

## COMMENT AND OPINION

By PHIL FRANCIS

F RANCIS J. HENRY has at last explained the financial interest in Mr. Roosevelt's campaign so earnestly taken by George W. Perkins, J. Pierpont Morgan's partner and the founder of the harvester trust.

"Mr. Perkins is in this fight for principle," declares Mr. Henry. "He is spending his own money and not the money of the steel or harvester trust."

What a difference there is 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee, to be sure! Mr. Perkins promotes an illegal trust called the harvester; the trust stock is watered in the usual liberal fashion; the farmers pay Mr. Perkins for the water he pours in the stock, and Mr. Perkins spends the farmers' money—which has changed to trust money and then been transformed to Perkins' money—in the great and holy cause of the people.

Noble Perkins! Great and glorious benefactor of mankind! Beneficent protector of the poor! And Taitwister Extraordinary to the Sacred Bull Moose! We, who are about to cry, salute you!

It is indeed a lucid, satisfying, convincing explanation of Mr. Perkins' interest in the cause of The People which has been provided by Mr. Henry. Who could ever again possibly be so cruel as to refer to him as the wild ass of the desert?

CONGRESS has passed the canal legislation desired by the president. The canal will be administered by one executive head instead of by a commission; American ships will pay no tolls, and ships operating through the canal may not be owned by railroads. This is popular legislation and it meets the hearty approval of The Call—though, speaking solely for himself, the writer thinks it unwise legislation and feels quite sure that it will occasion international litigation which will cost us many times the cost of the canal and much more than all the profits that it promises. But that is only individual opinion, and whether it is right or not must be left to the determination of time.

What is certain is that the government of the United States has asserted its right to favor its own citizens and its intention to permit no common carrier by land to be a common carrier by sea between the east coast and the west. The power to do these things is ours. The government sees fit to exert that power. And, as good citizens, it behoves all of us to trust that the measure will prove beneficial to the trade of the nation.

In the matter of forbidding the use of the canal by railroad companies' ships the editorial opinion of The Call, frequently and cogently expressed, is in line with the legislation congress has enacted. The writer's opinion is exactly opposite—and here again all that needs to be said is that the government has determined that such ships shall not use the canal; that this undoubtedly meets the hearty approval of nine-tenths of the people, and that time alone can prove whether the judgment of the majority or that of the minority is correct.

One thing is sure: It is far better to have this legislation than none at all. The interests of all the people in general and the interests of California in particular demand that the canal be ready to operate as soon as completed—and without enabling legislation the whole matter of operation would have stood still at a critical stage.

This consideration moved many senators to compromise their own convictions and yield something to the necessities of the situation. And they did wisely in so doing.

FOUR THOUSAND delegates to the International Bible Students' association, in convention at Washington, voted that the existence of hell is not taught in the bible. The delegates who brought about this vote of no confidence in the temporal possessions of the devil are followers of Pastor Russell, the Brooklyn preacher.

Pastor Russell teaches that the wicked are finally annihilated, which undoubtedly serves them right—and probably meets with the approval of many of the timorous among them.

Ministerial comments upon this resolution are even more interesting than the verdict of the bible students. Replying to an appeal for an expression of opinion by clergymen, Canon Hensley Heuson of Westminster Abbey says:

"You can't get any public interest about such a matter here. People would say you were flogging a dead horse."

And Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London—nonconformist—replies:

"I don't know any clergyman here who believes in eternal punishment, nor do I think any educated clergyman has done so for years."

But the devil need not be cast down utterly. There are still believers in him and his territorial sovereignty. The orthodox Buffalo Catholic Union and Times thus acidly comments:

The little crowd of creatures assembled at Washington might as well attempt to eclipse the summer sun with their hands as to destroy the word of the great God who built black hell for his enemies for the same reason that he reared heaven's glories for his friends.

Other orthodox Catholic and Protestant newspapers and magazines are up in arms to defend the reality of hell, and the din of conflict will likely grow louder as the summer wanes.

With the clergy and the bible students thus at it hammer and tongs, a disinterested layman might as well refrain from expressing an opinion. He will find going fishing much more profitable and not half so hard work. But if one of the ungodly might present a mere suggestion, it seems to me that it is not so much a matter of importance whether hell exists or not as it is that a man act so in this life that he won't deserve hell in the next.

DISCUSSING the matter of the use of the state highway routes as a political club, the Redding Register says:

From our knowledge of the gentlemen who compose the state highway commission we are quite certain that the board itself is not a party to the outrageous proposition. The political tricksters who instigated and promoted it can not make good.

But it is impossible to ignore the fact that such charges have been made and that such reports are being freely circulated. And they come from widely separated parts of the state. They do not originate in The Call office. A vigorous investigation which would trace this talk to its very source would do more to satisfy the public mind than a carload of general denials and counter accusations.

The Register has stated The Call's views with exactness. The Call has not believed that the highway commissioners had knowledge of this gross misuse of their name and powers.

