

Editorial Section

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One of the Truly Great Ideas for the EXPOSITION SITE



SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15.—One of the truly great ideas for an exposition site in 1915 is the one put forward by Clarence R. Ward, the architect. It is a view of the case that has no self-seeking or log-rolling in it, and it is sure to gain honest consideration when the great question comes up for consideration.

Ward's plan is to locate the exposition so it may be a distinctively marine show—the first salt water exposition of them all. The event is to celebrate the joining of two oceans, and Ward insists that such an occasion demands marine pageants and not the customary plashings of fresh-water fountains.

So he has suggested that the big fair be located in the territory along the bay shore between Black Point and the Presidio, the whole of both these Federal reservations. It certainly is not an infeasible plan, for apart from a power-house and two gas plants there are no erections on the tract that might be considered at all permanent.

In the territory are the Harbor View gardens, a beauty spot; an old baseball park, Lobos Square and a big natural salt-water basin that could be used for all sorts of pageantry. Black Point and the Presidio already offer fine park vistas, and the "navies of the world" could easily display in the deep between the Golden Gate and Alcatraz, Sausalito, Belvedere, Angel Island and the San Francisco shore. The shelter is better than in most of the sites suggested, and if it is to be a marine festival it is hard to pick out a more advantageous site than the one suggested by the brilliant architect and club man. However, we are still far from the blissful time when we will select the site.

A New Orleans View

Among the bankers who recently were "in our midst" was Sol Weiler of New Orleans, who came particularly to lobby for his home city's ambitions regarding that exposition. Weiler is a hustler, and he got along fairly well with his fellow bankers until he let his tongue slip a bit. He had been up against some of the country financiers from New York State and New England, and he said with a sneer:

"Seventy-five per cent of these New York and Yankee bankers never rode in a Pullman before they came on this excursion."

When this remark was circulated among the financial pilgrims the chances for New Orleans getting a boost for that big fair went down close to zero. But I do not know what would have happened had they heard the comment of the Palace Hotel bell-hop, who said:

"Say, you couldn't jar one of those guys loose from a quarter with a dynamite bomb."

Jimmy, O Where Was He?

Where is James D. Phelan? Here is a political campaign going at full blast. Here are Democratic candidates straining at every leash. Here is a Democratic committee afflicted with the chronic need of money. Here is every opportunity for a man who aspires to be United States Senator. But there is no Phelan on the scene.

In the past, Phelan has always been a stout champion of Theodore A. Bell. But now there is no Phelan to lift his voice in praise of the tall young man recently from Napa. The millionaire was to have been home from his travels on September 1st, or thereabouts. But here we are within three weeks of an election and no Phelan whiskers adorn our horizon.

The Democrats are beginning to grumble and to say that Jimmy is untrue to the party that has so often honored him, and they suspect that he is secretly aiding the campaign of Hiram Johnson. In any event James is not on hand, and the fight is nearing a close.

Kent and His Mamma

William Kent, the millionaire reformer who is running for Congress in the Second District, is known among the unregenerate as a practical man with reform notion or as a reformer with practical notions. Many are the tales of how he spends his money lavishly and makes it count in his campaigning. Among the latest is this:

Kent was going through his district and wooing the voters as Jupiter wood Danae, when one of his constituents noting that he had ordered up a special train, asked—

"Is this campaigning very expensive?"

"Oh, very," replied the candidate, off his guard.

"But I thought the law limited the amount a candidate could spend in his pursuit of office?"

"Ah—ahem!" replied Kent, catching his breath a bit. "Ah, yes! Yes! Spot does. The law only permits a candidate to spend a certain proportion of his salary. But—ah, you see, I am not paying these

bills. Oh, you know it is my mother who is financing my campaign."

No Jingle of the Federal Gold

Have you noticed that there is a singular lack of money from the Federal office-holders this campaign? The hat has not been passed around as of yore. There has been no "assessment" under the guise of a "voluntary contribution." Nothing is stirring in the Federal buildings. All the office-holders seem singularly afraid of being charged with "pernicious activity."

Four years ago these Federal officials got together and voluntarily assessed themselves three per cent of a year's salary to help along the campaign of Gillett and the Republican ticket. But this year the best Meyer Lissner and his colleagues have received is a little good advice on how to conduct a campaign. This advice was contributed by General George Stone, the veteran campaigner. But he did not contribute a cent with his advice. Lissner says he does not expect any money from the Federal brigade.

"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they are sure to get it!"

Here's to Be Real Luxury

Inside of two months the Pacific Union Club will move into its new home on Nob Hill, the reconstructed brown-stone Flood mansion. The club will then have one of the most commodious and luxurious houses in the country, and Architect Willis Folk has promised to turn the building over with \$20,000 saved from the original estimates.

You would hardly suspect the staid Pacific Union Club of such a thing, but they have almost a gymnasium in their new house. There is a great salt water tank for swimming, a squash court, a bowling alley and a complete Turkish bath establishment.

