

First Victory in the War Against Billboards

HALF a billboard is not as good as no billboard at all, but the public welfare committee of the board of supervisors, in arranging a compromise in the matter of unsightly signs, probably felt that it was doing all that expediency permitted. It compounded a nuisance by halving the extent of the billboard evil, and those who want a city beautiful must possess their souls in patience until such time as the board can do its full duty and abolish all street signs.

Unquestionably the supervisors have the right to regulate billboards out of existence if they have the power to regulate them at all. That right will be exercised in the future.

The Call is not disposed to cavil at the step taken by the board, knowing that American cities are backward in esthetic development. This country is slow to learn that beauty has a commercial value, but the lesson is now being taught in the school of experience and hereafter the graduates of this institution will act upon that precept.

The billboard ordinance as it is being drafted will eliminate all billboards more than ten feet high except in particular instances. The Call can not see what exigency will arise in which a twenty foot billboard will be necessary for the salvation of the city, but we shall watch with interest to see what permits the supervisors grant under the ordinance.

The property owners and advertisers of San Francisco must now do their part in the campaign to eliminate the billboard. Turn the paste pots into spades and the billboards into trellises for sweet peas and then we shall have a city beautiful—and why not?

Hassan Ben Ali is in town looking up amusement concessions for the exposition. Don't know the gentleman's line, but it sounds good for another "Streets of Cairo."

Who would have thought of looking in the federal statutes for a "white hope"?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S postelection declarations have served to confirm a popular conviction rather than to dispel any widespread doubt touching the stability of the progressive movement. While undoubtedly the impelling personality and the tremendous dynamic energy of Colonel Roosevelt may be considered prime factors in the immediate preservation of the new party's cohesiveness, nevertheless it is obvious that the progressive movement could not be stayed even by the elimination of Roosevelt from the post of leader in chief.

The progressive party, as such, has compelled its recognition as an exceedingly virile entity in the political life of the nation. While the robustness of its infant growth may be justly enough ascribed in a large degree to the hold Roosevelt has on the American people, it was born of principle, and its existence and usefulness depend upon principles rather than upon men.

The principles upon which the progressive party was founded can not die. Their expression in the organization of a national political party was a natural and seemingly inevitable result of a growing popular conviction that the partisan alignment of the American electorate was illogical—that it did not adequately provide for the expression of popular opinion as it divided on the new problems of our governmental life.

Far seeing men in both the democratic and republican parties have long been of the opinion that fanciful and sectional lines of party division must be wiped out as a natural consequence of the country's commercial development. They have been agreed that the new line of party division would be drawn between so called conservatism and so called radicalism.

The progressive party, through its leaders, has announced that it purposes to prosecute its organization work to the end that it may wage vigorous congressional campaigns, and, presumably, state campaigns, two years hence in virtually every northern and western state.

The political experience of the republic tends strongly to the conviction that three vigorous national party organizations can not exist. That conviction in turn seems to make axiomatic the contention that only two parties are needed.

The progressive party of 1912 may not become one of the two great parties of the next decade, but it has given the expression of nation wide organization to the issues, on either side of which the evolution of new parties has begun.

William Jennings Bryan is in Washington. Trying the different chairs in the cabinet room to see which fits best—maybe.

A new Cunard liner is to have flats instead of staterooms. You can't get away from the janitor, even at sea.

The mongrel dog that invaded the St. Francis hotel must have had a hunch that it was his day.

NOTHING could have brought closer to the realization of the American people that the Panama canal will soon be in business than the proclamation of President Taft establishing tolls for the stream of commerce that will flow from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That the tolls were computed largely on a competitive basis with the Suez canal rates and were prepared by Prof. Emery R. Johnson with the aid of attracting as much traffic as possible for the American canal shows that the efficiency with which President Taft's administration has built and is completing the canal will be carried on into the operation of the interoceanic waterway.

The lay mind will await with interest comments on the tolls by shipping interests and transportation experts. On the arguments presented by Professor Johnson and the exposition of the charges made in the president's proclamation it would seem that the tolls to be exacted are equitable.

