

A PERFECT DAY; NATURE'S SPECIAL CALIFORNIA GIFT

NATURE'S Christmas gift to San Francisco and its environs was a perfect day. It was nature's gift to the greater part if not to all California.

A blue sky overhead, through which the sun rose, tarried and set, to be followed by the moon, beyond its full, and the myriad of stars, clustered, grouped, individual and in constellations. An atmosphere clear, it would seem, as ether, with no particle of dust to obstruct the gaze, with no condensation of vapor, with no vagrant waifs of fog or cloudlet to break the sweep of vision toward the infinite.

From the high places of San Francisco, from the heights of Oakland and Berkeley, a clear sky and a clear sea greeted the eyes as part of nature's Christmas gift to California. So clear was the air that the transbay cities were linked together by ethereal bounds, such as seldom are they joined.

From San Francisco the Marin hills stood out in their sharply defined grace; from Alameda's shores could be described Twin peaks and the northern slopes of the Suro forest as they lay in beauty against the western sky. From the cliff and from Lincoln park the magnificent splendor of sea and beach and the sweep of the shore from Mussel rock to Point Reyes was part of the picture which was nature's gift to California.

In Golden Gate park the children of the city gathered for an open air Christmas frolic. The gifts on the forest of Christmas trees were from the generous hearted people of San Francisco, the musicians, the automobile drivers, the happy heart elders who made the day possible were all banded together in the spirit of the yuletide. But it was not those folk, big hearted as they were, that made the celebration for thousands of children possible. Had the weather gods been inopportunities there could have been no such celebration, even though the hearts of San Franciscans had been as big as Christendom.

Nature favors California beyond all regions of America, beyond all regions of the earth. The north, the east, the middle west, may be as deserving of a Christmas gift from nature as is California, but climate, like kissing, goes by favor, the favor of nature, and nature has selected California as the land in which it demonstrates just what can be done to make living auspicious.

It is not by chance that Californians secure the favor of California's climate. It was no wanton, transient caprice of nature to make its gift the perfection that was yesterday's. It was to be expected, for Californians are the favored of the earth; most of them came to California so that they could join the ranks of the favorites.

Some claim they prefer a snowbound Christmas. Is their judgment competent? Have they ever tried the California Christmas? Have they ever received to the full nature's gift of a perfect California Christmas day?

There is an ice famine in Seward. Seward is in Alaska. We congratulate our northern neighbor on its adoption of the "Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers" slogan and wish it a merry California Christmas.

San Francisco's Christmas Eve Presages Its Altruistic Progress

SAN FRANCISCO, with its hammer burned, is ready for new emprise.

The symbolism of San Francisco's Christmas eve celebration, which The Call conducted at Lotta's fountain, must have impressed itself on the people, the thousands of San Franciscans who attended and became part of the tradition which has set apart the holy night for a communion service of civic interests. There was more behind the sentiment of the hammer and its cremation than the quick flash of fireworks. There was the feeling that drew the people of San Francisco out of their homes on that evening, there was the urge of community interest that stimulated the artists from abroad and the singers of our own circles to give their genius and their talent to the civic demonstration. That they should thus assemble was proof in itself that the hammer was dead; that they should participate in the burning was proof that they wanted it annihilated beyond possibility of resurrection.

The Call is pleased with the success of the Christmas eve celebration; it is grateful to those artists, musicians, singers, to the mayor and the uniformed military that participated; yet it knows that what was done was not done for The Call, but for San Francisco, that The Call was merely an agent of the people of San Francisco, contributing its part even as the inarticulate auditor of the singer and the ceremony contributed his unselfish part to the cause of civic progress.

The tradition of Christmas eve in San Francisco under the California sky is established. Mayor Rolph predicted that in the future the celebration will be held at the civic center; but for the present, for the next few years, we have Lotta's fountain, where the tradition was born and nurtured and has grown into the important civic event of Tuesday evening, Christmas eve, 1912, when San Franciscans, by the thousands, congregated to enjoy the finest of musical programs and to pledge themselves, dedicate themselves to the betterment of their city, to its eternal progress and altruistic advance.

A hatrack attendant in a St. Louis hotel saved enough money to buy a hotel. No wonder; he didn't have to tip the hatrack attendant.

Adrianople has been referred to as "the cradle of Turkish power in Europe." It has been rocked pretty well recently.

