

I would rather have the good will and aid of a newspaper with a circulation of 30,000 that is taken home and read in the family, than to have that of one with a circulation of a million that is only looked at and thrown into the gutter.—MAYOR GAYNOR, OF NEW YORK.

Editorial Page of The Detroit Times

Monday, January 22, 1912

HOW WOULD THOSE SIDE-DOOR CATTLE CARS LOOK ON WOODWARD?

DON'T FORGET:
That the option clause in the Thompson-Hutchins franchise is NO GOOD—until the charter is revised to provide for municipal ownership.
That the paving obligation, which means a large extra tax burden, was the principal concession made by Mayor Thompson in return for that option, and it becomes binding on the city IMMEDIATELY on the adoption of the franchise.
That the Thompson-Hutchins franchise is first of all a FRANCHISE, and not a "six months' option to buy the lines," as the mayor has called it.
That the wily D. U. R., once more in lawful possession of the streets, under a 12-year franchise grant, will leave no stone unturned to stave off the advent of municipal ownership.
That even the mayor admits the possibility of hostile lawsuits.
That the remainder of the franchises on the five-cent lines expire in 1916, when the city will be in a position to dictate terms for the use of its streets and valuable terminal rights.
That the maximum rate of fare, under the proposed franchise, is FIVE CENTS and not THREE CENTS.
Bear these facts—and they are facts—in mind on your way to the voting booth Tuesday.

To the citizen living on what is called a three-cent line, we have this to say:

The franchise for the Detroit United railway proposed by the mayor, offers you NOTHING.

You would be entitled under it to a transfer on the ticket you now have in your pocket, to a car on a present five-cent line, but there are three facts to be taken into consideration by you, all of which go to show that in the conference, Mayor Thompson FORGOT the citizen on the present three-cent line, so-called.

If in transferring, the first car to come along should be a car bearing the sign, "INTERURBAN," whether it is really an interurban car or whether the men at the barn forgot to take the sign off, YOUR TRANSFER WOULD BE NO GOOD.

The next car, we will say, is another "interurban."
The next is a city car, but it does not stop.
The next is a city car that does stop, but it is packed and jammed and you are unable to get on.

The next is another city car that stops and you find room for your feet on the steps and grab the next man's coat sleeve for a hold.

Braving injury and possible death you grab another man's coat sleeve in changing hands to get the transfer from your pocket, hand it up to the conductor and he tells you the time limit has expired and it is NO GOOD.

Now in case the franchise passes, this may never happen in your case, but you will agree that it MIGHT happen, won't you?

The same thing has happened in Detroit hundreds of thousands of times since we have had the Detroit United railway, or, rather, since the Detroit United railway has had us.
We call attention to the POSSIBILITY of its happening to you, simply to show you that the franchise does not provide for you as safely and as surely as it provides for the Detroit United railway in the matter of having its immense paving burden saddled upon the shoulders of the taxpayers, which paving item is the second fact for the citizen living on a three-cent line, so-called, to take into consideration.

He may not own a home; may own no property at all, but he is a taxpayer just the same, as is every woman in Detroit disfranchised by the fact that she is not a property owner.

On a corner near him there may be a business block of three stores, occupied by a butcher, a grocer and a druggist, and all of these he patronizes.

He doesn't own the block and, therefore, he may imagine that he doesn't pay the taxes upon it, but HE DOES just the same.

He doesn't rent any one of the stores and may imagine he is not paying the rent on any one of these stores, but HE IS paying the rent on every one of them.

It works out this way:
The man who owns the block will find his taxes higher because of this paving clause and he will take it out of the butcher, the grocer and the druggist in higher rents, and the butcher, the grocer and the druggist will, in turn, take their higher rent out of their customers in the shape of higher prices for beefsteak, butter and paregoric for the baby. (Another little boost in the cost of living.)

And then along will come the landlord from whom the renter rents; along will come the milkman, the coal man, the ice man, the clothier, the shoe dealer, and so on and so forth, to get theirs.
Will the homereater and propertyless citizen on the present three-cent line, so-called, feel the higher taxes? Yes, he will.

And now comes the third fact, which is the matter of service on the three-cent lines, which, be it always remembered, are NOT three-cent lines but four-cent lines, as will all the lines be should the franchise carry. PROVISION HAS BEEN MADE NOWHERE FOR ANY IMPROVEMENT IN THE MISERABLE SERVICE THAT IS GIVEN ON THE THREE-CENT LINES TODAY.

