

POSTOFFICE TELEGRAPH WILL FOLLOW THE PARCEL POST

It took less than a week for the interests which assured us the parcel post would be a failure—that is, the express companies—to grow frantic over the success of the system; to complain that it was "unreasonable and unworthy" of the United States government to "compete" with them; to make impressive appeals to agents throughout the land to forestall, as far as they were able, with increased politeness and improved service the popularity of the United States package delivery.

The "failure," the "untoward burden" which was to be placed upon the government by the inauguration of the parcel post was a bogey to frighten children. The "scare" was made ridiculous within a week after the parcel post was introduced—within a day, it might be said.

The United States postoffice department has not yet reached the limit of its usefulness to the public. The next work it will probably undertake is the inclusion of the telegraph and telephone service among its functions. This may be accomplished either by purchase of the existing systems or by establishing a competing system. The former method would be the more economical, if the acquisition could be honestly and fairly accomplished.

It is no new thing, the suggestion that the postoffice department acquire and operate the telegraph in America. Postmaster General John Wanamaker in 1892 advocated that reform. He has since repeated his opinions on that subject and is quoted by the Philadelphia North American as saying in New York, in November, 1911:

I am clearly of the opinion that the government owes it to the business interests and the family life of the nation to take possession of all the telegraph companies. The people have a right to a protected service that only the government can give, to the use of wires without the delays that special interests now secure at times and to the lower rates now necessary and possible.

Postmaster General Hitchcock announced a year ago that he would recommend to congress the acquisition of the telegraph lines of the country. His suggestion did not get far, being checked by the president. Hitchcock pointed out that in fifty of the leading countries of the world telegraph service was controlled by the government at a profit and to the satisfaction of the citizens. It is only in democratic America that the government admits itself incompetent to undertake a work which private capital finds so remunerative.

Operation of telegraph lines by the government would mean improved service and lower rates, a wider extension of the system and more economy of management. Every postoffice would be a telegraph office, every postbox would be a depository for telegrams, which could be properly stamped before being deposited, just as a letter is.

Telegraph companies have been reducing their rates by indirection, as if afraid to be frank and open in their bids for more business. "Night messages," "delayed deliveries," "bargain day rates" and other such innovations are delicately worded devices to conceal reduction of rates. But the profits of the telegraph are enormous, though their earnings probably do not rival the fantastic incomes of the express companies. And the indirect reductions have caused a great increase in the volume of business.

The United States government could, if it were deemed the wiser policy, take over the companies by condemnation proceedings, and, as Pierpont Morgan, for instance, would take over a bank or a railroad and make the new property pay for itself out of its earnings.

Of course, there will be furious objection, some from the conservative element, which reluctantly admits that the government can build a canal below the estimated costs, but will not admit that it can run a telegraph office. But chiefly the protest of outraged interests will come from the telegraph companies themselves. It did not take the United States a week to make a popular success of the parcel post. How long will it take it to operate a telegraph line? Inevitably the United States will soon be seeking the opportunity to answer that question.

Superintendent Hyatt has issued a little booklet, "Live Questions for Debate." The liveliest one he could propose is, "What will the legislature do with my job?"

The indictment of Eibert Hubbard for misuse of the mail calls to mind the fact that while everything franks goes, stuff that is frank can't.

History Has Some Contradictions to Note at Gory Adrianople

ADRIANOPLE, the center of bloodshed in the Balkans and of diplomacy in London, must be inured to wars. Throughout the centuries there have been fought about its walls the struggles of Christian and pagan, of civilization and barbarism, of Slav and Saracen.

Gibbons, in "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," tells of a fearful battle fought August 9, A. D. 378, within 12 miles of Adrianople, or Hadrrianople, as the historian spells the name, between the empire of the east and the Goths. Valens, a feeble, enervated, vacillating emperor, who had been placed on the throne of Constantinople by his brother, Valentinian, the Roman emperor who ruled in the west, led the Christians forth from Constantinople and Adrianople against the Goths, who had come south across the Danube. The arrogance of the barbarians had to be curbed, and Valens impatiently assumed the task. His force was fearfully defeated; the emperor was wounded and perished in a hut which was fired by the barbarians.

Reference to this struggle is timely, as it emphasizes the fact that history may contradict as well as repeat itself. In the fourth century conflict the Christians defended Constantinople and Adrianople. Even the Saracens, if not at that time, at least a few years afterward, under Theodosius, were Christians, Mohammed not yet having appeared. The attacking force was composed of the barbarians who were shortly after to overrun the enervated Roman empire because the Roman soldiers were too tired to wear armor, as Gibbon says.