Hidden down in the entrails of the building is a tap-room with a heavy tiled floor and dead-end walls. Here the Glue Club and the Goslings may conduct themselves as hilariously as they please without disturbing the older and sleeper members. I'm told that "Billy" Bourne is to present 10,000 volumes to the club library—that being the capacity of the shelves if the handsome room set apart for reading and reflection. Bruce Porter is doing some notable frescoes for the ceilings, and Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, has had in charge the plastic decorations.

Here's One to Tickle the Palate

Every little while the town gets started on a new drink and for a time everybody seems to abandon the old favorites for the new one. Perhaps our palates are a bit jaded, and like the Athenians are always crying out for some new thing. In any event, to those of the night-life, the man who invents a new drink is a far more important personage than the one who merely makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

The latest to claim the honor is John Tait, the well-known cafe proprietor. He has given to a thirsty world what has become known as the "old-fashioned John Tait cocktail." It is built on the principle of our old-fashioned whisky cocktail, but is far more seductive. I asked the famous concocter for his recipe so I could give it to a dry and thirsty people, and he gave me this:

- Take old-fashioned whisky cocktail glass. Put in a cube of ice and one-half a ounce of orange. Add one-half jigger of dry gin. Add one-fourth jigger Italian vermouth. Add one-fourth jigger French vermouth. Make each cocktail separately; stir till well chilled, and serve in glass mixed in.

Here's An Appropriate Name

The automobile buses that carry visitors through the city and to the Cliff House and beach have long been known by their New York title of "Rubber-neck wagons." They are growing in number and apparently do a large business, with the megaphone men shouting themselves hoarse in giving more or less valuable misinformation about the city, its destruction and rebuilding and the general "points of interest."

But I never have felt satisfied with the name given the vehicle full of strangers until the other day when walking with big Joe Murphy, the wing man, he saw one of the big affairs come along and said suitably:

"Here comes a chump chariot."

On and Off the Band Wagon

There is much activity and also, much unrest among the Republicans in this city. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers having carried the primary have taken possession of the band wagon and are inclined to resent an attempt of the old liners, or any other wing of the party, to get aboard that campaign vehicle. Not alone do the leaguers display animosity to any show of effort on the part of their former opponents to participate in the canvass, but they are theoretically clubbing all who approach the sacred

precincts of control away from the center of action. As a result of this practice, or policy, there is, in the phrase of the cattlemen of the plains, a good deal of "milling," both among the leaders and the rank and file of the organization. Not only are the regulars of the old organization restless under these conditions, but the leaguers are so resentful of any attempted interference with their pre-eminence in the party machine that the political leaders are kept busy and in a continued state of anxiety lest the Lincoln-Roosevelt veterans go off again and herd by themselves.

There have been threats by the leaguers to do this, and also to get behind the hybrid tickets that have been put in the field by the Good Government Leagues of Los Angeles and San Francisco. To prevent such a revolt the political managers are making much use of, and even working overtime, the campaign sabbaths of "a straight ticket."

Some of the insurgent division, with Meyer Lissner at their head, have sought to bring into line the regulars on an equal footing with the leaguers, believing that success at the polls in November can only be attained by a united party. But the extending of the olive branch to the primary vanquished regulars is followed by a paroxysm on the part of the leaguers, who refuse to relinquish any of the top seats on the band chariot to their recent political opponents.

It is said that George A. Knight was asked to make some speeches for the League-Republican ticket. Prior to the primary Knight was an active partisan of Charles F. Curry. Subsequent to the preliminary election Knight appeared of harmonious intent and attended the State Convention in his official capacity of National Committeeman from California. There he was given scant courtesy, if any consideration whatever, being left to find a seat as best he might on the side steps of the platform and without invitation to speak or take a chair with the leaguers who were in command of the assembly.

Knight's reply to the invitation to take the campaign platform was not in the affirmative, and among his reasons for declining the invitation, the report runs, was that while he was a Republican, he did not feel inclined to give his assistance to a canvass the main purpose of which was the assailing of some of his personal friends.

Overtures were made to Alden Anderson that he act as campaign treasurer. This post of compliment and trust the defeated nominee for the Republican nomination for Governor is said to have declined on the ground that Hiram Johnson had not extended him the courtesy of replying to his letter congratulating the successful candidate on his nomination. At Republican headquarters it is stated that Anderson made a contribution to the campaign fund, and there his active participation in the Johnson campaign ceased.

Many campaign narratives of similar nature are in circulation wherever politicians gather in this city.

Municipal Candidates

Within the present State campaign, as conducted in San Francisco, a second canvass is going on which is no other than the building of a machine for the next municipal campaign, one year hence. Each political organization appears to be giving more attention to the framing up of the municipal fight for 1914 than it is to the State canvass, the latter being regarded as merely tributary to the former.

Candidates for the city contests are already being discussed. Quite a number of aspirants for Mayor already are struggling for such precedence as comes from standing in the limelight as chairman of committees and meetings and similar publicity.