A fair statement of the justice of the rates is incorporated in Professor Johnson's explanation of their application when he says:

The saving in time and fuel expenses via Panama as compared with the Magellan route between our eastern seaboard and New Zealand will be such as to insure the profitable use of the Panama canal.

Nor will a toll of \$1.20 per net ton seriously restrict the use of the canal by European countries. For the commerce of Europe with Chile and with New Zealand the saving resulting from the shortening of the time of voyage via Panama, as compared with the straits of Magellan, would not warrant the payment of tolls of \$1.20 per net vessel ton for using the Panama canal; but the fuel expenses via Panama will be so much less than via Magellan as to make the Panama route preferable even with tolls of \$1.20 per net ton.

Just what the charges mean may be best ascertained by applying them to foreign vessels which may use the canal in the trade that will develop between Europe and the Pacific coast. At a toll charge of \$1.20 per net ton the North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, 5,521 net tonnage, would pay \$6,625.20 per trip through the canal with cargo. The Kaiser Wilhelm II of the same line, 6,353 tons, would pay \$7,643.60, and the British ship Celtic of the Oceanic Steam Navigation company, 13,449 net tonnage, would pay \$17,138.80, which would be somewhat of a help toward paying salaries along the canal zone.

If the British dreadnought Iron Duke, 25,000 tons displacement, should come to San Francisco through the canal it would pay, on a basis of 50 cents per ton displacement, \$12,500, and the German dreadnought, Friedrich der Grosse, 24,000 tons, would pay \$12,000. A war craft the size of the American dreadnought Texas, 27,000 tons,

The Butcher at Bay



would pay \$13,500, and a cruiser similar to the California, 13,680 tons, could navigate the canal for the small charge of \$6,840.

The canal tolls as fixed in the proclamation are subject to change and will be revised, undoubtedly downward, as the tonnage in the canal increases. The president's proclamation will give an impetus to the preparations for canal trade which must be reflected in San Francisco by preparations for handling that commerce when it comes.

Some might even prefer to have a burglar take a few trinkets than run the risk of shooting an innocent man.

The canal tolls will not be the knell for Pacific shipping.

Trading in futures—buying a 1913 calendar.

ALFRED MOSELY, the British economist now visiting San Francisco, is peculiarly competent to speak on the Balkan situation. His comment on The Call's proposition that the United States offer its services in arranging the peace settlement of southeastern Europe is, therefore, worthy of the deepest consideration by Americans.

America's Part in Europe's War Problem

In an article by Doctor Mosely printed in The Call of Wednesday the English student presented the herculean difficulties which would confront this nation should it strive to leash the dogs of war that are roaming bloodily over the Balkan peninsula. "I don't say that the task is impossible," writes Doctor Mosely, "but to attempt it without necessary knowledge might do infinitely more harm than good."

The idea of the European chancelleries is that mastery of Balkan politics is something akin to a cult which only the initiate into all the mysteries of Austria, Turkey, Russia, Italy, France, England and the Balkan states may hope to achieve. It is true that the racial complications of southeastern Europe, the nervous diplomacy of the European powers and the jealous ambition of Austria are matters foreign, for the most part, to American diplomacy.

But the United States would come as a disinterested power; it would come also as a mighty nation, concerned only in the ultimate peace of the world. It would offer its services as mediator, not as a seer competent to appraise at one clairvoyant glance the merits of the Balkan controversy or to adjust with infallible wisdom the difficulties of Europe, but as a "friend of the court," an impartial tribunal, before which the nations at war could rest their case under protection of an armistice, could stop the bloodshed and the agony of famine and disease and bring peace and justice to the Balkans.

The United States would not imperil its dignity by offering to mediate. A court of justice does not soil its ermine when it sits in review of a gory controversy.

Even the sports will have something to be thankful for this Thanksgiving.

The sublime porte has lost its gait.

