

LET OPPORTUNITY DO ALL OF THE KNOCKING FOR CALIFORNIA HEREAFTER

NEW YEAR day has been prudently entrenched from the responsibilities of the world by being made a holiday. Business is too important to be subjected to the state of mind that exists on the first day after the last night of last year. So, for practical purposes, January 1 is nonexistent. Today is January 2.

Let us now get about our business and consider the world, and particularly the city we live in, and for our text take this quatrain from the speech of Charles K. Field delivered at a recent banquet:

Oh, you, whom poets choose to call
"Serene, indifferent of fate,"
Let opportunity do all
The knocking at the gate.

"Let opportunity do all the knocking."

Opportunity is the lady described by Senator Ingalls as a fugitive who makes but one tap at the door as she passes. Opportunity is reputed to have that habit of knocking but once at every man's door. But Bacon says "A man must make his opportunity as oft as find it."

What has been said of opportunity in her capricious relations with man does not apply to her relations with this state of California. From the click of dawn to the crack of doom opportunity will be playing a tattoo on the gates of California.

How often has she rapped in the past?

She found the virgin wilderness and rapped thrice against the mighty oaks. The gates of the wilderness opened and the Spanish padres entered, bringing the light of religion to the dark skinned peoples, and close behind them, with opportunity leading the way, still politely knocking, came the rancheros, the hidalgos. That gave California its opportunity, or opportunity gave California the right, to be a pastoral land, with an easy wealth from its herds and its grains.

Then opportunity, seeing that California had reached its apogee under those influences, knocked again, this time with a pick against

the Sierran rock, and gold was found. No such stroke of opportunity anywhere in the world resounded through space as echoed from the blow of the pick at Sutter's mill. Opportunity's army came to California and made this land the golden state of the federal union.

Resourceful, untiring opportunity was not yet through in California. Leaving the high mountains and the auriferous foothills, opportunity went into the valleys, where the herds had cropped the spring grasses and touched the soil and up sprang golden trees. In the arid lands where only scant sagebrush grew, opportunity smote the rock, and water gushed forth. So opportunity was the Moses to half a state.

Nor was this marvel of industry yet done with California. On hills that seemed useless for man she again tapped, and black currents of oil gushed to the surface, to heat the boilers for a nation, to furnish the power for ten thousand ships. Nor was opportunity satisfied with her toils. California's restless beneficence returned again to the mountains where she had found gold and knocked granite boulders into the streams, dammed the waters, and from the dams the energy of the mountain torrents dashed forth as electricity to light the cities of the land and turn its wheels of industry.

Yet persistent opportunity had another task to perform for California. To do this she went far afield, to the isthmus of Panama, and by her knocking forced a way through a mountain and linked Atlantic and Pacific, so that the commerce of the eastern states of America and of Europe could flow cheaply and swiftly to its ports.

"Let opportunity do the knocking."
It has done much. Perhaps the indefatigable ingenuity of opportunity will find other means of benefiting California, adding to the great gifts it has placed at the people's disposal.

Perhaps it is time for Californians to weld themselves into a unified, purposeful body, with a common aim of benefiting themselves by boosting their state and leaving all knocking, past and present and future, to opportunity, who surely knows her job.

Conditions in Croatia Show Why Austrian Slavs Hate the Hapsburgs

IF the Austro-Hungarian empire were in a state of siege it could not be more uneasy than it is now, judging from the reports that reach the outside world from day to day. What leaks out is only a part of the truth about real conditions in that empire, for there exists a press censorship by the side of which the censorship of Russia is mild.

It is the Slavonian press that is censored most severely. From uncensored copies of a Slavonian paper published in Agram, the capital of Croatia-Slavonia, it appears that the unrest in that great Slavonian province of Austria-Hungary has reached a stage bordering upon open revolt. These uncensored copies were smuggled to this country, but the question is, How many copies of other issues were not so fortunate?

The conditions in Croatia-Slavonia may be taken to indicate those in other Slavonian provinces of Austria-Hungary. It appears that prior to the present year this province was nominally governed by an official termed a "ban," but with a form of constitutional government. The last ban was a renegade Slav, Nikola Tomasich, who toadied to Emperor Franz Josef and harried his own countrymen as far as he could under the constitution. He was succeeded last January by a Hungarian, Slavko de Cuvaj. Ban de Cuvaj found the constitution inconvenient and so reported to the emperor. It did not take the latter long to make up his mind what to do. In line with his policy of oppression of his Slavonian subjects, he abrogated the constitution. He waived it and other vested rights away in a what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it manner. De Cuvaj was made more powerful than any ban had ever been. He was made plenipotentiary vicergerent of the emperor and really given powers over the Slavs more autocratic than the emperor has over the Austrians.