Madero's Failure Brings Grave Problem To the United States

PRESIDENT MADERO has had his opportunity—and what has come of it? His country is still torn by revolution; the lives and properties of natives and foreigners in Mexico are in constant jeopardy; there has been no recognition of the valid claims of Americans injured or plundered during the Mexican revolution; even the claims of those innocent Americans injured at Douglas when the federal and insurgents fought at the international boundary have been ignored by the Mexican government.

It is easy to say that Americans and other foreigners who engaged in Mexican industries did so at their own peril and for their own advantage. In the ordinary routine of life or revolution that

"HOPE I DIDN'T FORGET YOU"



risk must be accepted and met by its victims. The United States was not responsible for foreign capital injured in the southern states during the civil war. But in Mexico the situation is not that of civil war; it is a condition of anarchy.

President Taft's negotiations with the Mexican government have been conducted secretly. It is best that the preliminaries be so conducted, it prevents the situation from being aggravated by hotheaded Americans or passionate Mexicans. But the negotiations must not be kept under cover too long. The imprisoned steam will drive the piston and set the wheels in motion. Intervention by the United States is not desirable, but something must be done to preserve the peace of North America. The idea of American youth giving its life on a Mexican battlefield in international police duty is repugnant to Americans. President Taft would be reluctant to cross the line with the military and President elect Wilson would shrink from the terrible responsibility.

Surely there must be in Mexico a man with the force of Diaz and with more modern ideas of government than the stern old general possessed. Madero has failed and his failure must be acknowledged by himself, as it has been recognized by the world.

If he can not be forced to realize his sorry plight, if he persists in his feeble retention of Mexican government in the city of Mexico, while his weakness encourages rapine and slaughter in every other part of the "republic," there will be no alternative for the United States but intervention. The intolerable condition must be ended.

A Wisconsin doctor has found the "perfect woman," but she only measures 35 as to the bust. Now for the slaughter sale of all those "perfect 36's."

Miss Till is hunting treasures off Panama. Miss Cash Register is the one who gets them nowadays.

The man who does not carry home a bundle tonight is "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

San Francisco Needs to Fight Still Harder for Hetch Hetchy

IF City Engineer O'Shaughnessy is correct in his surmise that certain very rich and powerful hydro-electric capitalists are behind the McCloud river water supply project and would benefit immensely if San Francisco quits the Hetch Hetchy and Lake Eleanor region, the official is contributing more important information than his report of the prohibitive cost of the McCloud river-San Francisco system.

The McCloud deal would cut both ways, according to O'Shaughnessy, whose reputation gives authority to what he has to say. Heads San Francisco would lose, tails the hydro-electric capitalists would win. If the McCloud project were foisted upon this city San Francisco would be put to the expense of more than \$97,000,000, or double the estimated cost of Hetch Hetchy, to bring its waters to the city, and these capitalists would secure 220,000 horsepower of electric energy for their Yosemite Power company, in addition to what they would receive for their McCloud rights.

The report of the city engineer should be a compelling factor in the decision which Secretary Fisher will have soon to make.

O'Shaughnessy does not neglect former Secretary Ballinger in his report on the McCloud situation, saying:

All would have been smooth sailing for the city if it were not for the efforts of the resourceful Ballinger, who put the city in the extraordinary defensive attitude of being compelled to show cause why the city should not permanently be excluded from the Hetch Hetchy valley.

It is San Francisco's misfortune at present that she is battling for such a valuable right, although it is due to the wisdom of the progenitors of the Hetch Hetchy project that in the end, if Secretary Fisher's report is favorable, the city will acquire the wonderful boon of Sierra waters.

That the city has had to face such odds in its contest for pure water, fighting against the devious tactics of the Spring Valley company, the insidious policy of Ballinger and the shrewd work of the power companies, is proof of the richness of the rights which San Francisco seeks in the Sierras. Furthermore, it is plain warning that our vigilance must not relax an instant in the midst of the battle.

Woodrow Wilson's cabinet is being rapidly made—on politicians' slates. But the slate is a notoriously fragile thing.

Death valley is open to another opportunity to live up to its name.

FIRE ESCAPES

By GEORGE FITCH

There are three kinds of fire escapes, the bible, ladders and industry. It takes all one's life to escape from fire by means of the bible. By means of industry one may escape for many years only to be fired when old and infirm. But by the means of the patent fire escape, which is fastened on the outside of the hotel and is connected with the interior by locked doors, designated by red lights which aren't burning, one may sometimes escape from fire in less than a minute.

