing the indications are that California has put itself in the Wilson column. Whether this be so or not, the heartiest of California congratulations will go to the victor's New Jersey home. This big and rapidly growing state, just entering upon a period of marvelous development and expansion, will be found doing its share to make the next four years nationally prosperous. When President Wilson comes to San Francisco to open the exposition for which we may thank President Taft he will be given a welcome without any note of partisanship in it—will be moved to think, indeed, that all California was for him this November to a man and a woman. That is our way of doing things.

IN its investigation of express company conditions in California the state board of railroad commissioners, which has just undertaken that gigantic task, may devote some of its energy to a consideration of excess delivery collections made by the express companies in cities.

How About This Item of Express Cost?

Express companies refuse to deliver packages addressed to cities for the flat express charge, save within restricted areas. For instance, in the delivery of packages to the Richmond District, San Francisco, Wells Fargo & Co. transfers the consignment to another delivery company, which charges an added 25 cents or 35 cents, a practice common to all outlying districts.

Merchants estimate the cost of delivery of packages at from 7 to 10 cents. This estimate is made not only by neighborhood stores and markets, but by department stores of the downtown district, which must deliver to all parts of the city. The charge of from 7 to 10 cents a package is the estimate made in the appropriation for the conduct of the delivery department. The department store takes a profit over its delivery expenses just as it takes a profit over the original cost of its merchandise. It sells delivery service just as it sells silk and soap.

It can not be pleaded by the express companies that their delivery service costs three times as much per package as does the delivery service of a merchant. The railroad commissioners can ask them to explain why they make the excessive charge.

RIP VAN WINKLE slept only twenty years, yet he was a stranger in the land in which he had slumbered when he came back to a waking life. The rules of equity in the United States federal courts have slept unaltered for fifty years. What a change those ancient regulations must have found Monday when Chief Justice White of the United States supreme court opened their eyes to modern conditions and altered them to suit the movement of time!

Revised Rules for the Federal Courts

In making the change the high court admitted that fifty years is a long period for any rule to last. As a matter of fact, the rules had not been altered to any great extent since they were received by the republic from the mother country, and the available records do not tell how long these rules had lain on the books of British courts before their immigration to the calf bound libraries of the younger nation.

Conspicuous among the changes effected by the court in its promulgation of new rules are those concerning injunctions. The new procedure in injunction suits is along the lines advocated by organized labor, but the benefits will be shared by all litigants who appear in a good cause.

Under the new dispensation injunctions can not issue on the mere allegation of the applicant that immediate and irreparable damage is about to be inflicted, but it must be shown by specific facts set forth in affidavits that such damage will result. Furthermore, it is provided that those restrained may appear in court within two days

"Woodrow, I Trust You"



Henry Murphy

and be heard with expedition on a motion to dissolve the restraining order. Hearing on a motion to dismiss the order must be had within ten days at the utmost, while under the previous practice, no time limit was set by the rules.

"Mr. Dooley" once satirized the courts and their proclivities for granting injunctions in the epigrammatic paraphrase, "Let me take out the injunctions and I care not who makes the laws."

Under the revised rules it will hardly be possible for any person or interest to misuse or abuse the injunction process of the federal courts. The revision is welcome—but it was a long time coming.

MAYOR ROLPH is not to be criticised, but commended, for his caution in dealing with the United Railroads negotiations. He is as anxious as anybody to get the existing tangle straightened out and start the city on the way to more and better transportation. So, too, the streetcar company seems to be of a mind to arrange quickly and cheaply, by amicable negotiation, matters that would cost much time and money to settle in the courts.

But there are important public rights and important corporate rights involved. The mayor can no more give away what belongs to the city and the people than the United Railroads can give away what is rightfully the property of its share holders and bond holders. The trade—that is exactly what it is—must be fair and must be within the law. To make it that way needs time for careful consideration of all the elements of a complex problem.