This was done April 3, 1912. Since then the Slavs of Croatia-Slavonia have been oppressed as tyrannically as the Russian moujiks. The Slavonian press has not been entirely suppressed. The Austrians fear that confiscation of the papers would cause the smoldering fires of revolt to burst into the flames of revolution, and revolution just now is not exactly pleasant for Austria-Hungary to contemplate. It is not to be wondered at that the Austrian Slavs hate the Hapsburgs.

A Man's at His Best at Fifty, Says German Science

THE business of being 50 years of age is not so grewsome after all, according to German scientists—and if there are any scientists more scientific than the German they should immediately be brought into the arena and introduced to the throng as scientists de luxe. These super scientists of the German empire declare that the best years of a man's life come after he is 50, and that "only in exceptional cases does he reveal decreased elasticity."

"Decreased elasticity" is the scientific formula for "not so snappy." A piece of elastic has snap, and so has a man of 50, according to the German verdict.

Hurrah for the man of 50! All the professors and doctors say he is "there." But wait; how old are the professors and doctors who participated in the German symposium?

Probably over 50. So their evidence is to be thrown out of court? No, not on your 50 years of existence. It is apparent that no man under 50 was to be found learned enough to contribute to the symposium.

Great artists of all times have done their best work between 40 and 60 says one authority—but he did not count the great artists and poets who did not live that long.

Yes, it's fine to be 50—but there are few men of that age who, strolling down a leafy lane and espying a lad with a maid of appropriate age hand in hand and arm to waist, would not be willing to trade his splendid opportunities for another taste of those lovely and lovely youthful years.

District Assessment Plan for Building Interurban Railroads

AN interesting contribution to the question of internal development of the state is made by the Bakersfield Echo, which proposes that a law be passed permitting districts to build interurban railroads on a district assessment plan, as county roads may be built.

The proposition, as outlined in the Echo, is as follows:

In connection with the subjects of development and investment, we have given a considerable amount of thought to the advisability and practicability of a measure permitting the formation of interurban railroad districts and the building of these roads by a tax or bond on the land in the district, just as ordinary highways may now be built. The plan would be justifiable on the theory that modern development has made a railroad as much a public necessity and an even more generally utilized means of transportation and travel than are the common country roads.

It is estimated that an electric road can be built for about what

a good wagon road costs. The assessment district plan is ingenious and it may be feasible. It is to assess land abutting on the right of way a maximum amount and to decrease the assessment as the distance from the right of way increases, the zones being, it is suggested, forty rods in width. It is further proposed to let the county supervisors have control of the road, leasing it to a company for operating purposes under restrictions which would provide for its upkeep and efficiency.

It is the history of interurban electric roads in California that they are not remunerative for several years after their construction, although the benefit to the districts they reach may be great from the start. The Bakersfield proposition should be brought to the attention of the legislature and thrashed out in open debate.

From the way William Rockefeller is hiding from the congressional committee it might be inferred that he would be an interesting witness.

"Superior" Versus Southern California as to Raising Oranges

"SUPERIOR" and southern California, championed respectively by the Sacramento Bee and the Riverside Press, have been indulging in their annual dispute over the merits of their sections for citrus fruit culture, and the Sacramento journal seems to have the better of the argument.

The Bee started the controversy by publishing the fact that 400 carloads of oranges will be shipped this year from Oroville. On this statement the Riverside Press makes the comment:

Orange growing was begun in Oroville before it was in Riverside or Redlands, but these two communities will ship 5,000 cars apiece this year. The Press merely calls the attention of the Bee to this fact; any explanations and comments which may be in order can be made more fittingly by that able champion of "Superior California."

The Press was right. The comment that was in order could be "made more fittingly by that able champion of 'Superior California.'"

In its reply the Bee proved that by saying, in part: The reason simply is that in Superior California—unlike the Riverside section—there is a very wide range of profitable orchard products, and that most of our orchardists naturally incline to planting deciduous fruit, nuts, table or wine grapes, or other things that bring in handsome returns before orange trees come into good bearing condition, and at a very much smaller outlay of money and labor than citrus trees require.

For example, a peach orchard here may repay its total original cost for land and trees before an orange orchard—whether at Riverside or Oroville—would become profitable through maturity of the trees.