The common or root garden fire escape is made of iron steps or ladders with platforms at each floor. These ladders are connected with the earth by about eight feet of atmosphere through which the elevator must jump. In case of fire on the nineteenth floor the fire escape affords a safe and exhilarating pastime. Those who have tried tripping merrily down a ladder 200 feet aboveground holding on with one hand and dressing hastily with the other, have recommended the sport as much preferable to parachute jumping.

In great cities all tenements are fitted with fire escapes which are so much more comfortable than the tenements themselves that people sleep on them during the summer. All of the great hotels of the country are also fitted with fire escapes. These also act as bill escapes on many occasions and much of the profits of hotel keeping go down the escapes with guests who can not bear to bid the clerk a \$2.50 goodby in the morning.

Fire escapes do not save many lives because they are always somewhere else when the fire breaks out. But they are a great comfort to the timid woman who couldn't climb down a set of cellar stairs in five minutes and as soon as she finds that she is connected with the earth by 175 feet of rusty ladders with the cold north wind singing through them she feels as safe in her hotel bed as if she was at home.

After gazing upon several thousands of rickety old wooden buildings throughout America, all fitted with fire escapes, we have concluded that these inventions are doing a nefarious work by assisting the buildings themselves to escape from fire and thus arresting the cause of architecture and the cities beautiful. What most of America's buildings need is not fire escapes, but a torch.

LINES TO THE HAMMER

Put your hammer in the locker; Hide your sounding boards likewise. Any one can be a knocker— Any one can criticize, in a manner, winning. Cultivate a manner, winning. Though it hurts your face to smile And seems awkward in beginning— Be a "booster" for a while.

Let the blacksmith do the pounding; That's the way he draws his pay. We don't get a cent for hounding Saint and sinner night and day. And just for solid satisfaction Drop a kind word in the slot, And I warrant we'll get action For the effort on the spot.

Kindness every time beats kicking— Mirth is better than a frown; So don't waste your time in picking Flaws with brothers who are down. And, if I can't find distressing, Just you give a little "boost" To the man the fates are pressing When the chicks come home to roost.

Yes, this old world would be brighter If we'd kindle friendship's flame, And thus make the trouble lighter Of the man "against the game." Send your "gratitude" on a vacation— Give your grumbling tone the shake, And, with grim determination, Throw your hammer in the lake.

RED CROSS STAMPS The idea of the Christmas stamp as a means of raising revenue to fight consumption originated in Denmark, the little nation that has given more than its share to the world in humanitarian thought and work. The Christmas stamp had little or no attention in this country until Miss Emily Bissell of Wilmington, Del., conceived the notion of adapting it to the needs of the poor consumptives of her little state. Miss Bissell is a woman who does things. She is a social worker, a constantly growing class of American womanhood which is awakening the people to a social consciousness, to the truth that we are our brother's keeper.—Philadelphia North American.

PROGRESS All our institutions, thoughts, sentiments and methods are slowly changing with the advancement of civilization. As time passes, the progressive individuals and nations lay aside error and superstition after another. Feudalism, chivalry, the hierarchy of kings, titles of nobility and military honors have already become antiquated relics of the past. Our science is daily growing more complete, religion more liberal, inventions more perfect, trade and industry more expansive and unified, comforts and conveniences more general, education more popular and governments more democratic.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A WELL ORDERED PLACE "Missionary—if you are about to kill me, let me sing a hymn."—Cathedral. No, you're not. No music with meals in this joint.—Life.

PERSONALS JAMES C. LOVE and John M. Love, prominent Santa Fe railway men, accompanied by their wives, are at the Stewart. Mrs. John M. Love, known as Minnie Gatzlove, is a well known vocalist of southern California.

W. H. LOGAN and D. Dever, Victoria salvage men, who recently raised the Pacific Mail liner at Balboa, are among those who arrived in the city yesterday and registered at the St. Francis.

E. C. COLLINS, M. D., of Philadelphia, George Fox Jr. of New York and R. D. Timberlake of London, England, were among the Christmas arrivals at the Palace.

F. B. CHANDLER and family of Santa Rosa spent Christmas at the Stewart. Catalina's festivities at Golden Gate park yesterday afternoon.

M. and MRS. J. CAVALIERE, J. Eldridge, H. Henderson and A. T. McDonald, all San Franciscans, are registered in Chicago hotels.

R. WALKER, editor and publisher of a newspaper at Vallejo, and Mrs. Walker are recent arrivals at the Argonaut.

V. W. GOFF of Manila, in the service of the government, is a recent arrival at the Stewart. MRS. W. T. BARNETT and A. M. Edelman of Los Angeles, are guests at the St. Francis.