Whether or not the Jackson street electric line should participate in the privileges of the outside tracks in Market street, in common with the Sutter street system proper, is a nice question. It is to be remembered that the city is negotiating now with the Sutter street company as an entity, and not with the United Railroads. The people living along the outer Jackson street line would doubtless be glad to have direct service to the ferry, but they can scarcely expect the city to accord it to them through the giving away of a valuable franchise.

The administration and the company should be given every opportunity to reach a settlement, every encouragement. In the present situation no good end will be served by talk of compelling extension by use of or threat to use the charter power to regulate fares. Experience has taught San Francisco that franchises are not desirable on the terms now permitted by the charter. Private capital does not want them unless it sees a reasonable chance to get back its investment with fair interest. In the opinion of the capitalists that is impossible under the conditions that legally obtain here now. The result is that we have had practically no extensions under the charter.

In other American cities it has been found that the indeterminate franchise cures just such blights as lie upon our transportation; it protects the rights of the public and, at the same time, it gives capital enough encouragement and security to induce it to bid for privileges. In framing the charter amendments of this year, therefore, it should be held in mind that we need more car lines and that we will not be able to get them with a club. Make the charter provisions as to franchises equitable and there will be no trouble or loss of time in getting extensions and improvements of service.

SALLY in our alley must have a clean place to play. The Vittoria Colonna club has petitioned the board of supervisors to have the small streets of the city swept late Friday afternoon, so that the children playing in them on their Saturday holidays may have pleasanter and healthier surroundings.

The small streets are the children's playgrounds where there are no parks within shouting distance. The main thoroughfares of the city, especially in the south of Market street and North Beach districts, are given over to streetcars and teaming and are dangerous playgrounds for the little ones. The small streets and cul de sacs are little used for vehicle traffic, and while they do not make ideal amusement parks, they give more opportunity for fresh air and exercise than a basement or a tiny yard.

As a matter of civic decency, all streets should be swept regularly and kept clean and sanitary. It is possible to have the city street sweeping arranged so that the crews could work in the district of small streets south of Market street and in the Mission and North Beach on Friday afternoons and at least give Sally in our alley a clean playground.

A Cloudy Day

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

THE sky is dark, the rain is streaming, the breezes make despairing moans, and by the window I sit dreaming and pondering on dead men's bones. It's hard to write my silly verses on such a dark and gloomy day; I'd rather think of shrouds and hearse and sextons shoveling the clay. My grandma says: "Don't sit repining! Don't think about the grisly dead! Behind the clouds the sun is shining," as Milton or some fellow said. That's just the way it always chances when I in comfort mourn and brood; some optimist around me prances and springs a sunshine platitude. Your optimist goes 'round demanding that smiles be long and sighs be brief; it's past some people's understanding that there's a wholesome joy in grief. I'm happiest when I'm saddest, I'm at my best when feeling punk, and I exult when storms are maddest, the elements upon a drunk. The sunshine grows so stale and weary when it's delivered weeks on end! How comforting the heavens dreary that like a pall above us bend! So let me sit here by the casement, and groan in peace and weep and sigh, and watch the waters flood the basement, and see the funerals go by!

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A Parallel

Editor Tribune: My little three-year-old is digging in the backyard and rushes in every now and then with shrieks of delight at some new treasure he has dug up. Of course, it is nothing but an old button, or a worm, or a stray buckle, as might be expected, but how like a congressional investigating committee! Dad.—New York Tribune.

What Happened

The Political Zoo—Superintendent—"What was all the rumpus out here this morning?" Attendant—"The bull moose and the elephant were fighting over their feed." "What happened?" "The donkey ate it."—Life.

Fair Play

"Good gracious, you don't dare to send out all that abuse of the candidate, do you?" "Sure, I do. It's all understood between us. I give the abuse, and he gets the advertising."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE DAY AFTER ELECTION

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

OF all the days that are different the day after election is the differentest. There is as much difference between the day before election and the day after as there is between electricity and rain water, pandemonium and tombstones, or between a man who is chasing a train and the same man after he has inserted himself into the bosom of a plush seat in the parlor car.