In his eagerness to give the Detroit United railway a franchise, the mayor seems to have forgotten all about this matter of service.

And in their anxiety to see the Detroit United railway get the franchise the mayor wants to give it, some of our representative men, honest in their convictions and well-intentioned, no doubt, seem also to forget the spectacle presented on the three-cent lines in the rush hours of the day, and most of the day, for that matter.

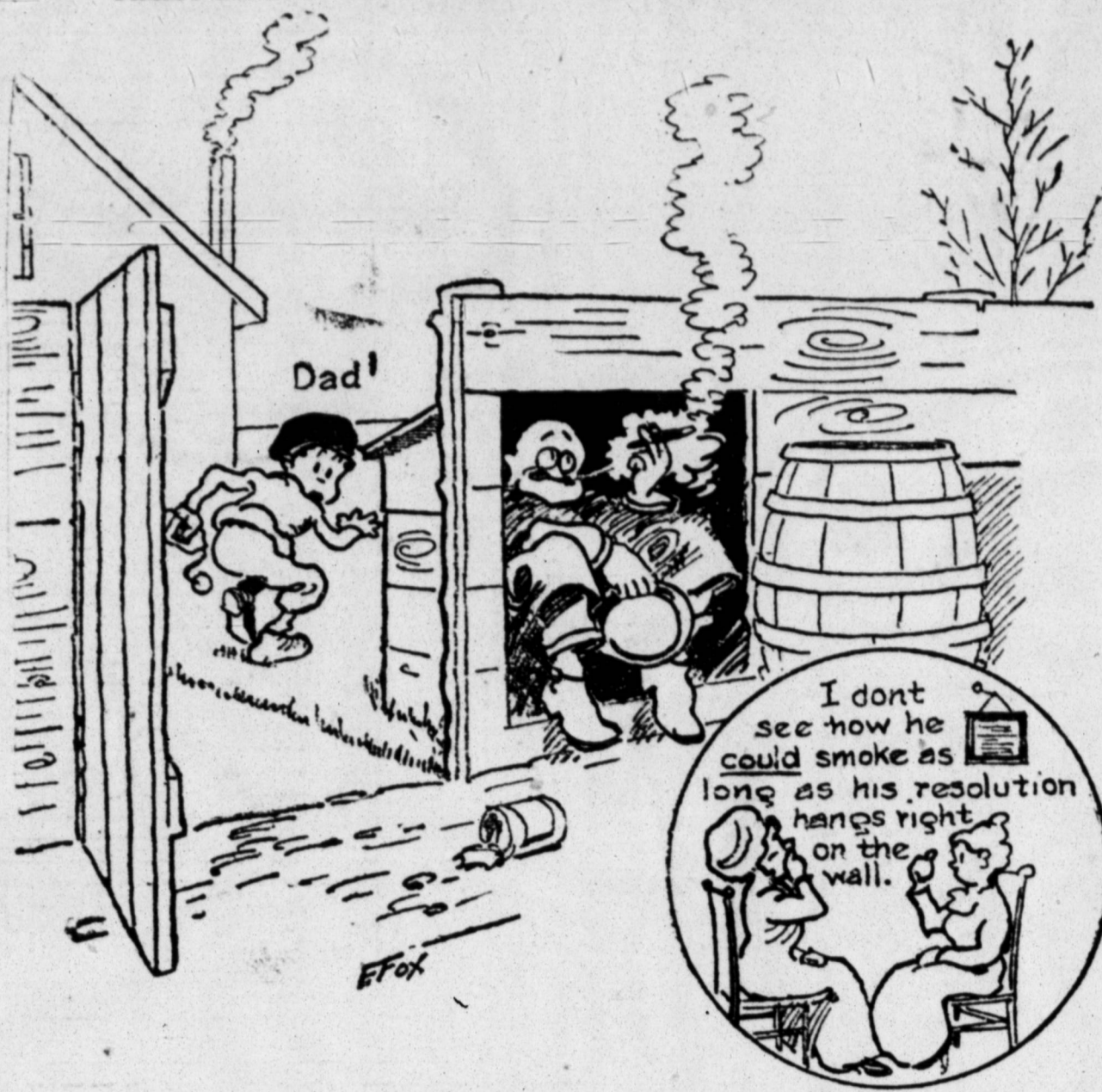
Not a word about improved service in the franchise, but the paving clause is there, so plainly worded that the Detroit United railway knows exactly what it will get if the proposition carries.