T. B. COSGROVE, a well known San Diego attorney, is stopping at the Palace. WILLIAM H. KNOWLES, a contractor of Stockton, is registered at the Marx. W. H. MAILMOL, a jeweler of Sisson, Cal., is registered at the Argonaut. F. C. WILLIAMS, a clothier of Santa Cruz, is stopping at the Argonaut. SETH WILLIAMS of Turlock, a rancher, spent Christmas at the Stewart. A. FERGUSON, a merchant of Bakerfield, is a guest at the Argonaut.

Ferry Tales



NOTHING makes work on a holiday seem a hard-ship quite so much as an ostentatious display of leisure by those who don't have to work.

Half the joy of a day off for the man whose regular train starts in the dark at this season of the year is to get up a little later than the usual hour and, in dressing gown and slippers or other comfortable negligee, saunter into the front yard and search for the morning paper. He retrieves the paper from the thorny rosebush, into the heart of which it was thrown by the boy who wore the roller skates the night of which anticipated the alarm clock by an hour.

Breakfast is not yet ready. The sun has arisen bright and warm and the man with a day off lingers outside. There is a clatter of feet on the sidewalk. It is Bill Jones running, as usual, for the regular train. Poor Bill has to work. Does the man with a day off slink behind a geranium until Bill goes by? Not on your life. He steps to the gate and sings out: "Hello, Bill! Ah! workin' today, are you?"

He knew that Bill had to work, for Bill told him so last night as they crossed the bay together. Bill, by way of reply, says something like "ain't" and keeps moving toward the depot.

Now, if Bill could have reached the depot without seeing any of the idle rich he'd have gone to the city without feeling sorry for himself. As it is, that picture of slipped leisure will haunt him all the way over.

For the sake of Bill Jones and his kind and a day off lingers outside, but don't parade your leisure until after 9 a. m.

The Santa Fe Railroad company has delegated to Miss Florence Dunnington, the 10 year old daughter of Captain L. A. Dunnington, the duty of extending its greetings during Christmas week to its patrons leaving Santa Fe, San Francisco, Captain Dunnington is master of the Santa Fe ferry steamer San Pedro, and it is on her father's boat that little Miss Dunnington is doing the honoree.

The saloon of the San Pedro has been decorated with bunting and Christmas greens. Miss Dunnington, dressed as an Indian, will be a member of the crew every evening this week from 4 o'clock, when the passengers bound out on the "Angel" board the boat, until the trip that meets the last boat in. To every passenger she will present a card bearing the legend, "Santa Fe Railroad company wishes you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year and a pleasant journey."

The Santa Fe is pretty as it is, is not half as charming as the feathered princess through whom it is being offered. It isn't only the Santa Fe. Everybody's doing it. Did you notice when your shirts came home from the laundry this week that the paper band encircling the shirt was decorated with a wreath of holly? On the strip the laundry company wished you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Did you notice that the crew did, and for a few minutes after reading the message of good will I almost repented of my wish to be able some day to imprison the manager of a laundry in a pair of starched pajamas and feed him wooden buttons and pins.

Talking about things to be thankful for at this season of good will, did you know that the Southern Pacific had made its patrons the handsome present of about seven minutes every time they cross the bay on the steamer Piedmont? The Piedmont has just been put back into service after an absence of several months. During the time, in addition to a general house-cleaning, Superintendent William McKenzie installed new boilers with the result that the Piedmont now makes the run from slip to slip in 16 minutes instead of the 23 minutes it used to take.

Next to the Newark, the Piedmont is now the fastest of the Southern Pacific fleet, and makes better time than even the Newark, as it has greater power in proportion to its size and can be started and stopped more quickly. I'm going to tell you something soon about William McKenzie, the man that keeps the Southern Pacific ferry system in tune. In the meanwhile we will wish him a merry Christmas.

LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

RESEARCHES "That man has given up his experiments in the way of perpetual motion." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "I'm now devoting his peculiar talents to an entirely different line of research. He is trying to discover some method of revising the tariff that will make things cheaper to the consumer and at the same time increase profits to the producer."—Washington Star.

WIDE DIFFERENCE "Willie," said the teacher, "is there any difference between the words 'sufficient' and 'enough'?" "Yes, ma'am," replied Willie. "Sufficient is with a package of seeds. You're eaten enough pie, and 'enough' is when I think I have eaten sufficient."—Chicago News.

ABE MARTIN



At last th' day has gone by when a democratic congressman can square himself with a package of seeds. You're beginnin' to age when your wife tells you your new hat makes you look younger.