

HOSPITAL BONDS HAVE STRONG CLAIM TO VOTES

PROPOSITION No. 2 on the ballot to be placed before the voters at the bond election to be held next Friday, December 20, calls for an issue of bonds in the amount of \$1,700,000 to complete and make tenable the San Francisco hospital in Potrero avenue (formerly known as the city and county hospital) and the county jail building in Merchant street adjacent to the hall of justice at Kearny and Washington street.

At present those two buildings stand incomplete, unused and unusable. Unless the bond issue of \$1,700,000 is voted they will remain in that condition.

The San Francisco hospital as originally planned was to consist of three groups of buildings—the main group, the infectious group and the tuberculosis group. The main group is now under construction, but it can not be completed for lack of funds. To finish it will cost \$238,965, and to construct the infectious group and the tuberculosis group will cost \$1,282,262. The deficit for the hospital is \$1,521,227.

With the buildings unusable not only is the city receiving no return on the amount already invested in the hospital group, but the sick of San Francisco who are dependent on the care of the county are housed in temporary, inadequate, insufficient buildings and kept from receiving that care which can be given when the hospital is housed in its modern building.

In the name of humanity and of economy the voters should approve proposition No. 2 on the ballot.

Included in the \$1,700,000 bond proposition is \$171,373 required for the completion of the county jail building, which will house the county jail, the sheriff's office, the coroner's office, the morgue and a branch of the emergency hospital. For this building \$348,400 has already been expended and the shell of the structure stands idle, waiting an appropriation to complete it.

Unless the second bond proposition carries the San Francisco hospital and the county jail buildings must be barricaded, unused, useless, stark staring monuments of the city's shiftlessness.

President Taft's shoulders are so broad that they will easily take two gowns—a judge's and a professor's—to cover them.

A thief stole a woman's furs in the police court. That's a curious place for a thief to be.

Chinatown Property Owners Need Only To Legalize Gambling

MEMBERS of the Chinatown Property Owners' association have begun an old crusade in a new way.

Heretofore the method of those who would stop the police from interfering with gambling in Chinatown has been to deal directly with the policemen on the beat, with the special Chinatown squad, or, higher up, with the heads of the police department or with the boss of the city.

That method was expensive, to say the best of it, and was uncertain, because the policemen and officers were shifted and the new squads, as they appeared, had to be subsidized in rapid rotation. However, it helped to build many a row of flats in the olden days and feathered the nests of many successive political bosses as they came and went.

It is a sign of the high standard of these times and a tribute to the integrity and efficiency of Corporal Goff and the present Chinatown squad that the property owners have had to take the matter in hand. They intend to use their influence to stop the activity of the Chinatown squad, which, they assert, is driving the speculative Chinese into unregenerate Oakland, where, they declare, he may gamble at will.

The task before the Chinatown property owners is plain enough, even if it is not easy. All they need to do is to get the legislature to legalize gambling in the state of California. If chapter X of the penal code is written off the books gambling will no longer be prohibited in California, and gamblers, Chinese or white, can not be interfered with by the police.

However, while gambling is prohibited by law, it is the duty of the police to enforce that law.

If some one could discover a mayonnaise spring to match the artichoke crop then we all would be truly happy.

If the baseball season were only as exciting as the post season managerial fights!

Idaho Judges Appear to Be Inviting Extension of the Recall Principle

RECENTLY Idaho adopted a recall amendment to its constitution applying to all elective officers with the exception of the judiciary. The judges of the state seem, however, to be in active training to procure an extension of the principle.

The state supreme court, taking umbrage at criticisms directed against it by two newspaper men—R. S. Sheridan, publisher, and C. O. Broxton, managing editor of the Boise Capital-News—have cited them for contempt of court. The Boise paper condemned the supreme court for its ruling by which the progressive party was kept off the ballot at the general election.

As Colonel Roosevelt pointed out in his Chicago speech, the power of the supreme court of Idaho is so great that it might assess a fine against the publisher and editor in such an amount as to ruin the paper, the only paper in Idaho, presumably, that disagreed with the court.

With the courts usurping such power and using it to ruin a publication inimical to their point of view, the liberty of the press would be destroyed more surely than if the justices of the courts personally and physically annihilated the newspaper plants.