But The Call does believe, and The Call has furnished proof and The Call will furnish more proof that the name and power of the state highway commission have been unscrupulously used—not once nor twice, but in many localities—to cajole or to frighten communities into the election of men who were approved by Johnson, the machine, and by its chauffeur, Al McCabe.

There's the Contra Costa county case; there's the Hanford case; there's the Shasta case—the evidence in any of them would convict in court.

Calling names and shouting "liar" does NOT constitute a convincing answer. It constitutes, in fact, no answer at all.

In his speech at Chicago Mr. Roosevelt said, talking of his political career:

I found that if I could appeal to the rank and file I could generally win; whereas, if I appealed to the political caste, I generally lost.

That sounds well. But how about the facts?

Mr. Roosevelt began his career as a national politician by getting the office of assistant secretary of the navy. In order to get this office, he and his sponsor, John Jacob Astor, went in person to Senator Platt and begged him to request President McKinley to make the appointment. Read the whole story in the autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt.

That's once Mr. Roosevelt did not appeal to the rank and file. And once that he appealed to the political caste and didn't lose.

Mr. Roosevelt's next office was governor of New York. He was

## Admiring the New Patchwork



selected by Boss Platt and was offered and accepted the nomination at the hands of that boss weeks before the convention met. His campaign was conducted by Platt and Ben Odell, and was won by the expenditure in the last days of the fight of \$60,000 of corruption money, which Platt secured from six men, one of whom was J. Pierpont Morgan, with Mr. Roosevelt's full knowledge and consent and at his own urgent demand for help. You will find a full account of the whole campaign in the volume named.

That's twice Mr. Roosevelt did not appeal to the rank and file and win. And twice that he appealed to the political caste and didn't lose.

Mr. Roosevelt's third office was vice president of the United States, and Tom Platt and Matt Quay gave him that—though it is only fair to say that he didn't want it. That's three times he didn't appeal to the rank and file. And that's three times the political caste nominated and elected him.

Mr. Roosevelt's fourth office was president of the United States, and for this nomination and election he had the vigorous, friendly, political and financial support of Barnes, Penrose, Lorimer, Aldrich and the whole kit and caboodle of bosses, and the powerful financial aid of "my dear Harriman." Look over the roll of the republican national convention of 1904 and see who were there casting the votes of their states for Theodore Roosevelt. That roll includes every single big political boss then in power.

That is four times that Mr. Roosevelt did not appeal to the rank and file. And that's four times he did appeal to the political caste and did not lose.

Theodore Roosevelt has been a politician and has made his living out of politics ever since he grew to young manhood.

It would be interesting to hear him tell what particular time it was that he appealed to the political caste for a nomination or an election and did not get them. When did he appeal to them and lose? What hitherto unknown year witnessed that unrecorded tragedy?

Perhaps Mr. Johnson, who traded his honor pledged to La Follette for the privilege of acting as tail to Mr. Roosevelt's kite, can supply this information tonight, while he is lauding his lord and master and wearing his lackey's livery with as much pride as if it were a free man's clothing.

THE San Bernardino Index refers to this writer as "Calhoun's hired man." Suffering snakes! where does this Index tenderfoot attend school?

I am afraid The Call's writer would find a chilly reception if he called at Mr. Calhoun's headquarters. Anyway, he wouldn't take any chances of going up there without a big stick handy. What does this incredible ass down at San Bernardino read by way of informing himself about men and affairs in California, anyway? But he is a humorist in his way—he certainly is. That ridiculous break would make even Patrick grin, I should think. It surely does make other folks.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

HUGGER MUGGER—O. S., Oakland. What is the origin of "hugger mugger"?

LEPER COLONY—Subcriber, Santa Clara: Name, "The Guard, Oakdale." To whom should application be made for position in charge at the leper colony, Hawaiian Islands? Who appoints the guards at the leper colony? Where is the colony located as to the country to be obtained?

THE FLAG—T. R., Alameda. What do the colors of the United States symbolize?

RED symbolizes courage, white integrity of purpose and blue steadfastness, love and faith.

## Abe Martin



Miss Germ Williams was defeated for secretary o' th' Ladies Franchise League cause she's too effeminate. Those who try t' escape in least blame git it all.

BRASSELL—C. C., Sonora. Is Russia in Alameda county, down on the list as a possibility?

WIRZ—F. S., City. What became of Henry Wirs, the cruel keeper of the Andersonville prison of the civil war times?

After the war he was tried by a special military commission for cruel and inhuman treatment of prisoners under his charge, was found guilty and hanged in Washington, D. C., November 10, 1865.

HAIR TONIC—S. City. Publish a good recipe for hair tonic for preventing hair dandruff and also remove dandruff.

Dandruff is the result of an unnatural secretion from the sebaceous or oil glands of the skin and should be treated by a physician after an examination. A newspaper can not give medical advice, as it is not in the business.

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BISHOP W. H. MORELAND of the episcopal diocese of Sacramento, is staying at the St. Francis.