FIFTY-TWO millions of dollars of capital invested in California manufacturing industries is behind the exhibition of "made in California" articles at the Home Industry league exposition this week in the Auditorium. Yet California spends more than ten times that sum annually for manufactured articles—twenty times that much, according to the estimate of a director of the Home Industry league.

The object of the Home Industry league, as visualized in the exposition, is to have that billion dollars spent for California made articles, whenever possible and advantageous to the buyer, and to multiply the capital invested in California factories twenty or a hundred fold.

Capital will invest in California manufacturing plants; capital will hire California labor, and when the supply of California labor is exhausted will bring labor from other states to stand at the bench and behind the looms; capital will develop California—if it will pay it so to do. Most men would sooner make a return on their investment in California than elsewhere. That is demonstrated, for as fast as men—wise men—make their fortunes in the east they come to settle in California.

The object of the Home Industry league's exposition is to educate the people of California to use California products, to teach them that it will be mutually beneficial to build up California industries. The Home Industry exposition affords every proof that the best of goods can be made in California.

Future of the Progressive Movement

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The Iron Men

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

WHEN the north wind roars at your cottage doors and batters the window panes, and the cold's so fierce that it seems to pierce right into your bones and veins, then it's sweet to sit by the fire and knit, and think while the needles clank, of the iron men, of the shining yen, you have in the village bank! When you've lost your job and misfortunes rob your face of its wonted grin, when the money goes for your grub and clothes, though there's nothing coming in; when the fates are rough and they kick and cuff and give you a frequent spank, how sweet to think of the bunch of chink you have in the village bank! When you're gray and old and your feet are cold, and the night is drawing on; when you're tired and weak and your joints all creak, and the strength of youth is gone; when you watch and wait at the sunset gate for the boatman grim and lank, oh, it's nice to know there's a roll of dough all safe in the village bank! The worst, my friend, that the fates can send, is softness for you and yours if you have the price, have the coin on ice—the best of all earthly cures; oh, a healthy wad is your staff and rod when the luck seems rough and rank; your consolers then are the iron men you have in the village bank!

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Answers to Queries

OLD SHOE—Subscriber, City. Why is it that old shoes are thrown after a bride?

The following explanation has been given: "The reason is not very complimentary. From of old it has been the custom of mothers to chastise their children with a shoe. Hence the custom arose of the father of a bride making a present of a shoe to the bridegroom, as a sign that it was to be his right to keep his wife in order."

HOMESTEAD—Subscriber, Hayward. Can property declared a homestead by a married person be sold, and does it make any difference in whose name it is?

The civil code of this state says: "The homestead of a married person can not be conveyed or incumbered, unless the instrument by which it is conveyed or incumbered is executed and acknowledged by both husband and wife."

DIFFERENCE IN TIME—Subscriber, City and H. W. Hayward. What is the difference in time between San Francisco and New York city? (2) What is the difference in time between San Francisco and St. Louis, Mo.?

Between San Francisco and New York, 3 hours 13 minutes and 39 seconds. (2) San Francisco and St. Louis, 2 hours 5 minutes and 26 seconds.

MISSIONARIES

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

A MISSIONARY is a person who goes forth to convert the heathen and make him live a better life.

This is not an easy job, and is not one-half as pleasant as leaping from parachutes or lion taming. The missionary has to win the love of the heathen by signs and then teach him to lay aside his war club and dress up in his beads while attending church. However, this is not as hard to do as if the heathen carried a war club instead of a golf club. This is one reason why missionaries go many thousands of miles away to convert heathen instead of doing it at home.

Generally the missionary wins the love of the heathen, but sometimes the latter, in his poor, benighted way, takes the missionary apart and then does not succeed in putting him together again. The wear and tear on missionaries is very great, and young men often have to rush forth to the work only half theologized in order to fill vacancies.

The missionary does not earn money, but depends upon the missionary societies at home for his support. Often he is 15,000 miles from his base of supplies, and many a missionary has sat patiently subsisting on faith and a belt full of holes, while the missionary society at home is enjoying dissensions in its ranks.