Today there is little of the blood of the Roman empire left in the oriental army defending this obdurate walled city; there is none of the religion, nothing of the culture, albeit much of the enervation, that marked the Roman defenders. On the opposing side there is still much of the persistent blood of the barbarians, the Goths and Scythians and Huns, alive today in the vigorous blood of the Slav besiegers of the Turkish city. But today the forces of Christendom are attacking, not defending, Adrianople. The faith that is now keeping the imperiled walls was not then born.

Adrianople withstood the siege of the barbarians in the fourth century, even after two-thirds of the army of Valens was destroyed. To this date Adrianople has withstood the attacks of the Christian nations, even though the semibarbarous defenders have been defeated at their outposts and driven in behind the walls. After the death of Valens his successor, Theodosius, treated with the barbarians, made

BEGINNING TO COME HIS WAY



a peace and dared disaster by trying to assimilate them into the empire of the east, which they, in time, overran. By what process will the besiegers of Adrianople of today secure this battle-fretted outpost of the orient?

An evening school has been established at the University of California. Why didn't they think of that before? Now all the daylight hours can be devoted to football.

The Chicago widow who wants to marry a "moral bachelor" does well to seek outside her own city.

Necessary Legislation Not Delayed by "Bifurcated Sessions" Act

THE necessity for immediate passage by the legislature of an act to increase the state revenues proves the wisdom of making the "bifurcated sessions" act elastic. Under the new law the legislature meets first for one month for the introduction of bills, then adjourns for a month for the consideration and popular discussion of the measures, and reconvenes for final enactment of the laws. But emergency legislation may be adopted at the first session if it is approved by a large majority, or it can be introduced at the second session under like conditions.

Much state legislation is routine, and some of it is puerile, but there is always a modicum of important laws to be enacted, laws which vitally affect the people. It is such legislation that should be discussed by interested constituencies.

The Pasadena Star sees another value in the system, in that it affords the legislators themselves opportunity to study the measures. It says:

As between the study the people may give the proposed new laws and the research that conscientious individual legislators may make in this thirty day recess, it should be possible to detect and scotch any and all "jokers" and ill advised vicious measures. The effect of this plan should be decidedly wholesome, tending toward better legislation, more carefully drawn statutes and fewer objectionable bills.

The Fresno Republican looks on it impressively "as a new and untried experiment, the invention and favorite scheme of Senator Caminetti."

There should be a value in it, and while that value would be affected if emergency legislation could not be adopted without delay, the fact that such needed laws may be enacted at the first session with the approval of a large majority protects the state, it would seem, in full measure.

The Esperanto folk want to act as interpreters at the Panama-Pacific exposition. For whom?

Tremendous Profits Revealed by New York Banker's Testimony

THAT a bank can pay 18,000 per cent on its investment in 34 years and yet permit its stock holders to find nothing amiss in financial conditions in this country is the prime delusion of the age.

The First National bank of New York, of which Pierpont Morgan's friend, George F. Baker, is the head, is the remarkable institution with the golden touch. Its mere money has multiplied itself 180 times, which is what is accomplished by the payment of 18,000 per cent dividends. Yet learned societies have debated over and pondered upon the reason for the increased cost of living and Wall street has exclaimed "not guilty" in accents wild and pathetic.

Mr. Baker has reluctantly admitted that in bad hands the control of the wealth of this country might be dangerous. What are bad hands? Might they not be hands that permit wealth to accumulate and disburse such dividends? Not that such accumulation has not been accomplished legally and honestly, but the negative virtue which permits such a system to exist, when it could alter it, is not commendable.

However, it is rather too Utopian to expect that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Baker years ago would have gone before the New York legislature and said: "Gentlemen, we are making too much money; our dividends are greater than our value to society—great as that value is—warrants. Please pass laws which curtail the earning power of wealth. It is our duty to ask this of you, reticent as we would prefer to be on the subject."

No, they couldn't have done it, nor will they or their ilk ever come to that point. Altruism and the economics of banking are too far apart.