The day after election is a phonograph with a dull needle could draw a crowd anywhere by making a political speech. On the day after election Demosthenes on the tariff wouldn't draw four people away from a patent medicine advertisement. On the day before election any loyal party man would stop for four hours on his way home to supper to let a little light into the dusty street of a member of another party. On the day after election he wouldn't go across the street to convert a whole ward of voters. The day after election is full of vain regrets, wild sorrow, indignant recrimination and wisdom delayed in transmission. It is also full of solemn, exalted joy, breathless triumph and magnificent vindication. It is full, in fact, of everything but politics. It is about the only day in the year that is entirely free from politics. It is the one vacation day in the year for politicians. (Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams)

"Demosthenes on the tariff wouldn't draw four people." Those who have saved their country take a brief rest and tell it to go to thunder, while those who have been run over by their country while trying to save it spend a few moody hours awaiting its awful fate with entire indifference. The day after election is also distinguished by the number of friendships which meet a sudden and terrible fate. On the day before election the love of a candidate for his fellow man is so great that he will run a mile to help a total stranger into his overcoat. But on the day after election former candidates do not average over two friends apiece and they are suspicious of those. One of the most disastrous forms of procrastination is to put off asking a favor of a candidate until the day after election.

PERSONS IN THE NEWS

- TAKUZO FUMAMOTO of Japan, who is associated with the forestry department of Fujita & Co., whose principal interests are copper mining, is staying at the Fairmont. He has been in New York and Washington gathering data in connection with the forest preservation and is on his way home.
C. R. ERWIN, president of the Lord & Thomas Advertising company, is at the St. Francis with his family, which includes Mrs. Erwin, Miss Mary and Ward Erwin. They make their home in Chicago and are visiting California on a pleasure trip.
FREDERICK B. KING, a railroad man of Los Angeles; J. E. Norton, a timberman of Coquille, Wash.; D. Palmer, a druggist of Santa Cruz, and L. Peters, a merchant of Stockton, are among the recent arrivals at the Argonaut.
HENRY T. GAGE, former governor of the state and late minister of the United States to Portugal, came up from Los Angeles yesterday with Mrs. Gage. They have apartments at the Palace.
MILN P. POTTER, proprietor of the hotel at Santa Barbara which bears his name, returned from a business trip to the east yesterday and registered at the Palace.
JOHN W. ALLISON of New York and B. J. Horton of Providence, R. I., are guests at the Fairmont.
BARNEY OLDFIELD, the well known automobile racer, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Oldfield.
WILLIAM A. PUELLOW, a publisher of New York, is at the Fairmont with Mrs. Puelow.
WILLIAM HOWARTH, a lumberman of Everett, Wash., is at the Palace with his family.
J. G. ROBERTS, banker of Madera, is at the Palace with his family.
R. H. BARTHOLOMEW of Montreal is at the Palace with his family.
H. E. KEEP, a Sacramento real estate man, is a guest at the Sutter.
E. P. CASWELL, a Jackson rancher, and wife are at the Turpin.
E. L. BEALE of Humboldt, Eng., is registered at the St. Francis.
A. T. CUMMINS, a Willows rancher, is stopping at the Turpin.
H. D. CANE, a Marysville lumberman, is at the Sutter.
S. F. CYR of Portland is staying at the Baldwin.

Ferry Tales



YOU probably didn't hear the noise as your ferry boat steamed by the naval training station on Goat Island—or Yerba Buena, as some of us think would be a better name since "Goat" became a symbol of surrender—so I will tell you about it. This story should be read with interest by Dr. David Starr Jordan, for the light it sheds on the subject of peace, and is not unlikely to be clipped from this page and mailed to Andrew Carnegie. May it help them both in their relentless war against war!