Nor did the Bee stop there, but recited the fact that two Riverside orange men have begun the planting of 10,000 acres of land in Colusa and Glenn counties in oranges and lemons. That last fact should be convincing in Riverside.

However, it is old fashioned for one section of the state to berate another because it doesn't raise the same sort of pumpkins as are grown at home. Riverside must not be peevish if northern California goes into the orange business. There were 43,000 carloads of oranges shipped from California in 1912, the state's largest single item of freight. That should be enough to go around. But northern, or "superior," California does not intend to stop raising oranges just because it can raise peaches, too.

Mayor Rolph is quoted as telling Chief White that it is his duty to find out what detectives are amenable to "outside influence" and put them outside the central station. Why not inside the city prison?

"Sell by Weight" Plan for Farm Produce Means Honest Dealing

RESOLUTION which is being adopted by grange organizations throughout the state was indorsed at Santa Rosa this week, the substance of it being:

Resolved, that Santa Rosa grange No. 17 respectfully requests our legislators to enact laws, at the earliest possible date, making it the only lawful way to market farm produce by weight; that no eggs shall be sold by the dozen, and no hay by the bale; no fruit by the box; but all products of whatever kind shall be sold by weight and quality only.

It goes against custom, but that fact should not militate against it; older customs than a "dozen of eggs" have been overturned for the benefit of civilization.

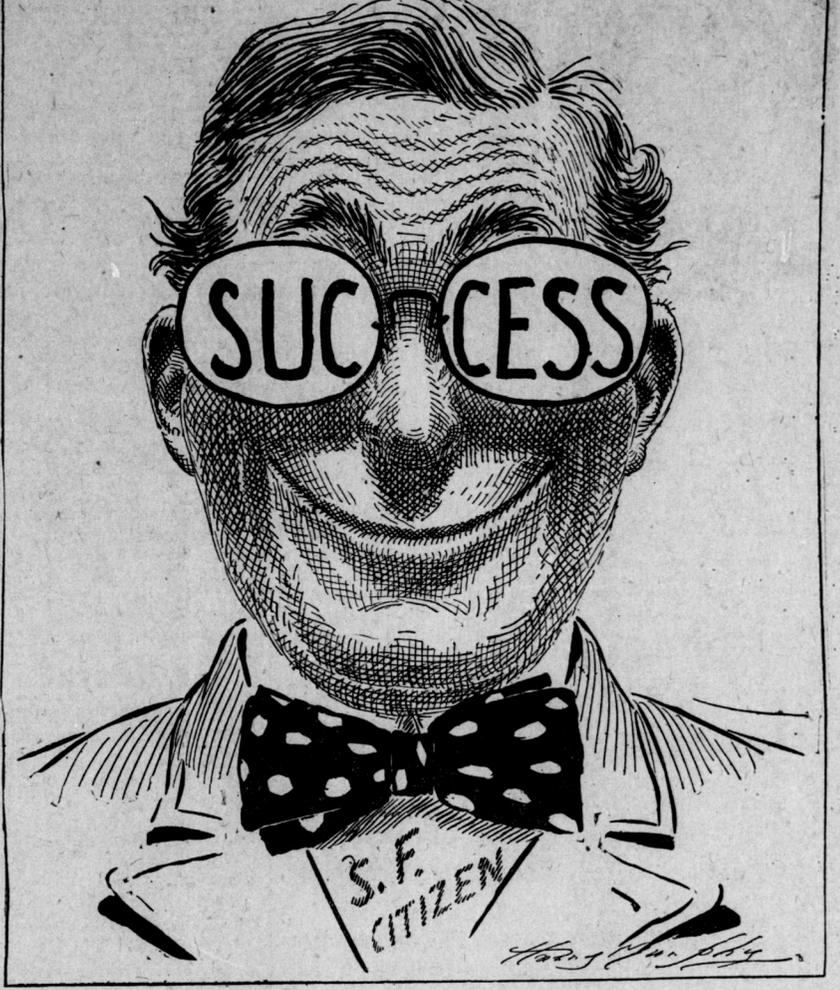
The merit of the plan is its honesty. When hay is bought by the bale it has an indeterminate weight. When fruit is bought by the box its weight is anything that it may be, but the commodity is sold on a certain basis. Eggs by the dozen may be large or small, but the price is approximately the same.