If a newspaper criticism of a court's ruling is mendacious, founded on perversion of fact, the irresponsible quality of the attack will be detected and the criticism will fall on unheeding ears. But if the criticism is fair, if the attacks made are deserved, the men making the charges are performing a public service.

The supreme court of Idaho would probably consider anything like the recall of the judiciary an undermining of the foundation of justice. On the contrary, it is the actions of judges who seek to curb the freedom of the press that are undermining the respect which the people should have for their tribunals of justice.

There is one function for which the girl messenger "boys" should fill a long felt want: they are just the ones to send for to button that waist up the back.

Filling In of Channel Street a Matter For Careful Consideration

RECOMMENDATION has been made to the board of supervisors that Channel street be abandoned as a waterway and filled in and the land reclaimed be leased by the city to industrial establishments.

It has been pointed out that the annual expenditure for dredging is much in excess of the revenues from the channel docks and that ample docking facilities will soon be provided by the state to replace whatever wharfage would be lost. Furthermore it is declared that the land reclaimed by the city and made available for leasing purposes would have a value of \$2,666,000 and yield sufficient revenue

A FEATHER IN HIS HAT



to pay interest on bonds to the value of \$4,000,000 for additional docks and commercial wharves.

The recommendation is worthy of careful consideration by the supervisors and the state, for the promise of added income to make possible needed improvements is tempting. But, on the other hand, there is always to be considered the value of an inland harbor, such as Channel street affords, over the value of wharves fronting on the bay. San Francisco bay is a generous sheet of water. No wharf abutting from the shore line, even to the extent of 1,000 feet, would in any way interfere with the navigation of the bay. But an inland harbor paralleling the streets, accessible from main thoroughfares, is an asset not easy to duplicate, and while the shipping that now uses the channel is small, still it has an important function in bay traffic.

It is bad policy to forfeit any existing harbor facilities, and unless the closing of Channel street were approved by the highest disinterested engineering authority it should not be done.

Betting on an election is defined as a misdemeanor by the penal code, but Tom Corbett and the police and district attorney know it is nothing of the sort.

The Death of Mrs. Mills Takes Away a Woman of Noble Work and Ideals

WOMEN of the Pacific coast states whose lives have been influenced directly by Mrs. Susan L. Mills heard with sorrow of the death of that worthy educator. Not only they, but whoever is interested in the cause of education, will realize the great loss that has come to California with the passing of the founder of Mills college. It has been given to few women to lead a more useful life than did Mrs. Mills; few have had ideals as high or have been so wholeheartedly devoted to a noble purpose.

The education of girls that they might fulfill the best ideals of womanhood was the purpose to which Mrs. Mills devoted her life, working side by side with her husband, Rev. Cyrus T. Mills, during his long career as an educator, and continuing his work after his death in 1884. Mills college has been for many years the only women's college in the west and has filled a need felt by those who have favored the separate education of the sexes.

The graduates of Mills have gone throughout the state carrying forward the ideals inculcated at the school in the Alameda foothills and bearing onward the noble aspirations of the mother of their alma mater.

The \$1,000 prize offered for a Panama-Pacific rose will be pretty picking for some florist.

GOSSIP OF THE RAILWAYMEN

The presence of a brood of white leg-horn chicks in the window of the Northwestern Pacific in the Flood building has resulted in William Fay of the Northwestern Pacific and Harold Boyd of the Washington-Sunset, which road occupies part of the same office with the Northwestern Pacific, in becoming two of the most expert fly catchers in the city. Although the little chicks have thrived on the regular food provided for them, they have shown a great liking for flies, with the result that Fay and Boyd carefully follow every fly that comes through the open door and await an opportunity to pounce down upon it. They expect to revive an interest in railroading next week, by which time the exhibit will be removed.

The Christmas committee of the Transportation club yesterday organized an auxiliary to Santa Claus, and bought presents enough for all the members at the annual Christmas dinner, which will be held Monday, December 23, at 7 p. m.