And after all is said and done, there is the perniciousness in the franchise—it always specifies clearly and positively what the public service corporation gets and leaves the public a guess and a few hundred lawsuits.

We have addressed this editorial to the citizen living on a three-cent line, so-called, because should the ordinance carry, WE WILL ALL BE LIVING ON THREE-CENT LINES; so-called, "enjoying" the same kind of cars and the same kind of service and contributing a like amount to the charity fund to meet the D. U. R.'s paving bills, with 10 per cent added to

"The Only Good Franchise Is a Dead One"—MAYOR THOMPSON (Then a Candidate)

JIMMY DISCOVERS SOMEONE IN HIS SECRET SMOKING PLACE.



—From Chicago Post.

the cost for the D. U. R. by way of a bonus to the D. U. R. for doing the work at our expense.

This franchise is a grand instrument, appealing strongly to one's independence and patriotism as a free-born American citizen!

However—
How would those three-cent line cattle cars look on Woodward-ave? And how would it strike us if one should have an "Interurban" sign tacked on its front and a ride in it should cost us five cents flat?

From Another Point of View

Sharpen your pencil.
And then came Jan. 23.
How are you on figuring percentages.
Only one more day left to be called a liar.
To make sure of getting to the voting booth, we suggest you walk.
In which event, who will be the Democratic candidate for mayor?
At this writing it looks as if we had had the D. U. R. down for the count.
However, it will leave us pretty well supplied with newly-discovered orators.
Important! If you want to vote for three-cent fares, as advised, go to Toledo.
By the way, where was Allan H. Frazer's mayoralty boom in the meantime?
By the way: Don't be so engrossed in the subject that you will forget to vote.
The price the D. U. R. asks us isn't so bad, but the goods don't seem to be exactly what we want.
The only good franchise is a dead one and this one's case, apparently, has gotten far as the oxygen tanks.
Tomorrow we are going to find out whether the Free Press and Journal can fool any of the people any of the time.

The Situation.

If the Democratic party should hold a primary election tomorrow, Woodward Wilson would get fully two-thirds of the vote and carry about three-fourths of the states. He is really the only one of the Democratic candidates who outside of his own state, in the country at large, has a personal following—the sort of following that would go with its candidate into a third party if the occasion arose. Wilson has a large group of this sort of adherents: none of the other Democrats have. There are many party

leaders in small communities, local machines and state and county bosses who are for Harmon. But outside of Ohio, Harmon has no devoted following among the rank and file. Clark has a few small and isolated groups of followers of this kind in rural Kansas and rural Kentucky. Underwood's strength is confined to his own state wholly. Folk has a considerable personal following, but it is scattered. Much of Wilson's following is subject to Bryan's veto, so to speak. That is to say, if Bryan were a candidate himself, or if he should give the sign of his favor to some one else, Wilson would lose probably half the support he now has. But even so, Wilson, alone among the Democratic candidates, has a large following which is personal to himself. Wilson's problem will be to hold his present position for six months; if he is to lose

it, his opponents must find arguments against him more fundamental than the Carnegie pension story and the resurrection of old letters.

If the Republican party were to hold a primary election throughout the nation tomorrow, Taft would get about 800 delegates and LaFollette about 200. Probably more than half the Republicans would stay at home, and of those who would vote for Taft, two-thirds would do so with misgiving and a heavy heart. Everybody knows that Taft can be beaten readily by any one of the seven or eight men whom the Democrats are considering. The great body of Republican leaders great and small, all the party officials, all those who hold public office or hope for it, all whose bread and butter or political prestige depend on the Republican party winning next November—all these want a stronger man than Taft at the head of the ticket. It is from these, and not primarily from the friends of Roosevelt, that the demand for him arises. Roosevelt's refusal to countenance these solicitations is likely to result soon in a turning to some new candidate, probably some one like Borah or Cummins or Clapp. The size of LaFollette's part in the national convention will be determined by his success during his coming invasion of the east.—Mark Sullivan, in Collier's.

A POEM A DAY.