ANSWERS

DICE SHAKING—D. P. City. Hoyle lays it down as a guide to one who wishes to shake dice, three throws with three dice, that according to the doctrine of chance he will not throw 1 out of 5 and make 36 or more, 1 out of 4 and make 37 or more, 1 out of 3 and make 38 or more, 1 out of 2 and make 39 or more, 1 out of 11 and make 40 or more, 1 out of 17 and make 41 or more, 1 out of 28 and make 42 or more, 1 out of 47 and make 43 or more, 1 out of 81 and make 44 or more, 1 out of 150 and make 45 or more, 1 out of 253 and make 46 or more, 1 out of 613 and make 47 or more.

STORY MANUSCRIPT—A. W. City. Story manuscript written on one side of the paper, preferably typewritten, should be enclosed in suitable sized envelope so that it will reach its destination intact. It should be addressed to the publisher and should be sent by registered mail to insure delivery. The name and address of the writer should appear on one corner of the title page. Inclose stamps for return if not available.

BROTHERS IN LAW—N. C. D. City. A court once decided that "when two men, strangers to each other, find two sisters they do not thereby become brothers in law, yet many people regard them as such." A brother in law is the brother of one's husband or wife, the husband of one's sister.

POSTMASTERS—E. D. Livermore. Postmasters are still appointed for four years. When their terms expire they may be reappointed for a like period. If removed for cause within the period of four years the successor is not appointed for the unexpired term, but for a full term.

MEN AND WOMEN—S. G. Y. Oakland. According to the last census of the United States there are more women than men in the population of the district of Columbia, Massachusetts, Maryland, Rhode Island and South Carolina.

OLD SONGS—D. A. C. City. C. J. P. of Oakland advises that the old-time song "Inquired about 'Oh! Susanna' and 'Old Virginia Shore' appear in 'Harvest of Minstrel Songs,' published by a Boston music house.

ERMINIE—Sub. City. "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing less spotless than itself," is from a speech by Daniel Webster at a public dinner in New York March 10, 1851.

PERSONALS

WILLIS N. MILLS, United States attorney in charge of the prosecution in the Elk Hill oil land cases against the Southern Pacific, registered yesterday at the Palace. He is accompanied by W. B. Henry and James C. Crawford, assistant attorneys in the government's service.

I. G. ZUMWALT of Colusa, who has instituted court proceedings to contest the recent election of Congressman William Kent, registered yesterday at the Stewart. Zumwalt alleges that Kent spent more than \$750 in his election campaign, which is a violation of the law.

W. E. MORRIS, cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' National bank of Stockton, and Mrs. Morris are at the Union Square.

BERNARD WESTERMANN, Standard Oil official, is a recent arrival at the Bellevue from New York city.

BARNEY GORDON, a well known California miniature painter, has arrived at the Mann.

ERNEST WEYAND and R. House, realty brokers of Colusa, are registered at the Sutter.

JOSEPH CRAIG, a Woodland banker, and his son, John S. Craig, are at the Stewart.

CHESTER COREY and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Corey, of Chicago are at the Fairmont.

F. H. STIMSON, a retired manufacturer of Bangor, Me., is a guest at the Bellevue.

DR. RALPH MOTHERAL and Mrs. Motheral of Hanford are guests at the Stewart.

F. C. NEUMAN, a merchant of Santa Rosa, and Mrs. Neuman are at the Sutter.

JUDGE W. D. TESTON, railroad attorney of Portland, is at the St. Francis.

D. W. BURNS, a Memphis, Tenn., business man, is registered at the Bellevue.

JAMES A. POLLOCK and Mrs. Pollock of Pasadena are at the Fairmont.

GENERAL ROBERT WOKOWSKI is at the St. Francis from Los Angeles.

E. A. ROWE, a Los Angeles insurance man, is a guest at the Palace.

O. I. EVERETT, an attorney of Fresno, is at the Union Square.

LEON A. STOCK, real estate dealer of Fresno, is at the Mann.

W. M. PRINDLE of Duluth is at the Fairmont.

PAPER

By GEORGE FITCH

Paper is the greatest known conductor of wisdom. By means of paper wisdom can be carried to all parts of the world at the rate of 60 miles an hour. Paper enables a wise man to spend 70 years acquiring information and to bale up the results of his labors in a five pound book and leave it to posterity.

The world was wise before paper was invented but only in spots. Paper does produce wisdom, but enables it to spread faster than measles. Socrates was a great scholar, but when he produced a deathless thought he had to wait until a crowd had collected before his dialogues would be indicated each morning and would appear before 11,000,000 readers in 158 newspapers, with book, dramatic and moving picture rights reserved.