A depot is to be erected at Peltier in the near future by the Central California Traction company to accommodate the olive traffic. With reference to publicity methods in railroad accidents, the manager of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain publicity department, J. W. Kearney, writes to the Railway Age-Gazette as follows: "On the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain system the instructions are that whenever a wreck occurs the publicity department shall be notified at once and

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

FOR THE FOURTH

Editor Call: I have just finished reading the very able article by Mr. Alexander in your paper, entitled "Keep the People Home on July 4." I admire the up to date progressive spirit of The Call under its new regime, and no doubt our citizens do likewise. Mr. Alexander says that 50,000 citizens leave town every year on July 4, and he suggests that we "put up" a time here and keep the "bunch" home. As one remedy he offers the old threadbare idea of a parade through the streets of our city in the morning.

By the love of all that's good and true, cut out that history of the day and will have 120,000 leave town for the day. The street parade is worn out. Give us something more realistic, more lively place of that street parade.

Here is my suggestion: Why not put up a big sham battle at the Presidio to represent the battle of Bunker Hill? It will be a real novelty, in keeping with the history of the day, and will hold back that outgoing 60,000. The regulars at the Presidio can handle the whole job and do it up brown. Five hundred men in continental costume, behind trenches, can represent the Americans, and 1,000 in red coats can portray the British. After the big battle let the troops pass in review before the people. As an added attraction, and a social event as well, a big barbecue (at 75 cents a head) can be gotten up then to interest and draw a crowd. Sincerely, ALFRED J. BROOKS, December 10, 1912.

QUICKSILVER FOUNTAIN

Editor Call: I see in The Call a most glowing description of all that will be done to make the Panama-Pacific exposition a string of wonder and marvelous beauty. The best architects, sculptors, painters and gardeners will display their genius. An idea has occurred to me which may perhaps add to the great display.

In 912 A. D. Abderrahman III occupied the throne of Cordova in Spain. The roof of the palace was upheld by over 4,000 pillars of variegated marble. The palace was adorned with exquisite fountains and baths, and the whole were surrounded with the most magnificent gardens, in the midst of which rose a pavilion, supported on pillars of white marble, ornamented with gold. A fountain of quicksilver was constantly playing in the center of the pavilion, thus reflecting the sun's rays in a new and wonderful manner.

It is the fountain of quicksilver that I wish to suggest—although an old idea, yet possibly a new one to many of the present day. In a most gorgeous manner it would display the products of our quicksilver mines, and while doing so, reflect the many delicate colors of the rainbow. Yours truly, WILLIAM ALSTON HAYNE, San Luis Obispo, Dec. 12, 1912.

ABE MARTIN



Next t' plowin' th' hardest thing is t' git somebody else t' do it. A feller is never ole till his inclination t' fly a kite, begins t' wane.

The Telephone

By GEORGE FITCH

The telephone is the modern invention which would most nearly upset our forefathers if they were to return and look us over. They might marvel at the electric light and climb trees to escape the trolley cars, but if a Pilgrim father were to deposit a conversation in a small box and find it later in the ear of a personal friend 1,000 miles away he would rise up and yell for a witchcraft commission.

The telephone has made neighborhood out of states and families out of cities. It has put the grocer and butcher within arm's reach of the housewife and has doubled the life of every pair of shoes. It has put the farm out of a man to go 100 miles and return while his feet are on his desk, and it enables lovely woman to talk with her friends across the city until her arm gets paralysis without giving the gossip next door any satisfaction.

But the telephone also has its penalties. It has filled our homes full of strangers and reporters and peddlers and has enabled the world to bustle in over a thin wire and interrupt our meals and sleep without waiting for admission. The telephone edges in and annoys the lover while he is proposing and yanks the head of the house downstairs at 3 a. m. of a cold night in order to tell him that the telephone number and had better hang up.

The telephone is a vast convenience and without it the world would die of loneliness and sore feet. But like all blessings it is not appreciated. Thirty years ago, it took an hour to go downtown and get the baseball scores. Nowadays if a fan waits half a minute at the telephone before his suspense is relieved they have to burn sulphur all over the house to get the conversation out of it.

The telephone has ruined the profession of chiropody but it has increased profanity 1,100 per cent, and the citizen who can say "hello" twice without reversing the word and saying it backward is considered too good for this world.

INFANT CLASS SAYINGS

Little Madalene, aged 5, was told that a baby brother had arrived the night before. "I'll bet mamma will be surprised when she hears it," said Madalene.

Lewis complained that the wind had blown his hat off three times. "What is wind?" asked his mother. "Why," replied Lewis, "wind is air when it gets in a hurry."