LAWRENCE F. PUTER and J. F. Coogan, attorneys of Eureka, are guests at the Palace.

LEONARD E. SLOSSON, a Los Angeles attorney, is at the Palace with Mrs. Slosson.

G. M. O'LEARY, a broker of Los Angeles, is at the St. Francis with Mrs. O'Leary.

EDWIN H. WELLINGTON, an attorney of Chicago, is at the Belvedere.

## The Old Man

By the POET PHILOSOPHER

WHEN the old man comes to his humble cot from town, where he toiled all day, when his feet are tired and his soul distraught, and his bosom full of whey, when he yearns for rest with a mighty yearn, for Rest with a great big R, don't ask him then if he'll work the churn or toll with a capstan bar. Don't hint around that he ought to take a turn in the garden patch, to mix things up with the hoe and rake and labor to beat Old Scratch. Don't intimate that he ought to jump outdoors and a-jumping keep, and herd the chickens and paint the pump, and rock the old cow to sleep. Don't jar his soul with a list of chores, but let him sit on the porch, while the tomcat sings and the bulldog snores, a-smoking his 5 cent torch. A million wives in the woolly west still cling to the theory vain that man should never sit down to rest, but always should sweat and strain. The old man comes to his lonely shack, and this is his greeting grim: "Go out and doctor the wagon rack, and saw off that poplar limb; and weed the garden and wash the pig and saw up a cord of oak, and put new burs on the thingumjig which our batty neighbors broke." Some day, some day, the old man will buy a breech loading gun, and then he'll string himself up to a tree so high he'll never come down again.

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*Abe Martin*  
Plugged Sparks

It is impossible for the average man to explain the tariff to a woman because the average man doesn't understand either the woman or the tariff.

Many a man has failed because he succeeded too well.

A principle of government is a poor substitute for governmental principle.

Some people's idea of heaven seems to be that it is a place where everybody works at resting.—Judge's Library.

## Ferry Tales



LITHOUGH Dame Fashion has been depicted as more or less of a busy, interfering old tyrant, there are usually some advantages in the carrying out of her decrees to compensate her victims for the heartbreaks she inflicts.

For instance, when she decreed that the pretty faces for which California girls are famous should be hidden under peach basket hats, she gladdened what would otherwise have been a sad and dreary world with the generous twinkle of dainty and hitherto concealed ankles. While no man ever took seriously the suggestion that women dress to please men, Dame Fashion evidently believes that some women might care about what really intelligent men think of their appearance. It was with this idea in view, that, at the time she ordered the weining of the pannier skirt, she simultaneously obliterated the look of keen intelligence that marks the male of the species by introducing the broad brimmed, flat crowned derby hat.

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Which brings us to the subject of the ferry line that used to be known as the "Creek Route," but ought to be known—by geographical right—as the "harbor of San Antonio" route and is officially named the "Oakland harbor" route.

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See the congestion? Wait a minute!

When this line was the "Creek route" we never used it unless we had more time than money. It was a sort of desperate, last resort and among people to whom 10 cents was merely a dime, a trip across the bay by this line was regarded as something in the nature of a slumming expedition.

But that is all changed. Dame Fashion, through the medium of the automobile and with the aid of the Southern Pacific, has effected a revolution and now this is the very swellest ferry trip on San Francisco bay.

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"If you're 'busted' and must cross the bay, take the creek route; it only costs a nickel," is what we used to say.

We now say:

"If you want a really delightful trip take the automobile boat. It's a most interesting ride."

Instead of the human derelicts that used to huddle in sheltered corners of the five cent ferry we now find crowds of fashionably dressed men and women. In the place of peddlers, wagons and furniture vans that used to fill the lower deck, we find smart touring cars, saucy runabouts and stately limousines.

Yes, indeed! The once despised "Creek route" is now the fashionable ferry.

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The owner of an automobile said to me the other day:

"The Southern Pacific is treating us fine. When we crossed on the regular ferries we used to have to get out of the machine and buy our tickets. On the automobile ferry it is different. You stop near the ticket office and a fellow in uniform comes to the car and asks how many tickets you want. He takes your money and brings you back your tickets and change. If you have to get out he opens the car door and closes it after you when you climb aboard again."

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Realizing that even a philanthropic institution like the S. P. was not providing uniformed attendants to do work that the public had been trained to do for itself, I investigated. It was all as my friend had told, except in one little particular.

The uniformed attendant was not an employee of the railroad but an employee of the state harbor commission. He was one of the state harbor policemen. The S. P. found him loafing about the water front with nothing to do and time hanging heavy on his hands, and put him to work. That's all.

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Fred E. Davies of the General Electric company admits that he is something of a live wire, but refuses to believe it was a short circuit that caused his newspaper to burst into flames the other morning on the after-deck of the Claremont. He will believe it, he says, if somebody will explain why A. H. Nettleton had to kneel down to light a cigar that had been burning briskly for ten minutes. You'll have to show Davies!