Before paper was invented wisdom had to be printed on sheepskin, carved on stone or engraved on wax tablets. After a philosopher had carved up a granite slab he generally had writer's cramp, and if the world wanted to get help to progress it had to come to the tablet. Nowadays wisdom comes to the world, it leaks in through the mail box in a thousand different forms and clutters the front porch each morning. We can buy all that Epictetus ever knew for 10 cents and Homer is far more widely known today than he was when the only way he could get an idea before the world was to sing it.

Wisdom has also promoted love and marriage to a wonderful degree. Six thousand years ago a lover usually started banging out a love letter on a sheet of sandstone at the age of 15 and was lucky if he finished it before the girl was an old maid.

Paper has civilized the world, but it is now too cheap. If paper cost five times as much as it does our Sunday papers would only be one-fifth the size and much of the information which we get in them would remain beneficently unwrote.

OFFICIAL GRIP TESTER

The handshake of conventional society is not very satisfying, but it is innocent. It never did any harm. That is not the case with the handshake of a considerable number of persons whose strong emotions are chiefly in their fingers. There are persons—even persons in private life suffer from it—who grasp a hand and give it a squeeze that is like breaking a miserably thick walnut. The effort of some muscular and warm hearted men is to crush the bones of any hand they grasp, and not infrequently they are successful.

Such persons ought to be kept away from presidents and governors. Some shrewd public men are smart enough to grab the other hand of the would-be hand-grabber and from the nettle danger to pluck the flower safety; for all the advantages in hand-shaking are on the side of the daring and aggressive—the offensive, in fact. But many public men are not skilled at this, or lack the strength to keep up this stratagem for two or three hours.

Therefore the official who makes the introductions and who can be replaced as fast as he is disabled, should shake the hand of every person in the line, at the moment his opponent is introduced. These human vises he should signal to a policeman and have him taken out of the line and sent home; or he might as well lock up until after the reception. —Philadelphia Record.

TIMBER IN THE TROPICS

One thing which the prophets of worldwide timber famine forget is the supply of tropical timber. In the jungles, waiting the demand of the white man. Until recently the coarser, commoner uses of tropical timber were known outside the tropics. Mahogany, ebony, teak and rosewood were brought to northern cities for use in cabinet work, but the same ships which brought these tropical woods back to the United States, in rough structural work in the tropics.

Of late the subtropical woods, cypress and eucalyptus have come to the front for all sorts of uses. Now "greenheart," an equatorial wood very common in Brazil and British Guiana, has been chosen for the locks of the Panama canal.

Investigators keep reporting that this or that tropical wood is really well fitted for ordinary use and can be had at a moderate price by the use of modern lumbering methods. Within a few years the tropics will grow a forest larger than can be produced in a century in the north.

With the full utilization of the hot lands of earth the timber famine will be indefinitely postponed. —Chicago Journal.

HEIGHT OF VARIOUS PEOPLES

A Berlin paper publishes the results of investigation by a physicist, Professor Muhlbner, on the average height of different peoples. According to this authority, the Anglo-Saxon race holds the record. On an average the English workman is 1.74 meters in height, or 5 feet 8 inches. Taking various occupations, the Englishman averages 1.70 meters; Norwegians, Danes, and Dutchmen average 1.68 meters; together with the Swiss, Russians, French, and Belgians, Spaniards bring up the rear with a height of 1.57 meters. The Pomeranians are said to be the biggest of the European races. One peculiarity the German professor notes is this: In England the workmen are generally taller than the shoepeeling class, while in France the contrary is the case, the difference being about two centimeters.

NOT NAMED AFTER ST. SOPHIA

Some may have wondered who was the St. Sophia who gave her name to the great church at Constantinople. It is not named after a saint at all, its correct designation, Agia Sophia, meaning "House of Divine Wisdom." According to tradition an angel inspired this name. Shortly after the foundation of the church had been laid by Justinian, a boy set to watch the workmen's tools was visited by a celestial figure with wings reaching to heaven. "Go and tell the emperor," commanded the angel, "that this church shall be named 'The House of Divine Wisdom,' and on hearing the boy's story Justinian obeyed the angelic command. —London Chronicle.

SHE WAS THE "PARTY"

A young lady reporter on a country paper was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see the gentleman of the house?" she asked of a large "woman who" opened the door at one residence. "No, you can't," answered the woman decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. "Well, take a good look at me," she said sternly. "I'm the party he belongs to." —Judge.