Little Viola, who was visiting in the country, paused one day to examine a beehive. One of the bees stung her. She ran sobbing into the house and said: "G-Grandma, now I k-know who t-takes the p-pins out of your c-cushion."

James came into the apartment eating a piece of pie, and when his mother asked where he got it, he said: "I can't tell you, mamma. When I said 'Thank you' to the lady who gave it to me she said, 'Oh, don't mention it.'"—Chicago News.

PERSONALS

ROBERT CAVANAUGH, who is well known in this city through his association with the St. Francis hotel, has accepted the chief clerkship of the Hotel Fresno. Cavanaugh has for the last two seasons been associated with the Casa del Rey of Santa Cruz and the Paso Robles Hot Springs hotel.

W. E. BARRETT, assistant general manager of the Southern California Gas company; Dr. Charles C. Browning and Lewis Schiff, vice president and general manager of the Western Wholesale Drug company, make up a group of visitors from Los Angeles staying at the Palace.

FRED G. ELLENWOOD, secretary of the Wool Growers' Association of California, is at the Palace, registered on Red Hill. He is here to attend the annual convention of the association. C. A. Kimball, president of the association, is also staying at the Palace.

G. W. HARVEY, secretary of the Marysville Chamber of Commerce; W. A. Tilly, a rancher of Marin county; G. W. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of Montana and J. R. Alexander and Mrs. Alexander of Sydney, Australia, make up a group of yesterday's arrivals at the Marx.

A. E. EDWARDS, cashier of the First National bank of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Millard of Santa Monica, William H. Becken of Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker Jr. make up a number of arrivals at the St. Francis yesterday.

SECONDO GUASTI, a wine producer of Los Angeles, is staying at the Palace. E. M. Sheehan, another wine producer, is at the same hotel.

E. J. RILEY and Mrs. Riley of Calgary and Mr. and Mrs. M. L. White of New York are among yesterday's arrivals at the Fairmont.

DONALD O'MELVENY, a dealer in government, municipal and railroad bonds, is at the Palace, registered from Los Angeles.

H. A. CAMPBELL, a lawyer of Willows, and F. J. Bodkin, a timber man of Tracoe, are late arrivals at the Argonaut.

A. B. KUPFERLEINER and J. Kille, business men of Chicago, are among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

J. H. MAXEY, a railroad contractor, who makes his headquarters in Reno, is staying at the St. Francis.

G. W. METCALFE, who is interested in a smelter at Kennett, is a guest at the St. Francis.

DE. F. E. SELLERS, United States navy, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

RAYMOND E. HOYT, an attorney of Pasadena, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. Hoyt.

W. J. FLAVIN and Mrs. Flavin and M. M. Gould of Seattle are guests at the Stewart.

L. L. ARCHIBALD, a hardware and implement dealer of Fresno, is at the Argonaut.

A. C. THOMSON and wife of Los Angeles are among the arrivals at the Columbia.

JOHN A. FINCH, a mining man of Spokane, is at the Palace with Mrs. Finch.

THOMAS BUTTERWORTH, a land owner of Monterey, is at the Sutter.

D. GOODBALL, an attorney of Portland, Ore., is a guest at the Argonaut.

E. E. LONG, a fruit shipper of Suisun, and wife are at the Sutter.

M. LECHEMAN, a merchant of Rodeo, is registered at the Stanford.

I. J. PROULX of Willows is among the recent arrivals at the Dale. Charles L. Green of Seattle is stopping at the Columbia. PAUL B. CROW of Crows Landing is registered at the Dale. C. B. STEWART of Los Angeles is staying at the Baldwin. MISS M. STERLING of Los Angeles is at the Harcourt. A. M. SMITH of Ogden is a guest at the Baldwin. C. Z. MAYER of Nevada is at the Stanford.

Ferry Tales



AN invitation was extended a few days ago to commuters with either brickbats or bouquets to throw to make use of this column for the delivery of their messages. The response was immediate. The first missile was a brickbat, which, in accordance with the agreement, hereby went along to the head at which it is aimed.