For Johnson's mass meeting in this city last week James Rolph Jr., banker and improvement club man of the Mission district, and who has long been regarded as in a receptive mood in relation to the Mayoralty, was first discussed for the chairmanship of that assembly. For some unexplained reason Rolph was shunted to one side and City Attorney Percy V. Long, another candidate for Mayor, was trotted out for chairman. The friends of Fred G. Sanborn, who are "rooming him for Mayor, and who is chairman of the Republican County Committee, decided that he must not be overlooked, and they attempted to arrange that he call the meeting to order, but the Longites were, too strong for them and he was turned down.

Daniel A. Ryan is also in the hands of his friends for this office and for a second time, while Charles F. Curry is regarded by his supporters as being as good as nominated and elected chief executive of San Francisco. And there is Supervisor Paul Bancroft and others of greater or lesser magnitude.

The tenders of nominations for Superintendents have been so numerous that fears are expressed that a corner in material for this office will be created. Over one hundred citizens have been urged to accept this political honor.

Aspirants for State appointments within the gift of the Governor are already being discussed, commitments upon the election of Hiram Johnson. Among

these is former District Attorney Langdon, who is said to aspire to the office of Superintendent of State Banks, now held by Alden Anderson. Langdon, however, is reported as somewhat non-committal as to whether he is going to vote the Republican or Democratic ticket this year. Charles H. Bentley and Isidor Jacobs are in the list now being quoted for harbor commissioner.

Henry Sidetracked

The part that Francis J. Henry is to take in the present campaign continues a subject of whispered consultation among the politicians both at and about headquarters. While the special prosecutor, and political agitator was in Salt Lake City word was received here that he had arranged to come to California to assist in Hiram Johnson's canvass and to make several speeches for that candidate for Governor.

Then the Lincoln-Roosevelt League leaders began to get their heads very close together in secret meetings. Letters were sent to Henry at Salt Lake and Denver expressing deep appreciation of his proposed oratorical efforts, but reasoning with him that he might better advance the cause of Johnson by confining his rancorous rhetoric to the small towns of the interior of the State.

The Leaguers were far from being a unit in this policy and some of the long-hair element circulated a subscription list for a banquet to be tendered Henry on his arrival here and proceeded on the presumption that he would make the speeches as announced by himself.

On Henry's arrival in San Francisco he gave public notice that he had informed the State Central Committee that he was here subject to its order to take the stump for Johnson. That he received no encouragement is apparent from his having gone into the Second Congressional District to talk for Kent. Johnson is said to have regarded Henry's proposed oratorical contribution as of doubtful advantage to his canvass, and to have acquiesced in the suggestion of the special prosecutor confine his talks to villages and small towns.

The proposed banquet to Henry seems to have passed out of the present consideration, at any rate, of the Henryites and a Johnson limbo for last Friday was substituted. Henry is still a subject of much contention among the Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers, one faction warning him not to talk in while the other is still in hopes that he may yet take the stump for Johnson. That the nominee for Governor anticipated the present situation is indicated by his having, in preparing his platform itinerary, specially arranged that no one should accompany him, not even A. J. Wallace, his running mate and candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. In this way Johnson has seemingly most effectually "kissed off" Henry.

Tarpey for Bell

Among the old line Democrats who have been shy of their party ticket for many years and who are now rallying to the support of Bell and Spellacy is M. E. Tarpey of Fresno. Tarpey, who is well known not only by the Democrats in California, but by members of the Bourbon party throughout the country, having been a national committeeman from this State for a long period, was in San Francisco last week and announced, "I am going to do what I can to help elect Bell. I am opposed to long-hairs and always have been." Tarpey returned to Fresno, to put his house in order, and will be back in San Francisco in a few days to take up the fight. He is a grower of grapes and fruits and has recently completed the construction of a large winery on his Fresno place. It is understood that his political activities will be along the line of organizing an anti-Prohibition movement.

Smith May Be Appointed

The recurring rumor that United States District Judge De Haven is about to retire from the Federal bench is with us again. The story this time comes from Washington, D. C., and hints that the highly esteemed jurist, who has suffered much of late from ill health, wishes to return to private life and practice. General James Smith, at one time San Francisco's own "Captain Jim," later Civil Governor of the Philippines and now one of the judges of the Customs Court, is mentioned with a large measure of positiveness as the successor of De Haven.

Judge Smith is much dissatisfied at Washington, D. C., largely for the reason that the climate of the National Capital does not agree with his wife and other members of his family. "Oh, too," remarked a friend of his, "Captain Jim is California crazy anyway and had rather live here than anywhere else on the face of the earth."

The return of Judge Smith to San Francisco will be facilitated by the fact that two members of the Customs Court—himself and Marion De Vries—are both from California. It is somewhat unusual to make two selections to such an important judicial post from one State, and there are many in other States who will warmly endorse the appointment of Smith to the district bench and the selection of one