THE LAST GUEST.
The elms are leafless 'gainst the sky,
The oaks are almost bare,
The treeless squirrel-harvesters are
stooping winter fare,
The tawny needles of the larch drift
down from the golden spires,
But the beech-hedge rings the woodland
round the sunset's ling'ring fires.
Each night the frost a silver veil along
the landscape flings,
To change at morn the wispy mists
like fairies' filmy wings.
Each night the elfin spinners weave
their webs of silken sheen,
Their gossamers that wind o' dawn
sets sailing o'er the green.
The swallows left us long ago, but
from the Northlands white
the heliofares and the redwings come
like pilgrims through the night;
The lapwings leave the lonely fells to
roam the plow'd lands nigh,
And willy-wet the storm-cock sings
of springtime by and by.
White hoods the far-off hills put on,
the winds more coldly blow;
The shepherd downward brings his
flocks against first fall of snow,
The robin preens his russet wing the
shelt'ring homestead near,
And autumn, wistful-eyed, but waits
the last of the year.
—London News.

The Harvey-Wilson Episode

There is nothing, so far as we can see, in the Harper's Weekly episode, now the topic of so much political small-talk, that should shake the confidence or esteem which any fair-minded Democrat may entertain toward Woodrow Wilson. Indeed, the facts in the case, as thus far presented, would seem only to indicate the thoroughgoing sincerity and independence of Gov. Wilson and to heighten rather than diminish his claim to public and party respect.

Col. George Harvey, the editor of Harper's Weekly, has been singularly aggressive in pressing the candidacy of Wilson for a Democratic nomination. The fact is his ardor became well-nigh monopolistic and it is an open secret that in many reactionary quarters, both Republican and Democratic, this strenuous attitude of Harper's Weekly gave rise to a deal of cynical comment.

Col. Henry Watterson makes a significant statement when he declares: "I had myself, as far back as last October, suggested to Gov. Wilson that in view of his (Harvey's) supposed environment, it might be well for Col. Harvey to moderate somewhat the rather aggressive character of Harper's Weekly in the Wilson leadership. I am not sure that I had not said as much to Col. Harvey himself." If, therefore, in view of his "supposed environment," Col. Harvey's intense advocacy of a Wilson boom was proving injurious to the latter, it was certainly Gov. Wilson's right to say so; more than that, it was the part of candor and of honest friendship

for him to say so and to say it directly to Col. Harvey himself.

That is precisely what he did, and no act of the man's career is more characteristic of his mental and moral fiber. Thinking as he did, he could not have been true to himself, his party or his friendship and have done otherwise.

Yet, because of his outspokenness, Col. Henry Watterson is now moved to say, in the most civil and elegant manner to be sure, that he is disappointed in Woodrow Wilson, that he had hoped to find in him another Tilden, but that he doubts whether he is not a schoolmaster rather than a statesman.

This is a most remarkable indictment in view of the circumstances that have prompted it. Certainly there is nothing academic in the Wilson method of dealing with the Harper's Weekly situation; and certainly, in the governor's record of accomplishment in New Jersey, there is nothing to suggest that he is a man of doctrinaire speculation rather than one of action and executive capacity.

Col. Watterson is a truly great journalist, whose views are always picturesquely expressed and ordinarily command respect. But because he fails to find in Woodrow Wilson the qualities of another Tilden is no reason that those, or even sturdier qualities, are lacking. Because he, and others editors, have seized on this trivial episode to injure the chances of a worthy Democratic leader, is no reason for the people at large to be misled.

Indeed, we see no reason why those who have previously favored or opposed Gov. Wilson should in anywise be affected by the recent episode.—Atlanta Journal.

Editorials by the People.

An Across-the-River View.

To the Editor of The Times: Since you claim many of the unknown are getting their names on the first page through writing against municipal ownership, will you in fairness give one likewise unknown, the same prominence who is writing for it.

Every individual must look at this controversy from his own view. From mine, the facts appear thus:

This franchise is one of great value to the city, then why should it be given away. The truth of this was brought to my notice some years ago, in the town of Topo Chico, Mexico. This municipality owned a water spring, water being scarce in the vicinity. The manufacturers paid a good round sum for the use of it, and every year the property owners, instead of paying taxes, RECEIVED A DIVIDEND; for enough revenue was received from this source, to more than pay the expenses of operating the town.