My correspondent writes under the pen name, "A Native." His other name doesn't matter. He has been reading the ferry tales and knows that during their brief life they have done the commuters more than one good service. Here's what he says:

"Hooray for you, and accept my appreciation of an opportunity to kick effectively against an intolerable condition at the ferry building due to the use of the eastern main corridor by Wells Fargo & Co. teams and others delivering to the commissaries of the ferry companies. The Southern Pacific has never allowed Wells Fargo to make such a nuisance of itself at any depot of theirs, and I ask why the harbor commission permits something like 30,000 people, twice a day, to tramp blindly in a crowd through what is virtually a stables. The floor is filthy and no sunlight gets in there to sweeten the air.

"The place was never intended for horses nor piles of empty fish crates and chicken feed, and when the men pass there is a great deal of expectorating, particularly along each side of the aprons. With the ocean of salt water eggs flying away with which to wash and disinfect you would expect it to be used occasionally.

"Piles of ashes from the fireroom stand for a week or more in the main corridor, gathering stray orange or banana peels.

"The ferry building was not intended to pay off the national debt. It would not have been built but for commuters. All the work will go through it in 1915. If the harbor commissioners can't see, surely they can smell."

Respectfully referred to the harbor commissioners, who have been endowed by the people with the power to act.

The pile of ashes to which "Native" refers should have disappeared by this time, and I think it has, for the reason that oil fuel is now used in the ferry depot furnaces and is placed on Francis Reddy Gallagher and the telephone. Heffernan, as perhaps you know, is one of Marin county's most persistent boosters. Whenever he has a scheme to put through he enlists the support of his fellow commuters and he puts them in touch with his plan of campaign by means of printed cards. He knows where to get cards printed and how much they should cost. It was because of his known experience with printers that Gallagher called him up on the telephone and asked for his advice. One of Gallagher's partners answered the phone.

"Tilly-pho, Jack!" he called. As he called, however, the noted Jack Heffernan was busy in the front of the store with a customer. As Heffernan finished up with the customer he heard his partner talking to the man at the other end of the wire. This is what he heard: "Are you a business man?"

"Well, hold the line. I have me eye on him."

"No, don't hang up. Now, wait. He's getting the money."

"He's coming."

"Heffernan! Heffernan! Tillypho." Heffernan's conversation with Gallagher was brief and the incident was forgotten. Heffernan finished up his work and in due time walked aboard the Sausalito boat. It was the night the Petaluma Elks entertained the Marin county Elks and one boat was crowded with Elks. As Heffernan stepped on board from all parts of the boat came voices.

"Heffernan! Heffernan! Tillypho!" they said. Word for word they repeated everything that Heffernan's partner had said to Francis Reddy Gallagher. They kept it up all the way to Petaluma and a south section of the boat either over the telephone or is shouted into the store by some passing acquaintance.

But what does Heffernan care? He's getting the money.

I told a correspondent who complained about the speed at which automobiles and taxicabs drive up to the curb at the ferry depot that Lieutenant of Police Michael Carroll would attend to the matter. He was right. Progress. He took it in hand within an hour after he came on duty the day that particular ferry wall appeared, and if, after the work of connecting the ferry wall to the curb, the chauffeurs do not find a lot of nice iron posts to regulate their movements in front of the south approach to the ferry depot, it will not be the lieutenant's fault. LINDSAY CAMPBELL

The Call of the Poor

By THE POET PHILOSOPHER

Full soon the wintry winds will blow, and there'll be 50 kinds of snow, all standard brands of ice; then you must pony up a yen to help the poor and sad-eyed men who've been got the price. It is a pleasure thus to stake the man whose children cry for cake if he's a worthy thief, with honest aims and record straight, who has been beaten by cats until he's been and bent. But little pleasure do we find in helping out the other kind, who swarm in every town, the men who loafed when days were bright and hid when work loomed up in sight, and held street corners down. The men who argued politics instead of laying sweat or bricks and shedding honest sweat, may suffer on the wintry day and long for pies in vain, but they deserve just what they get. If every able bodied guy would hustle bravely in July he wouldn't starve in March; he'd have his bacon and his ham, his larder would be full of jam, and prunes, and kraut, and starch. The statesmen give us endless laws to fit most every bug-house case, but what we need's a law requiring every healthy man to go and work as best he can, with hand instead of jaw. This thing of loafing should be made a felony, then buses, afraid of spending years in jail, would strive to drive the grub they eat, the kipped cats, the shredded wheat, the oysters and the usual.