It will thus be seen that the missionary job is no sinecure. It is not madly sought after by the frivolous, but is taken by young men and women full of courage and endurance. Some-

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PERSONS IN THE NEWS

DR. AND MRS. F. T. McFADEN of Richmond, Va., have apartments at the Palace. McFaden is head of the Royal Arcanum, a fraternal, social, educational and insurance society. He was met at the hotel by a number of prominent members of the order and will be entertained extensively during his stay here. This is his second term as head of the order. He is also pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Richmond.

W. E. FULLIAM, formerly a special agent of the treasury department and now collector of customs at Santo Domingo, arrived in San Francisco yesterday on a visit. During his visit in the bay vicinity Collector Fulliam will stop with friends in Berkeley.

MIRBA ALI KULI KHAN, charge d'affaires of the Persian government in Washington, returned from the north yesterday and is staying at the Fairmont.

CHARLES M. GARDNER, a well known attorney of Santa Cruz, and Benjamin K. Kalgit, district attorney of the county, have apartments at the St. Francis.

ANDREW SCHAFER, supervisor of Red Bluff, is a recent arrival at the Argonaut, accompanied by Mrs. Schaffer.

M. F. TARBEE, a well known vintner and politician who makes his home in Fresno, is a guest at the Palace.

O. E. FULLER, general manager of the Los Angeles Warehouse company, is at the Palace, with A. Underwood.

J. M. McLEOD, oil operator of Los Angeles, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

E. E. MILLER, manager of a fruit company at Turlock, is stopping at the Argonaut.

MAJOR ROBERT NOBLE of the Presidio at Monterey is a guest at the Baldwin.

L. LAURITZEN, a dealer in implements at Fresno, is a guest at the Argonaut.

D. B. EWING, an attorney of Fresno, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

F. W. STARR, a railroad official, accompanied by Mrs. Starr, is at the Argonaut.



"Subsisting on faith, while the missionary society at home is enjoying dissensions in its ranks."

times it seems almost a shame to ship so many brave and enduring young men away from America when the supply is so short that the only way to reform hoodlums in our city is to get them interested in shooting each other. Before a missionary is allowed to leave America he should be compelled to try his hand at civilizing mashers, tough conductors, aldermen, pugilists, old school politicians, loan sharks, joy riders, comic opera producers and other local heathen. Our kindness to the heathen in lending them all our missionaries is distinct brutality to ourselves.

C. O. WHITTEMORE, counsel of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railway, and W. D. Forster, traffic manager of the Tonopah and Goldfield railway, have apartments at the St. Francis. Whittemore lives in Los Angeles and Forster makes his headquarters in Goldfield.

MAURICE SCHWEITZER of Hoffman, Rothchild & Co., who is a heavy stock holder in the Ocean Shore Railroad company, will leave today for Portland and Seattle on a 10 day trip.

GARDNER F. WILLIAMS, a well known mining engineer who makes his home in Washington, D. C., is at the Fairmont, with Miss Dorothy Williams.

H. T. KUTZKAU, who conducts an automobile stage out of Tonopah to the surrounding mining camps, is at the St. Francis, with Mrs. Kutzkau.

SENATOR FRANCIS NEWLANDS of Nevada arrived from his home state last evening and took apartments at the Palace.

DON LEE, an automobile agent of Los Angeles, is staying at the St. Francis.

E. E. NORMAN, a merchant of Santa Maria, is registered at the Argonaut.

DR. AND MRS. E. A. PEERS of Colfax are guests at the St. Francis.

F. W. STALL, a mining man of National, Nev., is staying at the Palace.

E. C. WRIGHT, an Astock rancher, is among the arrivals at the Dale.

H. K. DONNELLY of Rochester, N. Y., is registered at the Sutter.

L. J. NORMILLE, a Portland architect, is a guest at the Sutter.

J. E. WILSON of Manila is at the Palace, with Mrs. Wilson.

E. E. WHITE of Folsom, Cal., is stopping at the Baldwin.

Ferry Tales



BUT for Mrs. Grundy and the conventions, how beautifully simple we could make life, even in a big city. My sympathy is all with the commuter who complained the other morning that of the eight precious minutes between the ringing of his alarm and the departure of his train—he lives near a station—five minutes had to be devoted to bathing, shaving and dressing. This, he said, left him but a scant three minutes for breakfast, which, he argued, was hardly enough time, particularly when the coffee was unusually hot.