The farmers who are fathering the "sell by weight" movement are plain husbandmen, and every consumer of their product should align himself behind the plow and help make the furrow straight, if that figure may be used in these days of patent cultivators and sulky disk harrows. Sell by weight and sell it straight.

Holland has voted \$300,000 for its Panama-Pacific exhibit. These other countries will have to go some to beat the Dutch.

The street sweepers threw a lot of confetti yesterday—but they didn't seem to enjoy the exercise.

KEEP IT BEFORE YOUR EYES



ARCHITECTURE

By GEORGE FITCH

Architecture is the art of designing a building which will not only be handsome today, but will be handsome fifty years hence when the styles have changed.

There are thousands of handsome structures in America today, but that is largely because we have gotten used to them. There are also thousands of middle aged buildings which cause the casual observer to sigh for a pair of blinders. Most of these buildings were handsome when they were designed, but the people have recovered from the taste which allowed them to admire their particular varieties of warts, protuberances, bulges, fret work, low browned porches, and jig sawed jambores.

Architecture is one of the noblest of callings because it produces beauty which makes glad the eye from century to century. The patient architects who designed the cathedrals of Europe 800 years ago for two shillings per day have long been dust, but people still travel thousands of miles to view their work and to grow and expand esthetically while gazing into the soaring vaults of pillared naves.

If it wasn't for its architecture Europe wouldn't be worth living in. It is a great tribute to America to say that it is worth living in in spite of its architecture.

America has many fine architects who produce beautiful buildings in spite of contractors, building committees and tables of estimated income. But it also has many architects who consider that they have done well when they have tastefully arranged a few windows borrowed from different schools of design in a stone wall and have balanced a miscellaneous assortment of towers, spires and domes on top of the same.

America is full of frame houses designed by occupants of some violent ward; of modest homes designed by a cutter of cheese; and of mud colored mansions built by a bare builder who has fallen from his high calling. In time the men who perpetrate these things die, but the buildings live on in spite of our beneficently high fire losses.

America would have more fine architects if it weren't for the American church, the American frame home and the American two story business block with the galvanized iron proud flesh on its top. After a good architect has lived around these things for a while he renounces his citizenship with a throbbing cry of pain and flees to Rome to live among the ruins of 2,000 years ago, when they tried architects for their buildings and hanged them if they didn't suit.

HAVE TO BE SHOWN

Mary Garden declares she would make a wonderful wife. This ought to depopulate Missouri.—New York Evening Sun.

ABE MARTIN



What's become of 'th' good ole time mother that wuz allus waitin' fer a bright, sunny day t' take th' children up t' th' photograph gallery? Dame Fashion still lives in Paris—th' wickedest city in th' world.

FERRY TALES

His name is E. J. Williams, but to the 17,653 commuters who exchange greetings with him every evening he is "Ned."

Ned's smiling face is familiar as the ferry clock and infinitely more reliable. A strong breeze will make the face of the ferry peck. He like a gas meter. Ned, whose normal state is one of brisk breeze, is so honest that he never deceives even himself.

Thirty years ago the ferry depot was a small and airy shed and boasted one newstand. Ned was in charge of it. The evening he exercised supervision over them all. Ned, at 2 o'clock every morning, gathers together all the money from all the tills of all the newstands and locks it up in a big safe. He has done this for 30 years.

Ned knows more of his fellow citizens by name than probably any other man in the community. He knows three generations of some families. He never forgets a face and his memory for names would have made him a successful politician if his bent had been in that direction.

Although every commuter who travels now or who ever has traveled by the Southern Pacific boats knows Ned, most of them know little about him except that he always has a ready answer for every pleasantly hurled at him and knows without asking just what each of his regular customers wants. Inasmuch as Ned is as much of an institution as the aforesaid ferry clock itself, a few words about the side of him that his numerous acquaintances never see may be of general interest.

Ned's hobby is San Francisco. He thinks it the greatest little old city in the world and is interested in the big show of 1913 chiefly because it will bring all the world within sight of the ferry clock.

Ned, however, also has a sort of proprietary interest in the P. P. I. E., and in his personal possessions not the least valued is a letter from the Exposition company, dated June 24, 1911, thanking him for suggesting that Harbor View would be the logical site for the 1915 celebration. In his letter to the board Ned outlined in general terms the plan now being carried out. He likes to think that he helped pick out the site.