DISCOVERED

He—Yes, it's very true, a man doesn't learn what happiness is until he's married. She—I'm glad you've discovered that at last.

EXCEPT WHEN—

A man always puts the biggest bank bill on the outside of his roll except when he's going straight home.—New York Press.

Ferry Tales



It may not be literally true that cats have nine lives, but over in Alameda are two elderly spinsters who know that cats do really come back. It does not matter who these spinsters are. All that it is necessary to state, for the purpose of making a permanent record of a tale that is being told on the Alameda ferries, is that they are the proud and devoted owners of a large tortoise shell cat who answers, when not otherwise engaged, to the name of Tom.

The milkman leaves a bottle of Pasteurized milk for Tom every morning. There is a standing order at the butcher's for a daily supply of fresh cat meat. Tom is in his room in the house he visits his family to visit. He comes and goes as he pleases, and if he could use it he would only have to say the word, and he could have a latch key. As it is when his social activities take him out nights he doesn't go home until morning, and even then no questions are asked.

These details indicate the regard in which Tom was held by his maiden mistresses. An appreciation of this is necessary for a realization of their grief the other day when a gang of small boys appeared at the front door with the mangled form of a beautiful tortoise shell cat loosely disposed in a basket.

The cat was terribly hurt, but alive. A big dog down the street had done the mischief, the boys explained, and they had brought him home because they knew how he was loved.

Followed an outburst of grief. They unbraided themselves and each other for not having encouraged Tom's wandering tendencies. "If he had made home more cheerful for him," moaned one of them, "poor Tom might have been spared this awful fate."

She stroked a section of unweaved fur and as she did so the cat raised to her its remaining eye in a glance of appeal.

"Poor dear! He wants us to help him. Yes, Tommy-tom-tom, and so we will. Martha! Telephone for Doctor Carpenter. Tell him to come right away. Tell him to bring his instruments and some strong medicine. Tell him that Tom has been very badly hurt, but that he must save him. Hurry!"

Alameda's handsome veterinarian was at the house in a few minutes. He made a complete survey of the contents of the basket and pronounced Tom beyond repair.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "but the only thing we can do for Tom now is to make the end easy by chloroforming him."

There was another scene of impassioned grief. Through the hysteria, however, the light of reason finally dawned and the vet was told to "do it and let us know when it is all over."

They paid the doctor his fee of \$2.50, and for good measure Carpenter helped them dig a deep grave in a shady corner of the garden and the cat was laid away.

Half an hour later, as the bereaved spinsters sat in the parlor, encouraging each other's tears by recalling incidents in the life of their buried pet, there came a familiar scratching at the front door.

They screamed. If they had believed in ghosts they might have fainted. Instead they opened the door, and in walked Tom, tired and hungry, but unscathed.

The publication of this tale may explain the continued absence of somebody's cat. Meanwhile the spinsters, although regretting the \$2.50, are happy in Tom's resurrection. Tom is happy in being petted more extravagantly than ever, and Doctor Carpenter is happy, for as long as Tom persists in straying from his own freside there is always the chance of another \$2.50.

Paul Neuman asks how that the ferry tales are widely read. There was published in this column the other day an account of his unfortunate effort to locate the leaks in his motor boat. He propped it up on two saw horses and filled it with water. He placed no supports under the midsection, and as soon as the boat was full the weight of the water caused it to collapse, a hopeless wreck.

From the day the account was published Neumann has been receiving a steady stream of letters. Some contained friendly advice and most of them intimated that particular section of the column. One communication on a postal card he has framed. It reads:

"Cheer up, Paul. The same thing happened to the Twin Peaks reservoir."

Talking about Alameda, the eternal city, has outlived its reputation for peace and quiet. No more can truthful critics refer to the home of the afterdeck squid as "the city of the unbribeable" or by any other slighting appellation. As evidence of this transformation a correspondent writes as follows:

"I wish that you would call attention in your column to the fact that Alameda is no longer the sleepy burg that folks who don't think it is. This may sound like a joke, but it really isn't. Did you know that it has been found necessary, for the comfort of the patients in the sanatorium, for the city to establish a zone of silence? Once upon a time that would have been a good name for Alameda. We're growing, and I wish you'd say so."

And there it is. LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

ABE MARTIN



Some folks make hay while the sun shines, an' others wait until after dark. The feller that's never been a democrat don't know what it is 't' want a pistoffee.