Petrosky is a bluejacket in the United States navy. He is stationed at Yerba Buena, and, as you may know, has won something of a reputation as a pugilist. Somebody, for a reason that doesn't matter in this connection, wanted a record of Petrosky's battles in the ring, and applied to one of the officers stationed on the island, for the information. The officer turned over the request to Pay Clerk Knowles, manager of the baseball team and Petrosky's agent in the bluejacket's dealings with civilian fight promoters. Knowles handed the request to the chief yeoman, telling him to dig up the information, and do it right away, as the man was waiting for it and wanted to catch the next boat.

The chief yeoman, whose best girl had come to the island on a visit, delegated the job to two apprentice yeoman, and from the chief yeoman's office there soon came the peaceful click of busy typewriters. Suddenly the typewriters ceased their tapping. The sound of loud voices was heard, followed by a series of crashes against the bulkhead that divided the chief yeoman's office from the reception room.

An investigation revealed the apprentice yeoman rolling on the floor, locked in deadly conflict. The room was in violent disorder. At the opening of the door the fight ceased. A badly mused yeoman took from the typewriter a finished copy of Petrosky's record and handed it to Knowles.

It developed later that the fight had been over a trivial difference of opinion which, under ordinary circumstances, would hardly have precipitated even an argument. The difference of opinion had nothing to do with Petrosky's record, but over on the island, where they are giving some attention to the study of psychology, there is a firm conviction that the nature of the work on which the men had been engaged, was directly responsible for the violent culmination of the quarrel.

With this as an object lesson, and in view of President Jordan's ultimatum regarding rough play in the coming varsity football game, it is suggested that the coaches of the two teams exercise a strict censorship over the reading of their charges, forbidding in particular perusal of European war news and the sporting columns of the daily press.

Nothing inspires confidence in giving advice like the absence of practical experience. In the ferry depot driveway, close to the Southern Pacific broad gauge ferry slip, there is maintained an automatic chemical fire engine. It is kept in a closet on the door of which, in letters large enough to attract attention, are the words: "Chemical fire engine." By the prompt uses of chemical extinguishers many a big conflagration has been averted. The value, however, of these first aids to extinction lies in their prompt use. This being the case, it would seem to the inexperienced commuter that it might be wise to keep the driveway in front of the fire extinguisher room free from obstruction. As it is now, the space opposite the chemical engine door is used for the piling of heavy freight, which, in an emergency, might take just enough time to move to give a fire blaze the chance it needs to become a real blaze.

Chapline, the leading lady in "The Rose of Panama" company, now in Oakland, held a crowd of commuters fascinated by the chemical engine door is used for the piling of heavy freight, which, in an emergency, might take just enough time to move to give a fire blaze the chance it needs to become a real blaze.

Talking about "ze barber shop coast"—that part of San Francisco with which the eastern visitor is more familiar than the average San Franciscan—reminds me of the recent experience of a well known commuter who played guide to some eastern visitors a few days ago. The visitors were a prominent citizen of Boston and his wife. She was from Boston and Washington, D. C., strong for the conventions, a strict churchgoer, and, at home, a Sunday school teacher. When they expressed a desire "to see the sights," our friend laid out a most circumspect itinerary. There was dinner at one of the big, fashionable restaurants, followed by a visit to several of the large hotels and concluding with a trip through Chinatown.

The lady appeared to be disappointed. It was not a bit like the San Francisco her friends in the east had told her about. She wanted to see some dancing. After a whispered conference with her husband, the guide led the way to the dancing emporium that bears the name of a famous Rotterdam general. The "rag" was there in all its abandon. The men hurriedly sipped the refreshment they had ordered. "Let's get out of here," said the guide.

"Yes, let's," assented the husband. But the lady didn't move. She watched the dancers as if hypnotized. "They'll never forgive me," thought the guide. "I'll catch it for this when she gets me alone," mused hubby. "We don't have to go, do we?" The lady turned to her husband. "George," she spoke as if seized by an inspiration. "Couldn't we try it?" LINDSAY CAMPBELL

Abe Martin



A kicker allus wants somethin' t' boot. It's worth all it costs t' keep peace in th' family.