In addition to manipulating a breeze

THE SULKY MAN

By THE POET PHILOSOPHER

Jim Jimpson's quick at figures, and writes a lovely hand; he works to beat the chiggers—and yet he's often canned. He gets a situation, and pretty soon he's fired. He asks an explanation. "You make the office tired. You're too blamed sour and solemn; you growl around and toll as though your spinal column were one extensive boil. You always are a-sweating as you perform your curves; you start the others fretting, for you get on their nerves. We want a band of cheerful, contented workers here, but you, so grim and tearful, just spoil the atmosphere. We like to hear clerks crooning their helpful hymns aloud, and you, with all your moaning, disorganize the crowd." He looks as though he rested, when sleeping, in a hearse, so Jimpson is requested, quite often, to disperse. And I know eight or 20 just like him in this town; they get the soup a-plenty, and have to gulp it down; they pack the tattered banner and look for work in vain, because their graceless manner gives other folks a pain. Efficiency's a jewel, and ought to win. I guess, but doesn't (life is cruel) without a good address. WALT MASON.

UNIMPORTANT DETAIL

"I understand you went over to Crim-son gulch and lynched the wrong man." "No," replied Three Finger Sam, "You can't lynch the wrong man in Crimson gulch. We just got Flute Pete a little bit ahead of his turn."—Washington Star.

brand of rapid fire conversation and maintaining a running comment on history in the making. Ned has a facility in the use of the fountain pen that has carried him into print more than a few times. To this printed record he points to prove that his horizon extends far beyond the limits of the ferry depot waiting room.

In a local paper published July 2, 1910, for instance, he relieved himself of a few suggestions that sound like good ideas at this late date.

He started his outbreak by quoting a departing visitor and a commuter. The visitor, taking a farewell look at the receding city, inquires about the hills in the background and is told that they are the Twin peaks. Ned goes on: "If any other city in this great land of ours had within its limits two hills half the size of our Twin peaks they would make a point of showing them to every visitor. Instead, we take them to Chinatown, whisk them through Golden Gate park, Pacific Heights and other places that can be duplicated in almost any other city of San Francisco's size. We never even mention the Peaks, which is really the only place from which an adequate view of the city can be obtained."

"Common sense will someday prevail and before long, I hope, a scenic railroad will be constructed to Twin peaks. I have seen the Sugar Loaf at Rio de Janeiro and the wonderful scenery in the Straits of Magellan. I have seen the Bay of Naples and the Fjords of Norway. I have been to the summit of Tamalpais, but nowhere in the world have my eyes rested on a view so superb as the one to be obtained from Twin peaks. It's a poem and an inspiration. There is the city, all of it, spread at your feet. Surrounding it you see rivers and mountains, the ocean, the finest bay in the world, all the attributes that combine to make San Francisco just what it is."

Since reading that I asked 40 native born San Franciscans, all over 40 years of age, if they had ever been on Twin peaks. Five of them had and a sixth thought that his father had taken him up there one New Year day. We have our municipal railway, our municipal dancehall and are going to have a municipal opera house. What's the matter with having a municipal picnic once a year on the summit of Twin peaks. Invite all the commuters to attend and call the affair the Annual Pilgrimage for the Promotion of Civic Pride.

LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

PERSONALS

UNITED STATES SENATOR W. A. MASSEY, who was defeated for re-election, arrived in San Francisco yesterday on a short pleasure trip. He is a guest at the Stewart. H. W. Nash and Mrs. Nash, the former a well known civil engineer of Cleveland, O., are also guests at the Stewart.

H. B. BERRY, United States navy, and Mrs. Berry, both socially prominent in the army and navy set about San Francisco, are guests at the Palace. Roland Will and Mrs. Will of Redlands were among other arrivals at the Palace yesterday.

JUDGE GEORGE W. SMITH, formerly of the superior bench of Fresno county, is a guest at the Stewart with his wife and family. Several days will be spent in sightseeing about the city and bay.

ADJUTANT GENERAL E. A. FORBES, U. S. A., of Sacramento, who has done much toward organizing and maintaining the efficiency of the California national guard, is a guest at the St. Francis.

J. J. CUNNINGHAM, a Bay Point merchant; Dr. William T. Reid, a physician and surgeon of Bakersfield, and G. A. Penis, a San Diego druggist, are recent arrivals at the Argonaut.

CHARLES H. MCKEE and I. S. Shaffer, both of Pittsburg, Pa., were among other arrivals at the Fairmont yesterday.

BERT H. HENDRICK and J. E. Lee, both of Los Angeles, were among the arrivals yesterday at the Palace.

H. W. WENZELL and Mrs. Wenzell of Sacramento are recent arrivals at the St. Francis.