It might be argued that paying taxes thus with the D. U. R., were merely charging expense from one account to another. This would be true if every one who rode on the D. U. R. were a property owner, but such is not the case. While I reside in a nearby Canadian town, much of my time is spent in Detroit, and I have the use of your pavements, your electric lights, your water works, your parks, etc., but I do not contribute one cent to their upkeep, yet I will gladly do this if the city takes over the D. U. R., and instead of lowering the rate from five cents, will gladly pay 10 if you will insure us a better service. Much of Detroit's population is now overflowing into Windsor and nearby suburban towns, and since you have thousands of summer visitors, Detroit is particularly to be benefited by municipal ownership, and I say again, instead of lowering your rate, raise it and let us foreigners help pay your taxes.

The co-operative idea has demonstrated its fitness by its survival abroad in many forms, and would do so here if given a chance. The wisest utterance Abraham Lincoln ever made was the tribute he paid to the ability of the common people, and the working people of Detroit could run this thing successfully if they would take hold of it and do it.

DAVID M. HACKETT.

Hotel Normandie, Jan. 20, 1912.

Can the Leopard Change His Spots?

To the Editor of The Times:—The D. U. R. is Detroit's leopard, sly, treacherous and covered with spots of shame—unreliable and dangerous to the community, among whom it roams at will, and upon whose citizens and purse it has preyed, to these many years. Through continued success and bloated opulence, it has become bold in its attitude and arrogant in its demands. It seizes and slaughters at will. It grabs whatever it wants and defies the people to interfere or stop its lawless and fraudulent course. But lately, through dying franchises and the popular awakening it has come to see the need of a new grip on

Detroit, and catlike, has temporarily changed its attitude to secure the required favors. So the great Cat stands before the people today, blinking its eyes contentedly, purring sweetly and with claws all hidden in a velvety covering, securely tied by a golden chain and led by a mayor, as meek as any lamb, while citizens, dupes of its duplicity, are shouting with glee, "Behold the lamb." For behold, it does not appear any longer as a leopard, but as a lamb, thanks to its mayor.

But a few are not deceived, and for their sakes we raise the cover and peer beneath an action which causes the Old Cat to growl, revealing the same deadly fangs, to send the same wicked gleam from its eyes, and to work its cruel claws maliciously. Under the deceptive cover, we see the same shame spots as of old. The first one discovered was the outgrowth of franchises. The second grew out of its breach in broken promises and poor service, based on the policy of "the people be damned," and the demands for unrighteous dividends, making necessary inadequate equipment and underpaid—incompetent—servants. The third shame spot was in diverging great scenes from its legitimate channel of enlarged and better service, to accumulating a war fund against the city and people.

Mayor Thompson and Judge Hally are WHOLLY responsible for the present TRAP in which the people of Detroit find themselves, being FORCED to vote on a question in which they have everything to LOSE, and nothing to gain, and in which the D. U. R. has everything to GAIN and nothing to lose.

Shame spot No. 5 is a new one, not fully developed. It is in the form of a circle and these words:—"Advocated by the Board of Commerce." And as I read I thought "what fools these mortals be." J. D. FREMONT.

Detroit, Jan. 22, 1912.

In Appreciation of Clean Advertising.

To the Editor of The Times: In giving you my subscription for the Detroit Times for this year, I do it to show in a small way my appreciation of your efforts along the lines of clean advertising.

As I have entered the advertising field as a life business, I want to encourage in every possible way all efforts for the betterment of conditions pertaining to the business.

Very truly yours,
E. S. LEONARD.

Detroit, Jan. 18, 1912.

Don't Forget It for a Moment.

To the Editor of The Times: Keep it before the people that there can be no valid argument in favor of giving a dishonest and defaulting tenant a new lease or an extension of an old one.

VALNEY ELI LACY.

Detroit, Jan. 20, 1912.

Mrs. Brooke Laid in Tomb.

The body of the late Mrs. Bridget Reidy Brooke, wife of Justice Flavius L. Brooke, of the Michigan supreme court, was brought to Detroit and taken to Holy Rosary church, where funeral services were held Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Mrs. Brooke for many years was organist and choir leader of Holy Rosary church, and the ushers of the church acted as pallbearers. The funeral services were in charge of the Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp.

At Osgar's Club Adolf Again Sees Somebody He Doesn't Like - - - By Condo