"The maddening part," he continued, "comes after you swing aboard the train. There you are with a whole 15 minutes on your hands. Then, after you get aboard the ferry, there is another 15 minutes. Now, if a fellow could only dress on the train he could have all the time in the world for his breakfast. Breakfast the meal I enjoy most of all, and I do hate to have to hurry it down. If my wife would let me, I'd eat on the boat, but she says: 'No, John; there's nothing like wholesome, home cooking to begin the day on—and, anyway, they don't give you time in those ferry boat restaurants.'"

Now, if this commuter had the courage of a man I saw on a McAllister street car the other morning, he would defy the conventions and dress on the train.

Where the courageous man came from I know no more, but he swarmed aboard the car as it rolled from the ferry loop to the westbound track on Market street. It was one of those cars with no cross seats. On the seat running the full length of the north side of the car were about 20 girls. The opposite seat was vacant until Old Man Intrepid stepped aboard. In one hand he carried a coat, vest and hat. He held a comb and brush in the other. He laid these odds and ends on the vacant seat and settled down beside them.

He was not a young man. He had collected, I should say, at least three score and five years of his allotment. His hair and mustache were from gray and his clean scraped cheeks ruddy as Spitzenberg apples. If he didn't think that he was in his own private voider there was nothing in his manner to indicate it.

Using the car window for a mirror, he combed and brushed his hair, which he then brushed vigorously for about half a block. From his coat pocket he produced a package from which he took a collar. A dive into a hip pocket brought forth a knitted tie of brilliant green. He had the collar in place before the car reached First street, and half a block farther on the tie had been subdued and tied in a neat knot.

From his waistband he produced a large safety pin with which he secured the lower end of the tie well over to the starboard so that the large diamond in the midbosom shirt might have an unobstructed view. He put on his vest and coat. From his hip pocket he produced a gold watch with a quartz chain and a large jade charm and installed them as custom provides. From an envelope which he found in his side coat pocket he extracted a small yellow flower which he pinned on the lapel of his coat.

The car stopped then in front of the Palace hotel and the old gentleman, his toilet complete, hopped off and passed out of sight.

Everybody grinned at everybody else. One of the girls said, "I was just dying to see how he'd manage to brush his teeth."

There spoke the slave of convention. If the old man had not thrown off the yoke he probably would have been late in keeping an appointment or would have reached the trying place either flustered or in a taxicab.

Laurence J. Cadogan, the handsome teller in the First National bank, finds electricity the solution of the speedy breakfast. Cadogan is not only a bachelor, but he really "hatches." He learned how this summer when he rented a bungalow at the head of Hurricane gulch, in Sausalito, and lived there in solitary state. He learned to cook on an electric stove, which with a little practice could be induced to make coffee, heat shaving water, toast bread and poach eggs, all in one operation. He learned to cook, wash dishes and sweep. After a while he got so that he could get a good night's rest on a bed he had made himself, and he learned to like the life so well that he is still that rarest of combinations, a "batching" bachelor.

At this time of the year morning arrives with the chill of night still on it. Early rising, a pleasure in the summer, now assumes an aspect of heroic virtue. Any suggestion for a plan that will give the commuter an extra ten minutes under the covers will be welcome. There is a rich field here for the application of scientific management. If any commuter who reads this and has a system for making 7 o'clock a. m. in November seem like the same hour in July, and which includes time for breakfast, will send a brief outline of that system to me, I will set it forth in this column for the benefit of all interested. LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

Abe Martin



You never know a feller till he's prosperous. Ther don't seem 'be a shortage o' bum steers."